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The life of Oliver Cromwell

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OLIVER CROMWELL.







Oliver Cromwell

THE LIFE

OF

✓
OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY

✓
J. T. HEADLEY,

AUTHOR OF "NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS," "THE SACRED MOUNTAINS,"
"WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:
CHARLES SCRIBNER,
36 PARK ROW AND 145 NASSAU STREET

1851.

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C. W. BENEDICT,
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11 Spruce street.

TO

REV. J. O. CHOULES, D.D.

AS ONE WHO HAS DONE MORE THAN ANY OTHER TO SPREAD IN
OUR COUNTRY RIGHT VIEWS OF THE CHARACTER OF
CROMWELL AND THE PURITANS, AND AS A TOKEN OF
HIGH PERSONAL ESTEEM AND REGARD, THIS
WORK IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.



INTRODUCTION.

SOME may think that Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches of Cromwell" render a *life* of him unnecessary, while, in fact, that work was the only cause of my writing this. A multitude of biographies have been written of Cromwell, but not *one* based on the general view taken by Carlyle. The letters and speeches of a man can never constitute his biography, though they may give us a correct and complete idea of his *character*. The letters and speeches of Washington, and his life, are two very different works. In the first place, the narrative is broken up by the introduction of letters and documents on various subjects, that must be placed in chronological order. In the second place, *events* are mere links, by which these are connected; while in biography, they are the writer's chief concern. In one case, the *writings* of a man form the burden of a book; in the other, his *actions*. The compiler of the former cannot condense, while it is the chief business of the historian of the latter to do so. Carlyle should, doubtless,

have written the life of Cromwell, and it was generally expected of him ; but he declined doing it, saying, that he left that work to others.

The second motive that prompted me to the undertaking, was, that no *American* had ever yet given the world a biography of this wonderful man. Writers, under almost every monarchical government of Europe, have maligned him, and it seems strange that the only pure republic in the world—a republic, too, based on his views, and traceable to his efforts, should hitherto have allowed the character of its first founder to be portrayed alone by enemies both to him and to liberty. Puritanism and republicanism have always been, in England, synonymous with hypocrisy and rebellion, and hence, her writers can find scarcely a redeemable trait in Cromwell's character. But *we* regard them in a very different light—indeed, are the only people whose institutions are grounded in them ; and yet, we permit the very man who established both, to be insulted and traduced, without saying a word in his defence. It is high time republican movements in Europe had other historians besides the subjects of monarchical governments. But for Cromwell's efforts and success, it is very doubtful whether the Puritans on this side of the water would have ventured on a contest with the mother country—at all events, the great questions of constitutional and personal liberty, which he settled, have

been the foundation of every revolution for the emancipation of man, which has since taken place. That as an American, I should wish to defend the founder of the first true commonwealth, and expose the slanders that have been heaped upon him, is most natural.

I have endeavored to give, in connection with his life, a condensed history of the English revolution, from its commencement to its close. I could have written two volumes more easily than one; for the labor of condensing has been greater than a freer and more natural narrative would have been. The English biographies are taken up too much with minor events, for readers this side of the water; and are interesting solely to Englishmen. I have attempted to give the leading and striking features, and at the same time make clear and plain every step of the revolutionary movement. It was impossible, of course, in such a work, to go into a minute history of the civil government, or of religious sects—these questions belonging to the historian rather than to the biographer.

That there is room enough for difference of opinion respecting historical facts, I am well aware; for there probably never was a period about which writers disagree so entirely. *Authority* for almost any statement, however ridiculous, can be found. Amid the endless contradictions, therefore, which met me at every step, I was

compelled to use my own judgment: *this*, I need not say, has ever leaned towards Cromwell, and against those who had every motive to traduce him, and every temptation to be prejudiced. I mention this, that those who have studied the subject less, may not be surprised to find many of my statements rebutted by very good testimony. *As no two English authorities agree, it is not to be expected that I can agree with all.*

It is a very easy matter to deny historical facts, and find some proof for the assertion of incorrectness. One has but to cast his eye over our Mexican war, to see how difficult it is to get at the truth, and how diametrically opposite is even the testimony of eye-witnesses. Friends and foes never give the same account of a matter. Many criticisms of this kind have been passed on my Napoleon and Washington, and yet it is a curious fact, that in every instance which has come under my notice, the critic has selected events about which there never has been, to my knowledge, any controversy among historians, and *passed by* mooted points, on which a strong case might have been made out.

Such is the difference between *reading* history for amusement and instruction, and *studying* it, with a view solely to its correctness.

I have had no religious creed to establish in this work; and, hence, have avoided discussing the claims of Puritan-

ism and Episcopacy. I regard the struggle as one of *civil and religious* liberty, and not a contest about creeds. The latter, it is true, occupied a prominent part in the English revolution; but it was between those who were equally bigoted, and had, finally, to be overthrown. Episcopacy was no more intolerant than Presbyterianism—they both loved temporal power, and abused it, and were both opposed to Cromwell. It is sad to find Americans so wedded to creeds, that they can forget entirely the great question of liberty, which lay at the bottom of the Puritan struggle, and think only of the contests respecting church government. It is sadder yet to find them so faithless to the principles of the republic under which they live—so recreant to their patriotic sires, as to defend the course of Laud and Charles I. When a man's bigotry makes him slander the land of his birth, he has passed beyond the bounds of argument. Episcopalians, and Presbyterians were both intolerant, and both went down; but the *principles and virtues* of the two churches—*these* could not be effected by outward circumstances, and rose again to life and action. Against the doctrines of neither have I anything to say; but against the *oppressions* of both, much; especially the latter.

In quoting from letters, I have invariably extracted from Carlyle's collection, because he has modernized the spelling

and pointing, and thus made them more intelligible.* I have not referred as often or as particularly to authority, as I might have done, since there are so many different editions of many of the works, that it would only confuse the reader. Thurloe's State Papers, Rushworth, Whitelocke, Clarendon, Vaughan, Godwin, Dugdale, Guizot, both his Revolution and Memoirs, Perfect Politician, Mrs. Hutchinson, Oliver Cromwell's Memoirs, Forster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth, Hume, D'Aubigne, Southey, D'Israeli's Life of Charles I., Neal's History of Puritans, and many other works have been consulted, in writing this biography. Mr. Herbert has helped me by his knowledge of the battle-fields.

Some may object to the battle-scenes of this work, as they have to those of Washington and his Generals—saying that I foster a spirit of war. To such, I have but one answer to make—the spirit of rebellion against oppression, and deadly hostility to it, I *design* to foster, and only hope to succeed. When men's sensibilities become so delicate that they cannot reflect, without horror, on the struggles of brave men for freedom, and can sit under the broad tree of liberty,

* Mr. Wiley's edition of the Letters and Speeches of Cromwell, though otherwise excellent, cannot be relied on in its dates—it is full of errors. A thorough revision of the work, in this respect, is highly necessary.

planted by their forefathers, and watered with their blood, and look off on the fair heritage won by their good swords, with no other feelings but pity for their erroneous ideas about war, and of wonder at their cruelty, they have become too ethereal for this world, and too transcendental to be useful. As Cromwell said of liberty of conscience, "I quarrel with no man's conscience;" but God forbid that the honor or liberty of my country should ever be entrusted to their hands. War, in itself, is the greatest curse of man; but waged for liberty, his highest duty and honor. To me, the great question of freedom, which was battled out under Cromwell, afterwards under Washington, and then under Bonaparte, and which is now shaking Europe to its centre, is *the question* of the age. The rise and progress of each struggle possesses to me more interest than all other events put together. Men have always been compelled to *hew* their way, with their swords, to freedom. They have never *dreamed* nor poetized themselves into it, and never will. It is a curious fact, and one of the anomalies our race presents, that those among us most opposed to war, are the very class whose ultra notions of freedom—nay, radicalism on all questions of Church and State, which they push with all the energy they possess—must, just so far as successful, produce civil war and bloodshed. At this very moment, their progress in Europe is

shaking the continent from limit to limit, with the bustling preparations of war.

So long as oppression is maintained by physical power, it must be overthrown by physical power. Moral power is useless, only as it causes a transfer of the former. Civil and political liberty have never advanced, except through revolutions.

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OLIVER CROMWELL.

CHAPTER I.

Interest of the Subject. Birth and Family of Cromwell—His Genealogy—Early Life—Enters Cambridge—His Marriage—Settles down on a Farm for Ten Years—His Conversion—Hypochondria—Chosen Member of Parliament. Synopsis of Events that Preceded His Appearance in Public—Causes of the English Revolution—Charles I. Ascends the Throne—Assembling of Parliament, 1625—Discussion of Grievances—Dissolution and Sudden Re-assembling of Parliament—Impeachment of Buckingham—Dissolution of Parliament—Tyranny of Charles—Parliament of 1628, to Which Cromwell is Elected—Petition of Rights—Animated Discussion in Parliament—Its Dissolution. Cromwell Returns to His Farm—Murder of Buckingham—His Character—Despotism of Charles—Re-assembling of Parliament, 1629—Speech of Cromwell—Dissolution of Parliament, and Increased Tyranny of the King—Persecution of the Puritans—Laud—Trial of Strafford—The Puritans—Trial of Hampden—Laud's Attempts to Force His Reformed Liturgy on the Scotch—Effects—Cromwell in the Fens—Letter to His Cousin—His Return to Parliament—Character at the Time.

Nothing possesses deeper interest to the thoughtful man, than the history of a struggle between an oppressed people and their powerful rulers. All that is great and noble in our nature, is called into action, and we then witness the lofty patriotism, free offering of one's self, life, and fortunes on a common altar, and that inspired courage which make us wonder at our race. Especially do we love to trace the progress of one all

powerful intellect, making his steady way through the chaos or anarchy that surrounds him—gradually moulding and wielding the raging elements, until at length he presents in himself the product of the struggle, and holds in his hands the hopes of a trusting people. So also the strong and excited workings of the human mind—its bewildered and conflicting views, as old forms and institutions are breaking to pieces, and new ones rising in their places, cannot be witnessed without the liveliest sympathy.

Perhaps of all revolutions, none except our own possess stronger claims to the attention of Americans, than the one in which Cromwell bore so distinguished a part. The noble principles which lay at the bottom of it—the conscience, as well as enthusiasm, which bore it on, and more than all, the direct influence it had upon our own—indeed, being the parent of it, and thus of the revolutions which have since followed in Europe—place it before all others. Great constitutional rights were then for the first time settled, and the human mind put on the right track to recover the only liberty worth having. In such a cause, the valorous deeds of Puritan freemen, and the bloody battle field itself, can be contemplated without horror, and pondered on with other feelings than those of admiration for courageous and daring men.

Of all heroes Cromwell possesses the most problematical character. A mystery shrouds him and will shroud him to the end of time. This results from two causes—first, from the doubts and uncertainty, which the contrast between his words, letters, and speeches, and the ac-

counts we have always regarded as history, is calculated to produce; and secondly, from the strange religious enthusiasm which mastered him, and rendered him an enigma even to his most intimate friends.

OLIVER CROMWELL was born at Huntingdon, in St. John's Parish, on the 25th of April, 1599. His father, Robert Cromwell, was the youngest son of Sir Henry Cromwell, knight, who lived in the style of a noble in the mansion of Hinchinbrook, near Huntingdon, and grandson of the famous Richard Cromwell, knighted by Henry VIII., for his prowess in the field.* His mother was daughter of William Steward, a wealthy man, whose son was also a knight. Her first husband, William Lynne, Esquire, lived but a year after their marriage, and was buried with his only child in Ely Cathedral. Robert Cromwell married the widow, by whom he had ten

* On May day, 1540, a brilliant tournament at Westminster opens its lists before us, in which Richard Cromwell, and others, had proclaimed themselves to France, Flanders, and Scotland, the defenders of the honor and rights of their English King. Henry VIII. looks on, and when Sir Richard Cromwell has struck down challenger after challenger, with undaunted arm, forth from his deep broad chest, rolls out the royal laugh of Henry. "Formerly thou wast my Dick, but hereafter thou shalt be my diamond." Then from the finger of majesty drops a diamond ring, which Sir Richard picks up, * * * and such a ring did Oliver Cromwell wear, when he left his farm at Ely, to bear more formidable arms at the challenge of a king. (Vide Forster's *Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England*.—Ed. by Rev. Dr. Choules, page 393. It is also asserted that Oliver was related to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, minister of Henry VIII., and called "*Malleus Monachorum*," a mauler of monasteries.

children—Oliver, afterwards Protector, being the fifth. There were but three sons in all, of whom Henry lived to be only twenty years of age, while Robert survived his birth but a few months. Thus, of this large family, Oliver became the only male representative.

From this succinct account, it will be seen that Oliver was no base born man. His grandfather and uncle, on his father's side, were both knights, while an uncle on the mother's side, had also the same rank. Other aunts and uncles in that region were wealthy and honorable, and he was connected, more or less remotely with several distinguished families. Bred among gentlemen, and educated as the son of a gentleman, he was far from being the rude, uncouth person his enemies represent him to have been.*

His father's estate lay along the banks of the Ouse, and yielded an income of some \$1500, American currency—a sum in those times, equal to treble that amount now. The estate and mansion of Hinchinbrook, are at present the seat of the Earl of Sandwich.

But whether Oliver Cromwell was the son of a king or a carpenter, matters but little, for he made himself a place and acquired a title, far superior to those of any monarch who has succeeded him on the English throne. Of his boyhood but little is known—uncertain tradition relates some incidents which may or may not be true.† X

* Milton says in his prose works, “ Est Oliverius Cromwellus genere nobili atque illustri ortus: nomen republica olim sub regibus bene administrata clarum, religione simul orthodoxa vel restituta tum primum apud nos vel stabilita clarius.”

† These incidents are some of them curious—one asserts that the

The standing of his uncle at Hinchinbrook may be inferred from the fact that King James, when on his way from Scotland to assume the crown of England, stopped two nights with him, and was entertained in the most sumptuous manner, much to the injury of the old knight's purse.

When seventeen years of age he was entered, April 23, at Sidney Sussex College, the same day on which Shakespeare died. The next year, 1617, he lost both his father and his grandfather on the mother's side. These sad events cut short his education at Cambridge, and he returned to his father's house to take possession of the estate, of which he was now heir. There is a tradition that he went soon after to London to study law; and while there, lived a wild and dissipated life. Notwithstanding the denial of Oliver Cromwell, a descendant of the family, and of Mr. Carlyle, there is good evidence for believing this to be true. Cotemporaries speak of it as a thing well known, and among them Richard Baxter.

devil presided at his birth, and left his figure on the hangings of the curtains around his bed. Another, that a monkey once carried him on the roof of the house, and brought him down again safely, to the no little consternation of the family. Once he was saved from drowning by a curate, who afterwards repented the act. At another time, he flogged the little Duke of York, afterwards Charles I. But more strange than all, he saw in his boyhood, once, a spectre in the shape of a woman, who slowly withdrawing the curtains from his bed, told him that he was to be the greatest man in England. It is laughable to see how much is made out of his school-boy declamations, and to read the account of his smearing his friends with dirt on a certain occasion, told in the most serious manner. His robbery of birds' nests and orchards rests on the same foundation with all the other anecdotes—*mere gossip*.

Nor should this seem strange, in one of his wild independent character, and strong passions. The period of dissipation, however, was of short duration; for as he settled down into manhood, these faults and errors were thrown aside. If he was in London the year after his return from college, he doubtless witnessed the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh—a scene that furnished him food for reflection.

In 1620, then twenty-one years of age, he was married, in London, to Elizabeth Bouchier, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, Knight. Returning home with his wife, he settled down as a staid farmer; and for nearly ten years disappears from history. In the changeless routine of an agricultural life he, doubtless, passed his days. The next year after his marriage a son was born to him, named Robert; but how long he lived, and what became of him, is unknown. Two years from this time a second son, Oliver, was born, of whose future history we are also left in the dark. This much only can be ascertained, that he drew his sword in battle beside his father, and fell almost on the threshold of that great contest.

During this period of ten years, Cromwell doubtless became converted to Christianity. Nothing certain is known; but vague rumors have come down to us of his being hypochondriacal and filled with superstitious notions—sending for his physician at midnight, and having strange fancies about the town cross. Ill health may have produced these fantasies; but, doubtless, the most correct solution will be found in the agitated state of his

mind respecting religious truths. We have often beheld, in imagination, this young and solemn farmer walking gloomily beside the Ouse, pondering on that dread eternity to which he was hastening, and feeding the enthusiasm which afterwards carried him triumphantly over so many battle fields. The history of these four years would throw a flood of light on his after career.

The doctrines of the Puritans had already taken deep hold of the public mind, and Cromwell, among others, suffered under strong convictions of sin. At what time he came out from this "blackness of darkness," is not known; but when he appears again on the surface of history we find him a strong Calvinist and thorough reformer; and his house becomes a great resort for non-conformists and all who are persecuted by the established church.

Among those of elevated rank and worth, adopting the same views, were John Hampden, Pym, Lord Brook, Lord Say, Lord Montague, and others.

In 1627 Hinchinbrook passed out of the Cromwell family, being bought by the Montagues for £3000. Old Sir Oliver Cromwell retired on some land still left him of his once fine estate, and his seat in parliament became vacant. Young Oliver, his nephew, however, was soon after returned member from Huntingdon, and took his seat March 17, 1627-8. This was the third parliament of Charles; and that great movement, which was to convulse England and overturn her throne, had already begun. What Cromwell thought of the collision between the king and his parliament, or what part he

took in the divisions between the Puritans and the established church, can be inferred only from his after career.

Having now brought Cromwell on the stage of public life, we must go back a little and describe the events that had been transpiring while this unknown youth, on whose life hung such momentous results, was ripening into manhood. The same sun which looked down on his boyish sports, and afterwards on his quiet pursuits, beheld also the gathering of elements which were to convulse the realm. The English revolution was not a sudden outbreak—a mere gust of passion—but a steady growth. It is difficult to date its commencement; for liberty usually keeps pace with civilization, and civilization is gradual in its progress. The accession of the Tudors, however, may be named as the point where the great changes commenced; for with them began the humiliation of the barons, who alone served as checks to arbitrary power. In England and on the Continent, these rich feudal lords, with their numerous retainers, stood between the king and his subjects, and for a long time were the only defenders of liberty. But under the strong hand of Henry VIII., and, afterwards, the skilful policy of Elizabeth, they were completely crushed, and kingly power for a while left untrammelled. Henry VII. modified the feudal laws so that the nobility could dispose of their fiefs, the sales of which, and also of the rich domains of the church, afterwards given them by Henry VIII., caused a large transfer of property from the higher nobility to the wealthy commoners. Eliza-

beth, to avoid asking subsidies, which were repugnant to her people, disposed also of a large extent of crown lands, that were bought up by rich traders and thrifty farmers. But in a commercial country the transfer of wealth is the transfer of power, and so it proved in England. The common people, in becoming landholders, rose in their own importance, and saw at once the necessity of securing guaranties to the wealth they had acquired. Something more than the word of a king was needed to protect them from rapacious power. The rights of property naturally grew out of its possession, but to *maintain* those rights would encroach on the royal prerogative, and *did*; and here is the grand source of the struggle between Charles and his parliament.

The cause of it can be reduced to the simplest elements. The higher nobility, becoming impoverished through their extravagance, sold large portions of their estates to the lower orders; Queen Elizabeth did the same thing with the crown lands, to meet state expenses, and thus so enriched them that the House of Commons at length became three times as wealthy as the House of Lords. Trade and commerce helped to swell this vast amount of wealth, which in turn naturally asked for guaranties and securities—in short, to be placed under well defined and just laws. The king not only refused to be trammled by such restrictions, but would not submit to the encroachment on his power the demand for them made. Hence, he and the commons came in collision, and, as neither would yield, a rupture was

inevitable, which kept widening till the throne and king sunk in the gulf.

The Reformation, however, should not be overlooked in estimating the causes which produced the English revolution. Henry VIII. was not aware, when in his pride he renounced all allegiance to the Pope of Rome; that he was teaching his people to brook no tyranny of opinion, from whatever source it came. Reforms must advance or retrograde; hence the people of England had no sooner dared to reject the authority of the Roman pontiff, than they began to question that of the king, in religious matters. After renouncing the forms and ceremonies of the papal church, it was only taking another step to renounce those of the English church. The first departure is always the most difficult. But civil and religious rights were closely united; indeed, they were inseparable; and hence the maintenance of one involved that of the other. The king and the bishops could not enforce the laws of the church without the aid of civil power; and the non-conformists soon began to question the legitimacy and origin of that power which would coerce them in matters of conscience.

Thus, while the parliament, standing on the broad basis of constitutional freedom, confronted the king, the people everywhere were discussing the doctrine of personal liberty. Although the great struggle commenced in parliament, it is very doubtful whether the latter would have triumphed, if it had not been for this religious element, which thus entered into it, and event-

ually absorbed all the rest. Great questions of state became lost in those of conscience; and what was begun in defence of the worldly interests of the wealthy, ended in the open avowal and maintenance of the religious rights and liberty of the meanest peasant in the land.

While everything was tending to this result, Charles I. came to the throne. Of a handsome face and person, and possessing a kind heart, he had all the requisites of a popular king. The daughter of the king of Spain was selected as his bride by his father; but insisting on going himself to woo her, he obstinately refused to fulfil his father's wishes, and returned without her. When the news reached England, bonfires and illuminations, kindled in every part of the land, attested the joy of the people, who had not yet forgotten the persecutions of Mary; and hence looked with dread on a catholic queen. He, however, mended matters but little when he soon after married Henrietta, daughter of the king of France, and a Bourbon.

No king ever ascended the throne under apparently more favorable auspices than Charles. The people were kindly disposed towards him, and he towards them, and mutual confidence and good will promised to render his reign both peaceful and happy. But he unfortunately had imbibed the principles of government carried out by Spain and other despotic governments of Europe. Like England these had subdued the proud barons who so long held the sovereigns in check, till the throne had become supreme and its will-law. But the Reformation had made a different people of the Chris-

tian inhabitants of England—a people that would in no way tolerate the system of absolute monarchy. Charles, therefore, labored under a great mistake, when he ascended the British throne. Designing to reign kindly and well, he never dreamed that his subjects would distrust his word or require guaranties of his good behavior.

THE FIRST PARLIAMENT.

He seemed in haste to assemble parliament in order to express his kind intentions—and when it met, 1625, he addressed it in terms of confidence and respect. But such a parliament probably never before assembled in England. Among the members were found Sir Edward Coke, Francis Seymour, Dudley Digges, John Elliot, Wentworth, Selden, Pym, and others; men of large capacity and unrivalled patriotism. Viewing with alarm the unbounded power of the crown, and foreseeing the disasters that would befall their country unless it could be brought within constitutional limits, they determined, at the outset, to take advantage of the king's want of money to force him to a recognition of their rights. England, at the time, was at war with Spain, and Charles was embarrassed for want of funds to carry it on. This the parliament knew, and so, instead of voting him the usual supplies, granted only the custom duties for a year—amounting to £112,000. This, no doubt, was mere mockery, so far as furnishing adequate supplies was concerned, but it answered the purpose for which it was intended, viz., to show the king and court

that the commons of England had assembled to *make a contract*, not obey orders. Certain grievances were to be redressed, and certain rights acknowledged, before they would release the monarch from the financial difficulties that surrounded him. Past and future subsidies came under its cognizance, the state of religion, the repression of popery, and the protection of commerce—in short, it reached every department of government. The House of Lords refused to sanction the vote of the house granting only the custom duties for a year, but the latter would go no further until grievances were redressed. The king, indignant at this attempt, as he termed it, to compel him to act, thus encroaching on his sovereignty, dissolved the parliament, determined to govern without it.

Succeeding but poorly, however, in his efforts to raise money, he in February again assembled it.

THE SECOND PARLIAMENT.

The first parliament asked for redress of grievances, the second immediately impeached the Duke of Buckingham, the king's favorite, as the *author* of them. Charles had taken measures to make this parliament more tractable, by keeping out of it the most popular orators, such as Coke, Pym, Wentworth, Seymour, and others. The Earl of Bristol, also, a personal enemy of Buckingham, received no summons to attend. He complaining of this neglect to the peers, the king sent the summons, but with it an order to remain on his estates. The

resolute earl again appealed to the House of Lords, hinting that the liberty of all its members was involved in the tyranny practised on him. For this the king impeached him of high treason; but the earl, nothing daunted, impeached the Duke of Buckingham in turn. The king had sagacity enough to discover that this double impeachment, coming both from a peer of the realm and from the representatives of the people, was aimed as much against him as his favorite. Looking upon it, therefore, not only as an encroachment on his power but an insult to himself, he addressed a remonstrance to the House of Commons, and at the same time forbade the judges, to whom the House of Peers had submitted certain legal questions touching the case of the earl, to answer.

The judges obeyed, but the commons immediately appointed eight of its members as commissioners to support the impeachment. A conference was held with the House of Lords, but as soon as it was over, two of the principal commissioners were sent to the tower for insolence of speech. The commons, indignant at this act of tyranny, refused to do anything till the commissioners were set at liberty. Threats, remonstrances, and promises were alike powerless, and the king was compelled to yield. Defeated and baffled on every side, and hearing that the commons were preparing a general remonstrance, he summarily dissolved this parliament also. Lord Arundel, whom he had been compelled to set at liberty, was again, at the request of the House of

Lords, put under arrest, the Earl of Bristol sent to the tower, and Buckingham released.

Determined to be an absolute sovereign, like the other monarchs of Europe, he could not see the spirit that was abroad, and therefore rushed blindly on his own ruin. A general loan was ordered, the sea-ports and maritime districts commanded to furnish vessels (the first attempt at ship money), passive obedience was preached by the direction of the king; those who refused to grant the money were thrown into prison; the military were distributed over the kingdom; the courts of justice overawed, and Charles I. seemed resolved to carry his doctrine of tyranny by one grand *coup de main*. But he only awakened deeper indignation and hostility, and nursed the fire he expected to quench.

In the meantime defeat attended the armies abroad—the expedition against Rochelle and the isle of Rhé, commanded by Buckingham, proved a miserable failure. More money must therefore be raised, and the king unable to do it alone, again assembled parliament, March 17, 1628, and adopted a tone of great conciliation.

THIRD PARLIAMENT

This was the parliament in which Cromwell first appeared as member for Huntingdon.

But the friendly aspect with which this parliament opened, soon changed; the commons, intent on having their rights secured, first chastised the sycophant priests Mainwaring, Sibthorpe, and others, and then drew up

the famous "Petition of Rights."* This was simply a bill to guarantee acknowledged liberties, and check acknowledged abuses; but Charles thought his word was better than all guaranties, and refused at first to have anything to do with it. After a stormy time, however, it passed; and, wherever the joyful tidings spread, bonfires were kindled, and bells rung, and the first strong shout of victory sent up by the people.

There was one scene in this parliament that must have affected Cromwell deeply. He had witnessed the tyranny of the king and the manly defence of the commons, and the joy of the people, pointing significantly which way the power was tending; but he was to gaze on the spectacle of a parliament in tears. As the House, a short time previous to the day appointed for its dissolution, commenced investigating the conduct of the Duke of Buckingham, with the intention of denouncing him to the king and people—if not by name yet in reality,—it received a message from Charles, forbidding "it to meddle, henceforth, with matters of state." This bold stroke of tyranny fell like a thunderbolt on parliament. Sir John Elliot first arose and spoke, and soon began to throw out hints against Buckingham, when the speaker interrupted him, saying, with tears in his eyes, "There is a command laid upon me to interrupt any that should go about to lay an aspersion on the ministers of state." Elliot sat down, and Sir Dudley Digges, spring-

* That the reader may see how reasonable the demands of parliament were, and understand the basis of the quarrel between it and the king, we give the "Petition" in full, in Appendix No. I.

ing to his feet, exclaimed: "Unless we may speak of these things in parliament, let us arise and begone, or sit still and do nothing." A solemn silence followed this declaration. At length, Nathaniel Rich spoke, followed by Sir Robert Phillips, who wept as he addressed the House; and after him the stern-hearted Pym. Sir Edward Coke, "old Coke upon Lyttleton," "the toughest man that ever was made, broke down in the midst of his speech and fell to weeping." Was there ever such a spectacle—a parliament, the noblest that ever met in England, in tears? One would give much to have looked on the determined brow of Cromwell then, and seen how he took this scene, and watched the promptings of his fiery heart, as he saw brave men weeping for their country.

This sudden prostration of all hearts was, however, but momentary—the House passed from apathy to rage—the speaker left the chair—the members sprang to their feet, and for a while nothing but clamors and shouts could be heard. Suddenly, above the tumult, was heard the name of Buckingham, and "'Tis he! 'tis he!" rang in excited accents over the house. Before the opposition this sudden storm had aroused, the king was compelled to retire, and finally sanctioned the petition of rights. But reforms on paper began to be followed by demands for reform in practice, and two remonstrances were drawn up, one against the Duke of Buckingham, and the other against having tonnage and poundage duties levied, except, like other taxes, by law. The king, seeing there was no end to this cry about grievances,

lost all patience, and in June—three months from the time of its assembling, prorogued parliament.

Cromwell returned to his farm, to ponder on what he had seen and heard, while Charles recommenced his arbitrary course.

DEATH OF BUCKINGHAM.

In the meantime, about two months after parliament broke up, Buckingham was murdered by John Felton, a former lieutenant in his majesty's service. Thus fell, by the hand of an assassin, the favorite of Charles—one of his chief supports, and the hated foe of the people and parliament. Of a handsome person, courtly manners—bold, daring and unscrupulous—he sought power only to gratify his love for magnificent display and the baser passions of his nature. He neither rejoiced in the prosperity of his country, nor felt for its disasters. Absorbed wholly in his selfish schemes, and capable of beholding nothing but himself aggrandized, he used his power so recklessly that he became a public calamity. Implacable in his hatred, fickle in his friendships, promoting his flatterers to places of trust, thinking more of seducing a woman than of carrying a great political measure; gay, gallant and unprincipled, his death was a great blessing to England. Formed to shine in courts, he dazzled awhile, and then disappeared from the kingdom he had helped to undo. The assassin's knife saved him from the scaffold.

His death exasperated the king, without teaching him

prudence or opening his eyes to the course everything was taking. Instead of yielding, he seemed more intent than ever on carrying through his tyrannical measures. He heaped favors on those whom the parliament had disgraced. Dr. Montague was created Bishop of Chichester; Mainwaring received a rich benefice, while Laud was promoted to the see of London. Illegal taxes were levied, and the courts of justice compelled to sanction them. Showing, however, a little more tact, he surrounded himself with ministers not so obnoxious to the people. Wentworth, one of the most eloquent members of parliament, and boldest, earliest friend of liberty, was seduced by the title of baron, and a seat in the privy council, to the side of the king. Proud and ambitious, he sacrificed his principles and obtained his reward—viz. power, greatness, and eventually the scaffold.

FOURTH SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

The king, feeling strong with his new council about him, again assembled parliament, Jan. 20, 1629. This was a short session, but important, if for nothing else, in being the first in which Cromwell attempted to speak. He accused Dr. Alabaster of having preached “flat popery” at St. Paul’s Cross; and that, too, in obedience to the Bishop of Winchester. “Mainwaring, too,” he said, “so lately punished by parliament for his sermons, has been recently, within a month, preferred to a rich living, by this same bishop. *If these,*” he exclaimed, “*are*

the steps to church preferment, what may we not expect?"

Soon after the meeting of parliament, it discovered, with indignation and disgust, that the king had ordered his printer to alter the answer he had given the petition of rights, so that it had gone forth a falsehood. Letting this pass, however, in silent contempt, it again took up the subject of grievances. Reforms, both in religious and civil matters, were loudly demanded, and at length the tonnage and poundage duties came up. A second remonstrance was about to be carried, when the speaker informed the house that the king had ordered him not to put the motion; and rose to retire. "*God's wounds!*" exclaimed the fierce Holles; "*you shall sit till it please the House to rise.*" The king, hearing of the outbreak, sent the serjeant-at-arms to remove the mace, and thus arrest all proceedings. But he, too, was kept firmly seated, and the doors of the house were locked. A second messenger came to dissolve the parliament, but could not gain admission. Boiling with rage, at being thus defied on his very throne, Charles called the captain of his guards and ordered him to force the doors. But the vote, in the meantime, had been carried by acclamation. Armenianism and papacy stood denounced before the world; the levying of tonnage and poundage was declared illegal, and those pronounced guilty of high treason who should levy or even pay them. Parliament, of course, was dissolved.*

Charles, now firmly resolved to govern alone, com-

* 10th of March.

menced a course of tyranny never practised before by the most despotic monarch of England. First, to relieve himself from the financial pressure which had forced him so frequently to convoke parliament, he concluded a peace with France and Spain. The high-handed measures which he immediately adopted against the patriots caused at first a great sensation; but parliament being dissolved there was nothing around which the public indignation could gather and concentrate, and so, the murmurs of the disaffected became so many feeble, isolated voices, while the complaints of some were hushed in the cells of a prison; where many, and among them the noble patriot and martyr, Sir John Elliot, eventually died.

The church, too, came in for its share of power. It became concentrated in the hands of the bishops—the observance of the liturgy and cathedral rights was enforced, and non-conformists, turned out of their livings and forbidden to preach, were sent wandering over the country.

PERSECUTION OF THE PURITANS.

Persecution commenced; a system of espionage was carried on, and a petty tyranny practised, by that heartless and bigotted prelate, Laud. Men were put in the stocks for circulating pamphlets that denounced the injustice of the times, and their ears cropped off in presence of the people. They were forbidden to write, to preach, or even talk of those questions of conscience

which agitated the kingdom. A single unguarded sentence against the nobility would hurry men to the star-chamber, the chief business of which was to protect the rank and privileges of the former, while the court of High Commission was as vindictive and unscrupulous, if not so cruel, as the inquisition of Rome. The guilt or innocence of the offending party was of very little consequence, he was punished with fines, which went into the pockets of the king and his nobility; or with imprisonment, or both.

Laud, as ambitious and fanatical in church matters as Charles was in political, bent all his energies to destroy liberty of conscience. Not content with turning non-conformists out of their livings, he stooped to personal and vindictive persecution. A Mr. Workman had said that pictures and ornaments in churches were a relic of idolatry. For this unlucky speech he was thrown into prison, and the mayor and municipal officers of Gloucester, who had formerly settled on him twenty pounds a year, were fined for their kindness. When the term of imprisonment expired, Mr. Workman, thrown upon the world without the means of subsistence, opened a little school. Laud ordered it to be closed. The poor and hunted man then turned doctor—Laud commanded, on pain of heavy penalties, that no one should buy his medicine. Driven out of every means of subsistence by this bishop, the poor clergyman went mad and died.*

It would be useless to mention all the instances of the unjust persecution and petty revenge of this unscrupulous prelate. Although a stern defender of royal prerogative

* Vide Neal.

when the people or parliament was concerned, he nevertheless unhesitatingly assumed the independence of the *church*, and even went so far as to proclaim the divine right of bishops. They held their courts no longer in the name of the king, but in their own name, and affixed only the episcopal seal to their acts. Not content with this, Laud grasped after the civil power, persuading Charles to fill places of trust in the state with church dignitaries; until at last Bishop Juxon was made High Treasurer. In the church he innovated, with the same high hand, on established forms and ceremonies. Not only did he have the audacity to alter the internal arrangements of churches and customary forms of worship long considered sacred, but went so far as to change the Liturgy itself, prescribed by parliament, and hitherto considered binding on the nation.* Conscientiously and sensitively alive to any encroachment on regal power, by the representatives of the people in parliament assembled, he pushed his *own* encroachments so boldly, that a king less imbecile than Charles would have taken fire at the audacity they exhibited. So rapidly and far did he carry everything in the church towards papacy, that the Pope of Rome offered him a cardinal's hat. A daughter of the Duke of Devonshire having turned Catholic, Laud asked her the reason of her conduct. "Chiefly," said she, "because I hate to travel in a crowd: I perceive your Grace and many others are making haste to Rome; and therefore, in order to prevent my being crowded, I have gone before you."†

* Neal, III., 209.

† Vide Hume.

Persecuted, fined and trampled on by the king and his bishops, the people left in such crowds for Holland, and thence for America, and carried so much wealth out of the kingdom, that the court at length became alarmed, and passed an ordinance, May 1, 1637, forbidding emigration. Eight ships were lying in the Thames at the time, ready to depart; on board of which it is said, were Pym, Haselrig, Hampden, and Cromwell.

Nine years had now passed since Cromwell made his first speech in parliament. During this time he had lived on his farm, watching, one may guess with what feelings, the unblushing and unscrupulous tyranny of the king and bishops. A zealous Puritan, he scorned to yield to the injustice of the times, and so resolved to bury himself in our western wilderness, where he could at least worship his God in freedom. One would be glad to know of his interviews with Haselrig, Pym, and Hampden—of what and how they talked; and thus get an insight into the character of these men before the great struggle commences. But this portion of his career is wrapt in obscurity; and the sober, meditative farmer is passing the meridian of his life, while events are slowly moving to a consummation that even the most hopeful do not dream of.

In the meantime, Strafford, who had been appointed over Ireland, was ruling that unhappy country with a rod of iron. By a system of pillage and extortion, which rivalled even that of his master, he contrived to make that island, which had hitherto been a bill of expense, a source of revenue to the crown. Do what he would, a

sum of money could buy the king's pardon ; indeed, if of sufficient amount, could buy that of almost any man.

Under this systematic tyranny of the king and bishops, the elements which for years had seemed to settle themselves into obedience, now began to move again.

LIFE OF THE PURITANS.

The persecutions of Laud, as all persecutions do, soon brought to light those who were willing to be martyrs. Though turned out of their livings and forbidden to preach, the faithful pastors still found means to instruct the people. In cellars, in barns, in the depths of the forests, they met and discussed those great questions of conscience for which it became them, if necessary, to lay down their lives. Their situation as hunted fugitives—the forlorn and solitary places in which they met—the danger that surrounded them, and the indignation aroused by the injustice of their oppressors, conspired to inflame their imaginations and excite their enthusiasm. Clothed in black, with their hair cropped short, they took pleasure in marking themselves out as proscribed men. Incensed at their proud and stubborn resistance, and its inability to check the circulation of pamphlets reflecting harshly on the king and bishops, the court caused three of them, Prynne, Burton, and Bostwick, to be arrested and tried before the star chamber. No barrister would undertake their cause, and they were refused permission to defend themselves ; and so, after being insulted, were condemned to the pillory,—to lose their ears, pay £5000,

and suffer perpetual imprisonment. Prynne had lost his ears before for a similar offence, and now the stumps were again sawed off. Crowds assembled to witness the execution of this villainous sentence, whom the victims addressed with words of encouragement. Six months after, Lilburn lost his ears for the same offence, and tied to a cart's tail, was whipped through the public streets of Westminster; but exhorted the people, in the midst of his sufferings. Scorning the repeated commands to stop, he was gagged—still resolute, he drew forth the seditious pamphlets from his pockets, and while the lash was falling on his back, distributed them to the crowd.

The opposition, which had been mostly among the lower classes, now began to animate those of higher rank. John Hampden, Cromwell's cousin, a gentleman of large fortune, unimpeachable integrity, calm, prudent, and respectful to his king, refused to pay the ship-money levied on him, though it amounted to only twenty shillings. Hurried away to prison, he showed no passion, but calmly said it was as much for the interest of the king as for himself and country, that the legality of the tax should be decided by the highest judicial tribunal of the land. He was tried, and though the law was clearly on his side, the judges overawed by Charles, dared not decide in his favor. The people, however, took courage as they saw the gentry resisting the king, and Hampden's name was in every one's mouth.

LAUD'S LITURGY RAISES A STORM IN SCOTLAND.

During this same year, Charles, at the instigation of Laud, undertook to force the liturgy reformed by this audacious prelate, down the throats of the sturdy Scotch Calvinists, which raised a whirlwind in Scotland. The most intense excitement followed the movement; and the next year (Oct. 18, 1637), at the introduction of this new liturgy into Edinburgh Cathedral, the town was besieged by the multitude that had flocked thither to resist so high-handed an innovation of their religious rights. Ordered to return home, they assembled again in November, and sent their petitions to the king. At length, the next year (Feb. 19th), the proclamation of Charles, enforcing the liturgy and forbidding the petitioners to assemble under penalty of high treason, gave the finishing blow. In a moment, Edinburgh was in a blaze—the excited crowds, aroused from every part of the country, thronged through the streets—highlander and lowlander, noble and commoner, struck hands together, and old Scotland stood up in her might, with her solemn “Covenant” in her hand, and swore to defend it to the last. The fiery cross went flashing along the glens, through the valleys, and over the mountains, and in six weeks Scotland was ready to do battle for her rights. Charles was frightened at the spirit he had raised, and strove to allay it by falsehood; and failing in this, marched his armies against the Covenanters. Having arrived at Newcas-

tle, he found a superior army encamped at Dunse-law, ready to meet him, commanded by Lesley; while, attached to every colonel's tent, was this pennon, flying, "For Christ's Crown and Covenant." The king retired, the two armies separated, and the quarrel, was apparently settled, though in fact, only deferred.

While these things were passing in Scotland, Cromwell continued on his farm, and in 1638, we find him taking an active part in measures set on foot for the drainage of the fens in his district.

This whole affair is wrapt in obscurity. Thus much only is known, that he took sides with the people against an act of injustice which the king and his commissioners endeavored to enforce.* By his energy, fearlessness and resolution he succeeded, and became so popular in that region that he was called "Lord of the Fens." What his future plans were is not known, for the momentous public events that soon engrossed the

* The sum of the matter seems to be, that a plan had been formed, by the Earl of Bedford and other noblemen, to carry the Ouse some twenty miles in a straight course to the sea, and thus drain millions of acres which it then, in its tortuous course, overflowed. Some 400,000 acres had already been reduced by that part called Bedford Level, when the funds gave out, and the aid of the crown was sought to enable them to carry out the project, for which a certain proportion of the land was to be given. But no sooner had the King become a partner in the business than he sent commissioners to try claims—in short, endeavored to enrich himself at the cost of the poor inhabitants of that region. Meetings were held, remonstrances made, yet victory seemed hopeless, until Cromwell interfered, and by his boldness, daring and energy drove the commissioners and everybody else away. The work was never resumed until after the war.

attention of every one, put a stop to all internal improvements. During this period, however, he was distinguished for his religious enthusiasm. He kept days of fasting and prayer, and evening and morning knelt, with his workmen by his side, and poured forth his earnest supplications to heaven.

His health, however, suffered under the climate of St. Ives and his terrible mental excitement combined, and his appearance in church on Sundays, with his pallid, solemn face and a red flannel tied around his neck, was long remembered by the inhabitants. Of incorruptible integrity—charitable and kind to the poor and oppressed—fervent in prayer, solemn, watchful, resolute and enthusiastic, he acquired unbounded influence over those who knew him, and already represented in himself the elements of that army whose battle shout afterwards made the world tremble.

We do not design to give many of Cromwell's letters, but the following, written during this year to his cousin, who had married Oliver St. John, a widower, the celebrated barrister who defended Hampden so nobly in his ship-money trial, exposes Cromwell's religious character so fully, that it is worthy especial notice. At this time he was a simple farmer—one of the disgraced and persecuted non-conformists—with every worldly motive against his expressing his religious belief—and hence, however true the charge of *cant* may be, that of hypocrisy is too absurd to be entertained for a moment. That as a private man—never anticipating public notoriety, and writing a private letter to a female cousin, he

assumed a religious sensibility, and spoke of religious things except as he felt them, no man of just mind will believe.

“*To my beloved Cousin Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Masham his House called Otes, in Essex: Present these.*

“ELY, 13th October, 1638.

“DEAR COUSIN—I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas, you do too highly prize my lines and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

“Yet to honor my God by declaring what He hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly, then, this I find: That He giveth springs in a dry barren wilderness where no water is. I live, you know where—in Meshec, which they say signifies *Prolonging*; in Kedar, which signifies *Blackness*; yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will, I trust, bring me to His Tabernacle, to His resting-place. My soul is with the Congregation of the First-born, my body rests in hope: and if here I may honor my God either by doing or suffering, I shall be most glad.

“Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in His Son, and give me to walk in the light—and give us to walk in the light, as He is the light! He it is that enlightened our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say, He hideth His face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it:—blessed be His name for shining on so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved dark-

ness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of His mercy! Praise Him for me; pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

“Salute all my friends in that Family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the Lord for them; and that my Son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them.

“Salute your husband and sister from me:—He is not a man of his word! He promised to write about Mr. Wrath of Epping; but as yet I receive no letters:—put him in mind to do what with conveniency may be done for the poor Cousin I did solicit him about.

“Once more farewell. The Lord be with you: so prayeth

“Your truly loving cousin,

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”

What a flood of light does this letter throw upon his character at this time. Absorbed in the contemplation of religious things, with the glory of heaven on one side, and the “blackness of darkness” on the other—angels and fiends beckoning him by turns—the shouts of “the congregation of the first-born,” and the sad lament of the dwellers of Meshec, alternately falling on his excited ear—now looking into the abodes of light, and now gazing steadfastly into the deep abyss of the pit of despair—his strong intellect is shaken to its foundation, and nothing but a life of action, giving vent to his pent-up excitement, can save him from the gloomiest fanaticism. Swayed by one master passion, he is undergoing a fearful preparation for the scenes before him. The elegant

Hampden, the astute St. John, the firm Bradshaw and crafty Vane, nay, all England are yet to bend before this soul of fire. Fearless of consequences, ready to suffer martyrdom—indeed, ready for anything at the call of his Great Master, he stands on the threshold of this long struggle, resolved to bear himself like a man, a Christian, and a hero. This letter shows in every line of it the most perfect sincerity. That passage in which he speaks of himself as the chief of sinners, has been adduced as proof that he formerly led a dissolute life; while it evidently is meant only to express his sense of the deep sinfulness of his heart in an unconverted state. He is full of that dread eternity, on the vast concerns of which he is ever gazing, and struggling after the perfect freedom of the “sons of God.” Whatever he may become in after life, he is now a true-hearted Puritan, with all the peculiar views of conviction, regeneration, and a spiritual life, of that sect; and is straining forward “towards the mark for the prize of the high calling.” Wars and rumors of wars are borne to his ears—the land is filled with corruption, oppression and complaints, and old England is surging to and fro, like the sea before a storm. Across the blackness of the political horizon he can see no dawning light; and vainly seeking to abandon the home of his childhood and the land of his birth, that he may serve his God and win heaven, he has at length settled down with the firm resolution to suffer shame, reproach and persecution. Call him self-deluded, superstitious, fanatical, if you will, but honest he certainly is.

CHAPTER II.

FROM THE LONG PARLIAMENT TO THE FIRST CIVIL WAR
1640—1642.

Short Parliament—Second Invasion of Scotland—Meeting of the Long Parliament—Its Stern Aspect—Impeachment of Laud—Trial and Death of Strafford—His Character—Personal Appearance of Cromwell—Appointed on a Private Committee—Defends the Poor—The King Visits Scotland—Grand Petition and Remonstrance—Stormy Debate upon It—Cromwell's View of It—Withdrawal of the Bishops—Their Impeachment—Attempt to Seize the Five Members—Excitement Caused by It—The King Leaves Whitehall never to Return except as a Prisoner—Recapitulation—Cromwell a Patriot.

CHARLES at length exhausted all the means which unscrupulous tyranny could devise, but his treasury was still empty; and as a last resort, he resolved to call a new parliament, in order to obtain money with which to raise another army to subdue the Scots. It met April 16, 1640. He had got along eleven years without a parliament, but was now fairly driven to the wall.

But during these eleven years the commons had not forgotten grievances; and when the king asked for supplies, he received in reply "grievances." Nothing could be done with a parliament that talked only of grievances, and in three weeks it was dissolved. Money be-

ing raised by other means, an army was equipped and marched to the Scottish borders, to force the inhabitants to swallow Laud's liturgy. He was compelled, however, to retreat before the Scotch forces under Lesley, who, crossing the Tweed, seemed resolved to seek redress at the foot of the throne itself. Finding himself still deeper involved, he again convoked parliament in November, for the double purpose of making a treaty with the victorious Scots and of relieving the finances of the kingdom.

This was the famous Long Parliament. Exasperated at its last dissolution—enraged at the falsehoods and tyranny of the king, and perceiving at last that he, with his favorites, Bishop Laud and the Earl of Strafford, were bent on breaking down the constitution of England—it met with the stern purpose of taking the management of affairs into its own hands. The king saw, at a glance, that he had got to retreat, or close in a mortal struggle with his parliament. The respect showed him at his opening speech, was cold and even haughty. The proud determination that sat on the countenances of the members awed even the monarch; and the fierce indignation which broke forth at his departure, told his friends that a crisis had come. Every member had some petition from his constituents to offer, and the eleven years of arbitrary rule he had tried, and was now compelled to abandon, received a terrible review. Monopolies, ship-money, illegal arrests, the despotism of the bishops, and the action of arbitrary courts, came up in rapid succession, each adding to the torrent of indignation that was

about to roll on the throne. One of the first acts of this parliament was, to declare every member of it who had taken part in any monopoly, unworthy of his place, and four were immediately excluded. This decision fell like a thunderbolt on the king and his party, and filled the people with unbounded joy. The unscrupulous agents of the government—despotic bishops, corrupt judges, and even ministers of state—were struck dumb by the boldness of the attitude assumed. The people saw that the tide had turned, and were animated with the liveliest hopes. Presbyterian preachers resumed their livings—suppressed pamphlets were again sent abroad on the wings of the wind—church despotism dared not wag its head; and yet, no legal steps had been taken to produce the change. It was simply the moral effect of the firmness of parliament; the people felt that it was on their side, and took confidence in resisting oppression, while those who had made them suffer, began to fear that the chalice they had pressed so cruelly to the lips of others, they might in turn be forced to drink.

TRIAL AND DEATH OF STRAFFORD.

Strafford, who was with the remains of the army that had retired before the Scotch, was summoned by Charles to London. Foreseeing the storm that was about to burst on him, as the chief counsellor of his king, he besought that he might keep aloof. Charles, however, promised to protect him at all hazards, and the earl find-

ing no way of escape, boldly threw himself amid his enemies, resolving to forestall them by impeaching some of the leaders of parliament as aiders and abettors of the Scotch invasion. Pym and his friends, however, anticipated him, and suddenly accused him of high treason. The House of Lords sustained the impeachment, and the haughty minister was sent to the Tower. The next blow fell on Archbishop Laud; and he, too, was compelled to taste the pleasures of imprisonment, which he had bestowed so lavishly on others. Things began to look significant—the head of civil oppression, and the leader of religious despotism were both struck, within a short time of each other, and the character of the coming revolution clearly pronounced.

The next step was still more significant. A bill was passed, making it necessary that a parliament should assemble at least once in three years, and not be dissolved until fifty days after meeting. The king, though filled with rage, was compelled to sanction it.

The trial of Strafford immediately followed, lasting seventeen days. This unprincipled but gifted statesman defended himself with all the ability which had marked his political course. But his eloquence and his arguments were alike unavailing. His death was resolved upon—the parliament, the people, and the welfare of the nation demanded it. Still his learning and genius might have saved him, had not Sir Arthur Haselrig, by a bold stroke, relieved the judges from the responsibility under which they were placed. He moved a bill of attainder, by which Strafford was declared guilty

by act of parliament. From that moment, the fate of the unfortunate earl was sealed. He struggled nobly, but he fell at last. Sentence of death was pronounced upon him, and it needed but the royal signature to secure its immediate execution. Charles delayed and deferred, and sought, by every means, to save his favorite. He had given his royal word to Strafford, that if he obeyed his summons and came amid his enemies, that he would protect him from all harm. Alas, for his honor! fear for his own safety and that of his throne, overcame his scruples, and he signed the death-warrant. No wonder that Strafford when he heard of it said—“*Put not your trust in princes.*” We will not argue the naked question of guilt or innocence with respect to the charge of high treason, for in fact the trial did not turn on that. There is no doubt that he, with Charles, conspired to overturn the liberties of the people, and by fraud and force destroy the very laws on which they rested. Of the system of tyranny which looked to this result, Strafford was the soul and energy. One of the first and ablest friends of liberty, he had become an apostate; and shielded by no prejudice, blinded by no false notions of royal prerogative, boldly and steadily advanced to the work of ruin he had planned. Selling his conscience and honor for a title, he bent all his vast energies to the destruction of those whom he had betrayed. Injustice, cruelty and suffering had also been inflicted by him. In Ireland he had trampled on the courts of justice, extorted enormous fines from the Irish nobility, and ruled with a rod of iron. Thus, in

both islands, he had become a hated tyrant, and his death seemed indispensable to the welfare of the realm. So long as he, with his all-grasping mind and great energy, stood by the king, there was no hope for England. *The public good* demanded his overthrow, and it was in fact before this stern demand that he fell. By his apostasy, his tyranny, his injustice, his treasonable plans for the subversion of English liberty, he deserved to die. At all events, if he did not, then is Charles doubly damned—first, for violating his kingly promise, that he should not be injured, and second, for signing the death-warrant of a friend who was innocent of the crimes alleged against him. How those who assail the parliament for condemning Strafford can attempt to exculpate Charles seems strange enough, yet so it is.

With transcendent ability Strafford was nevertheless a base man. Traitor first, a tyrant afterwards, his “vaulting ambition” at length “o’erleaped itself.” His career, though dazzling and lofty, was stained in every part by some crime. To say nothing of his robberies and extortions in Ireland, his treatment of Lord Mountmorris and Lord Ely is sufficient to stamp him with lasting infamy. The former, for a mere expression condemnatory of his conduct, he dragged before a tribunal which he himself controlled, and caused sentence of death to be pronounced upon him. His life was indeed spared, yet on such terms that made even death preferable. The latter he sent to prison, in order to force him to settle his estate according to the wishes of his daughter-in-law, whom Strafford had seduced. Whether, therefore

under the technicalities of the law, he was strictly guilty of high treason or not, he merited his fate, not only for his public but his private acts. The House, however, on his condemnation, nobly excluded his children from the legal consequences of the sentence, an act of generosity for which they had no precedent in the king.

Cromwell saw this thrilling scene from its beginning to its denouement. The trial and execution of a man next to the king, in authority and power, must have made a deep impression upon him, and exerted a powerful influence on his after course. To his just mind, unbiassed by reverence for blood, and judging actions by the simple rule of right, there could have been but little difference between the guilt of the king and his minister; and when we remember this precedent which he had before him, and by whom it was furnished, we cannot be surprised at the readiness with which he afterwards affixed his signature to the death-warrant of Charles.

At the opening of this parliament the spring previous, Cromwell made a speech on presenting a petition of John Lilburn, the man who had been tied to a cart's tail, and whipped through the streets of Westminster. The following description of his personal appearance, at that time, is given by Sir Phillip Warwick: "The first time I ever took notice of Mr. Cromwell," says he, "was in the very beginning of the parliament held in November, 1640. * * I came into the House, one morning, well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not—very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth

suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band,* which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band. His stature was of good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervor: for the subject matter would not bear much reason, it being in behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's, who had dispensed Bibles. I sincerely profess it lessened my reverence unto that great council, for this gentleman was much harkened unto."

Add to this, a face whose features seemed wrought out of iron, a large rubicund nose, wrinkled and warted cheeks, heavy and shaggy eyebrows, with a majestic forehead above them, rising like the front of a marble temple over the coarser features beneath, and around it rich and clustering hair, parted in the middle, with a single lock straying loosely by itself—firm-set lips, deep and solemn grey eyes, piercing you through and through, and when lit by excitement terrible as lightning, and you have the personal appearance of Oliver Cromwell. There were about him, also, an air of command, and a conscious superiority, to which the proudest noble and the fiercest foe alike yielded deference.

On this occasion, he was to defend one who had been publicly whipped for the very sentiments he himself entertained. Bold, fearless and decided, with his indignation aroused by the injustice of the act, no wonder

* Probably he had cut himself in shaving.

his "eloquence was full of fervor." The inherent right to command—that secret power over others acknowledged in such men as Washington and Bonaparte, were unconsciously recognized by the House, and it listened to him, it scarce knew why, with the deepest attention.

A few months after this speech, we find Cromwell on a private committee, appointed to investigate a difficulty existing between certain tenants of the Queen's Manors, and inhabitants bordering upon them, upon one side, and the Earl of Manchester and his son on the other. Large tracts of land which belonged to the Queen's Manors, and had been left as commons, were ordered to be enclosed without consent of the tenants, and the avails given to the earl. Against his oppression the tenants, and others who had long used these commons, made complaint. This private committee sat in the Queen's Court, and Cromwell took strong ground in favor of the petitioners. Lord Clarendon was chairman of that committee, and hence his statement should be taken with many grains of allowance, when he says "that Cromwell defended the petitioners with a great deal of passion, and when the chairman threatened them with punishment if they did not cease their clamors and interruptions of the opposite witnesses and counsel, that he broke forth in great fury, denouncing him, the chairman, as partial, and endeavoring to browbeat the petitioners. The chairman appealed to the committee, who sustained him; on which Cromwell became still more furious, and when Lord Mandevil attempted to

defend his course with the tenants, he answered him with much rudeness and vehemence; and, indeed, became so tempestuous that he was compelled to reprehend him, and threaten, if he did not desist, to adjourn the committee and complain of him to the House." This is the chairman's account; but one who is acquainted with the views entertained at that time by noble lords of the rights of ignorant tenants, and the summary manner they were ordinarily disposed of, can have no difficulty in ascertaining the truth. Why should Cromwell become so excited and tempestuous; and breaking over all bounds, hurl his denunciations on both the chairman and the oppressive earl? He had no interest in the case, except so far as he wished justice done. He saw that those ignorant rustics were looked upon with contempt—their rights undervalued, and that noble blood would outweigh justice in the balance, and his republican spirit took fire. He, therefore, stepped between them and their oppressors, and accused the latter of partiality and wrong. It was not a question which involved his religious feelings, but simply one of right between man and man; and Clarendon has overshoot his mark, in endeavoring to make us believe that Cromwell became so rude, outrageous and uncontrollable, without provocation. He proves very conclusively that great wrong was done in that committee, and the fire that flashed from Cromwell's eye, and the invective that poured from his lips, were called forth by it and it alone.

This year, 1641, was pregnant with great events.

Strafford was executed May 11—the king gave his consent to the abolition of the star-chamber court of high commission, and all arbitrary tribunals, July 5, and departed for Scotland in August. His northern trip was ostensibly for the purpose of ratifying the treaty with the Scotch, but in fact, to get proofs on which to accuse the leaders of parliament of high treason, in carrying on a correspondence with the Scotch covenanters—thus, perhaps inducing the invasion itself. In the meantime, parliament adjourned for six weeks.

In November the massacre of the Irish Protestants, by the papists, took place.

The king failed in his visit to Scotland. Though he devoutly attended Presbyterian churches—heard the long prayers and longer sermons of Presbyterian preachers with becoming gravity, and seemed sufficiently conciliating to please the most dissatisfied; the discovery of the plot he had laid against the parliament aroused the deepest indignation; and when it again assembled, it was with the full belief that Charles meditated its destruction by violence. What with army plots—plots against members—Irish massacres, and the universal outcry against religious oppression and corruption, and the fear of some great approaching evil, England was moved to its centre. The cries of the multitude rang around the walls of parliament; and in the city and the country everything was in commotion.

All these causes combined impelled parliament to draw up a grand petition and remonstrance.

GRAND PETITION AND REMONSTRANCE.

This, not content with setting forth prevailing abuses, went carefully over the past—contrasting the course of the king with that of the parliament, and placed the blame of the evils which burdened the land on the throne itself. It was designed for the people rather than the king, and expected to gain more by receiving their sympathy and co-operation than by obtaining any redress from the throne. The debate on it was the stormiest ever witnessed in the House. On Nov. 21, a motion was made to put it to vote, but Lord Falkland and others insisted that it should lie over till next day, which was done. On coming out of the House, Cromwell said to him, “Why would you have it put off; the day would quickly have determined it.” “There would not have been time enough,” said Falkland, “for sure it would take some debate.” “A very sorry one,” answered Cromwell.

The next day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the debate commenced, and continued till midnight, when the House divided, and one hundred and fifty-nine were found in its favor, and a hundred and forty-eight against it. Hampden immediately moved that it should be printed. Upon this the long smothered fire broke forth. “I protest, I protest!” rang from different parts of the House; all was uproar and clamor—members laid their hands upon their swords; and for two hours the House presented a scene of confusion and passion fearful and

indescribable. At length, on motion of Hampden, the question of printing was laid over till next day. What Cromwell said in this tumult, or what he did, we know nothing; yet one may be well assured that when members sprang to their feet and laid their hands upon their swords, he was not among the least excited: and had words come to blows, his stalwart arm would have been the first to strike.

At two o'clock in the morning the House adjourned; and as they were coming out Falkland said to Cromwell, "Well, was there a debate?" "I'll take your word another time," replied the latter; and then added in a low tone, "*had the remonstrance been rejected, I would, to-morrow, have sold everything I possessed and never seen England more*; and I know many other honest men of the same opinion."

The next afternoon, the motion to print was carried. From this time the disorders increased, and petitions against the bishops and episcopacy flowed in from every quarter to the lower House. The prelates themselves were treated with open insult by the populace, and compelled to retire secretly from the House of Lords to their homes. Scenes of violence occurred in the streets, and the friends of the king under the name of Cavaliers and those of parliament distinguished as Roundheads formed separate parties. Parliament asked the king for a guard, and receiving a refusal, passed a vote authorising every member to bring an armed servant with him.* The bishops insulted and assailed, finally withdrew from

* Vide Clarendon, Warwick, &c.

parliament, and drew up a protest declaring that all its acts were null and void, without their sanction. Indignant at this high-handed act, the commons impeached the twelve bishops who had signed it and sent them to the Tower.

The disorder and excitement around Westminster and Whitehall extended to the country—associations were formed in almost every place to defend both civil and religious liberty, and the fires of rebellion were rapidly kindling all over the land.

The king, in the meantime, instead of relenting, seemed resolved on still bolder measures than hitherto adopted. Lord Digby, now his most influential adviser, proposed that open violence should be employed to reduce the commons to obedience. In constant conference with the queen, he won her, and at length the king, over to his daring plans; and at the opening of the new year, 1642, the final explosion took place. The number of cavaliers around the House of Commons kept increasing daily, and the members becoming still more alarmed, again petitioned the king for a guard. He again refused, giving his sacred promise that no violence should be attempted, saying, “We do engage unto you, *solemnly, on the word of a king*, that the security of all and every one of you from violence, is and ever shall be as much our care as the preservation of us and our children.”

ATTEMPTED SEIZURE OF THE FIVE MEMBERS.

This was January 3d; yet on that very day, he sent his attorney-general, Sir Edward Herbert, to the House of Peers, to accuse five members of the commons, Hampden, Pym, Holles, Strode and Haselrig, of high treason, and demand their arrest. Right on the heels of his sacred promise not to use violence, came his sergeant-at-arms to secure the accused; but the House would not give them up, declaring that consideration was required before such a breach of privilege could be allowed. The next day it was announced that the king, with several hundred men, all armed, was on his way to take by force what he could not obtain by command. At the news, swords flashed in the hall of parliament, and brows knit in stern defiance. But better counsels prevailed, and the five members were hurried away before the guard arrived. The king left his soldiers at the door, and entered the House, accompanied only by his nephew. He paused a moment on the threshold, and then advanced towards the Speaker's chair. Not a sound broke the silence that succeeded his entrance, and every footfall was distinctly heard as he slowly strode up the hall. Taking the Speaker's seat, he glanced over the House, and it is said when his eye encountered that of Cromwell, the savage glare, and fixed defiant expression of the latter, arrested his attention, and for a brief space the two future rivals sat face to face—one endeavoring to overawe by his calm, proud and haughty glance; the other, engrossed only with his burning passion, and firm

determination to resist. At length, the king's eye bent before the steady gaze of Cromwell. He then made a speech, saying that he expected that the accused, as soon as they returned, would be sent to him; and departed. As he passed through the door, the smothered indignation broke forth, and "privilege! privilege!" smote his ear.

The next day the citizens rushed to arms, and all was in commotion. As the king passed through the crowd, it was silent and cold, save when the cry of "privilege! privilege!" was repeated, in suppressed murmurs; and a pamphlet was thrown into his carriage, headed, "To your tents, O Israel!"—the watchword of the ten tribes of Israel, when they revolted from their king.

Here is the beginning of the war. The parliament found that it must surround itself with armed force for self-protection—an armed force beget armed force, till civil war broke forth in all its fury. Hitherto, Charles had professed great affection and respect for parliament—made endless promises, and broken them, "on the word of a king." But now, farther duplicity was of no avail—the mask was off, and hostilities had commenced, and though peace could be, and was talked about, parliament resolved never to let supreme power again rest in the hands of a monarch who seemed to have no moral sense respecting truth and falsehood. Besides, the leaders of parliament knew that they now lived with a halter about their necks, and let Charles once gain the ascendancy he formerly held, he would make summary work with them.

The king, with his court and family, now left Whitehall, never to revisit it again, except as he bid it farewell to ascend the scaffold. Negotiations were for awhile kept up between him and parliament—his sanction to a bill excluding the imprisoned bishops from a seat in the House of Lords, was asked; and at length, in order to secure the safe retreat of his wife into France, given. Parliament also sent to know if he would grant them “power of militia,” (i. e. to raise militia for their own defence,) and accept the list of lord lieutenants made out by them. “No, by God,” he answered, “not for an hour;” and so militia had to be raised in some other way than through royal permission.

In this synopsis, the career and separate steps of the revolution may be traced out. First, parliament wished to place some restrictions on arbitrary power, nothing more. The resistance and madness of Charles, aroused indignation, and boldness, and discussion. The natural result, was, clearer views of their own rights, and of the injustice of the king’s arbitrary conduct. The king instead of yielding with grace, multiplied his tyrannical acts, and incensed still more the commons of England. Not satisfied with being himself a despot in civil matters, he allowed the fanatical Laud to be one in affairs of the church. Thus, while he exasperated parliament, Laud maddened the people, and so transferred or rather extended the quarrel from it, to every town in the land; making the excitement and opposition universal. Slight reforms were sought in the first place, but the principles of justice on which they were based,

soon brought to light grievances, whose removal would infringe still more on the sovereignty of the king. The king resisted, but the commons stood firm, and as soon as the people found they had a strong ally, they brought in their grievances on religious matters. Broken promises, falsehoods, secret and open tyranny, everywhere practised by the king and his bishops, rendered the breach between the monarch and his subjects still wider, until at length, royal pikes gleamed around parliament. Assailed by physical force, parliament sought to protect itself by physical force, and violence took the place of discussion and remonstrance, and revolution succeeded reformation. There was nothing unnatural in all this—there will be the same result in every despotism of Europe, so soon as there can be a representation of the people, bold enough to ask justice.

For taking part in such a movement of the English people—fighting bravely for the English Constitution and English liberty; and finally bringing the revolution to the only peaceful termination it could have had—Oliver Cromwell has been termed a regicide, a monster, and a tyrant. But not so will he appear to future generations—not so does he appear to us. In every step of his progress, we see the patriot and the honest man. There are always the same massive features, grave countenance and serious air, with here and there indications of the volcano within. Whether wandering by the banks of the Ouse, gloomy and desponding, as he attempts to look into that mysterious eternity to which he is hastening—or riding all fierce and terrible, amid his *Ironsides*;

through the smoke of battle—or with hat on his head, stamping on the floor of parliament, and hurling defiance on all around—or praying in the midst of the midnight storm, as life is receding; he is the same resolute, thoughtful, and lofty man. Unlike most distinguished characters, he entered on public life late, and was forty years of age, before he took any part in those scenes in which he was afterwards to be the chief actor. His history is a forcible illustration of the effect of circumstances on a man's fortune. Had England remained quiet, Cromwell like Washington, would have spent his energies on his farm, improving his estate; and died a good, straightforward English gentleman. But the field which the revolution opened to him, soon scattered his plans for the improvement of his lands to the wind; and the too severe, too contemplative religionist, entered on a life of action, that left his disordered fancy but little time to people his brain with strange and gloomy forms.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST CIVIL WAR—FROM 1642 TO THE CAMPAIGN OF 1644.

Activity of Cromwell—Preparations for War—The King Erects his Standard—Battle of Edgehill—Cromwell's Opinion of It—Resolves to Raise his Ironsides—Their Character—Fight at Brentford—Enthusiasm of the Citizens of London—Cromwell Takes Croyland, Lowestoff, Stamford and Burleigh House—Fight at Grantham—Fight at Gainsborough—Death of Hampden—His Last Hours and Burial—His Character—The Aid of Scotland Sought—Mob of Women in London—Battle of Newbury—Cromwell Governor of Ely—Ratification of the Covenant—Winceby Fight—Religious Character of the Revolution.

ALTHOUGH parliament and the king occupied a warlike attitude to each other, hostilities were still delayed, and messages and missives, without end, passed between them. The former had not yet made up its mind to do without the latter, and sought only to abridge his power.

In the meantime, royalist writers used their pens with such vigor, that the cause of parliament rapidly declined; and, at length, a petition from Kent was presented, praying for the restoration of the royal prerogative, and of episcopacy. It was rejected, and parliament, attributing it to the effects of the late writings of the royalists, immediately instituted a severe censorship of the press. But while things were in this state of uncertainty,

Cromwell did not remain inactive. In February, 1642, he offered to lend parliament £500, to help quell the insurrection in Ireland. In April, he is found reporting to the House of Commons, that the petition on prerogative and episcopacy is about to be presented again, and receives orders to prevent it. Leaving the statesmen to manage things in the House, he occupied himself with external matters—keeping alive the sympathy of the people—watching and baffling the royalists, and exhibiting the practical power which afterwards carried him to such an elevation.* He already began to fulfil the prediction made by his cousin Hampden of him to Lord Digby. Cromwell, on a certain occasion, was addressing the House in his abrupt, ardent manner, when Lord Digby, who did not know him, bent forward and asked Hampden who “that sloven” was. “That sloven,” replied the latter, “whom you see before you, hath no ornament in his speech—that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the king (which God forbid) *will be the greatest man in the kingdom.*”

In the meantime, negotiations failing, the king and parliament prepared for war:—the former issued his “commission of array,” in order to raise an army; and the latter, their “ordinance for the militia,” for the same purpose. These two calls for troops, issued by two different authorities, rapidly divided the land, and on one and the other side, the people began to arrange themselves.

X In July, Cromwell asked permission of parliament to

* Vide Par. Hist. II., 1194.

go down to Cambridge, and raise two companies of volunteers—offering to give, himself, £100, towards defraying the expenses. Here was high treason at the outset, and if the king should conquer, loss of life would follow; but he had taken his course, and not all the kings in the world could turn him aside. Oxford sent its plate to the king, to be melted down for royal use; and Cambridge was about to follow its example, when Cromwell, hearing of it, hastened thither, and summoning his train-bands, prevented it.

THE KING ERECTS HIS STANDARD.

This was August 15th, and eight days after, the king erected the royal standard at Nottingham, and called his subjects to rally around it. It was just at evening—the sky was dark and gloomy, and the wind swept by in gusts—when Charles rode out to a hill that overlooked the town, accompanied by eight hundred horse, and a few militia, and ordered his proclamation to be read. The trumpets then sounded, and the standard, bearing the motto, “Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s,” was hoisted to the top of the castle, and hailed with acclamations of “God save the king!” The next day, however, the wind blew it down. Charles was angry that such an untoward accident should occur at the outset, and commanded the heralds to plant it outside the castle, in the open ground. This they attempted to do; but the soil was rocky, and resisted all their efforts to sink the flag-staff in it. They then en-

deavored to dig a hole with their dagger-points, but for several hours were compelled to hold the standard in their hands. The spectators regarded it as a bad omen, and went away filled with gloomy anticipations.

At length, however, a royal army of 12,000 men was raised, and the cavalry placed under the bold and brutal Prince Rupert, the king's nephew. The parliament had succeeded, also, in bringing into the field 20,000 infantry, and 4,500 horse, and given the command to the Earl of Essex. The cavalry was divided into seventy-five squadrons, each composed of sixty horse. Over one of these Cromwell was appointed captain. His son Oliver was also cornet in the squadron under the Earl of Bedford. Thus, father and son went forth together, to offer up their lives for their country.

The parliamentary force assembled at Northampton, and the nation looked forward, with breathless anxiety, to the first encounter of the people with their king. The country around no longer wore its peaceful look. Troops of horse were seen crossing it in every direction to the place of rendezvous; and the blast of the bugle, and roll of the drum, and tread of marching men, sent terror through the quiet villages and rural districts of England. They came pouring in from every quarter, and when all were assembled, that army of nearly 25,000 men, presented a formidable array against King Charles and his cavaliers.

After lying some time at Northampton, Essex at length got in motion, and moving by easy marches, arrived, on the 23d of September, at Worcester, within a

few leagues of the royal forces. Here he halted for three weeks, as if his sole business was to wait the king's pleasure. Charles, seeing the dilatoriness of his antagonist, resolved to march at once on London, and finish the war by a single stroke. He immediately put his troops in motion, and got three days' march ahead, before Essex seemed to wake from his lethargy. Being at last roused by the pressing danger of parliament and London, he commenced the pursuit. But in the meantime the greatest alarm prevailed in the city. Every hour the hostile army was drawing nearer, while the forces of Essex were nowhere to be seen. The parliament, however, instead of being terror-struck, aroused the people to resistance. All who had not voluntarily subscribed to the support of the army were immediately taxed, and those who refused to pay hurried off to prison. The disaffected were deprived of arms; every stable in and about the town was forced to yield its complement of horses, and squadrons of horse sprung like magic into existence. Fortifications were hastily thrown up, barricades erected, and chains strung across the streets. A lofty enthusiasm had taken the place of fear; and women were seen plying the spade, and working at the fortifications—even young children toiled on beside their mothers; and delicate hands vied with each other in the patriotic work. All day long the streets echoed with the heavy blows of workmen, and tread of marching men; and everything foretold a bloody resistance.

But while London was in this state of excitement, not

far off, in Warwickshire, the first act of the great tragedy had begun.

BATTLE OF EDGEHILL.

Essex, leaving behind him several of his regiments, and among them that of Hampden, and a part of his artillery, pressed on after the king. For ten days the rear of the royal columns and the van of Essex's were only a few leagues apart, yet in mutual ignorance of each other's movements. At length the latter overtook the king near Keynton, and formed his troops at the foot of an eminence called Edgehill. Charles immediately turned on his pursuers; and on the 23d of October the two armies drew up in front of each other in battle array. It was Sunday, and many of the Puritan officers were on their way to church, when messengers, galloping along the road, called them back to the field. It is a curious fact, that the Puritans preferred the Sabbath above all other days on which to fight their battles. This shows how sacred they viewed their cause, and how certain they were of the smile of heaven.

During the whole forenoon the different commanders were busy in arranging the order of battle. Here the squadrons of cavalry stood in shining ranks, their helmets glittering in the noon-day sun—and there moved the dark masses of infantry. About two in the afternoon the long roll of the drum was heard, and the solid ranks began to advance. The artillery opened its fire, the infantry went pouring to the charge with deaf-

ening shouts, and that green spot in Warwickshire was wrapt in clouds of smoke, and shook to the tread of nearly forty thousand men. At length the bugles rang along the hitherto silent squadrons of the parliamentary cavalry, and the long lines of helmets rose and fell as the steel-clad mass went hurrying forward. But at this critical moment a colonel, Sir Faithful Fortescue, separated himself with his regiment from the parliamentary force, and spurred across to the lines of the royalists. This defection, at the moment when the charge was to be made, paralyzed the advancing squadrons, and broke the shock; for they did not know how many more regiments would follow this dastardly example, and desert in the very crisis of the conflict. Prince Rupert, however, and his fierce horsemen, hailed the desertion with shouts of applause: the next moment their bugles rang cheerily out, and they burst on the disheartened cavalry with such fury that the ranks of the latter were broken in the first onset, and the whole four thousand became a herd of fugitives, driving over the country—sabred down at every step by their relentless pursuers. Leaving the army to take care of itself, Prince Rupert and his men, intent only on slaughter and pillage, followed after the flying cavalry—chasing them for two miles along the road—and were stopped at last only by the columns of Hampden, hastening to the battle-field. The latter bringing his artillery to the front, and forming his men in close order, soon sent the headlong cavalier back.

But while he had been following up his victory, the tide of battle had turned against the king. Undismayed

by the defeat of their cavalry, the parliamentary infantry charged the royalists with such resolution that their ranks were shattered and broken; and Rupert returned only to see the king's standard in the hands of the enemy, and the Earl of Lindsey, the commander-in-chief, mortally wounded, and a prisoner. From two o'clock till night-fall, had it flamed and thundered there, at the foot of Edgehill; and now Rupert, as he reined his foam-covered steed up beside the king, told him the day was not yet wholly lost—one more charge, and it would be won. But it was in vain they called on the squadrons to charge again, for the king and the throne. The horses were jaded out—the ranks broken—soldiers were calling after their officers, and officers after their soldiers; and all was confusion and wreck there, on the trodden and dead-covered field, while Essex had a strong reserve still in complete array, in the distance.

Darkness at length wrapt the scene, and silence fell on the plain, and both armies lay down amid the dead and wounded, to wait for the morning sun to light them again to the strife.

At daybreak the anxious king arose and surveyed the wreck of his army—a third of its number was gone; some dead, others wounded; and others still, famished with hunger and cold, had fled to their homes. He wished to renew the fight, so as to advance on London, but dared not risk an engagement.

At the council held in the parliamentary camp in the morning, Hampden, Holles, and Stapleton, and others, wished to make one more charge on the king's forces.

The fresh regiments they said would advance cheerfully to the conflict, while the royal troops, dispirited and reduced, would be easily broken. But some of the old officers, bound down by continental rules, opposed this opinion; declaring that the raw recruits had fought one glorious battle, and it was expecting too much to suppose they would fight another so soon. Besides, London was saved, and it was unwise to risk all in another engagement. This tame and miserable council prevailed, and the two armies separated—the king establishing his headquarters at Oxford.

This was Cromwell's first fight—he was in the cavalry, which, broken at the charge of Rupert's horsemen, had turned in affright over the field. How he bore himself in the struggle, we have no account; but judging of his actions from his character and after career, troop sixty-seven found, in that day's overthrow, that they had a gallant leader.

His conversation with his cousin Hampden about it afterwards, shows with what bitter feelings he remembered his discomfiture; while the bold resolution he took and carried out, to raise a body of horsemen of his own selection, proves that he, on that day, was one of the sternest and steadiest in the fight. Speaking of the superiority of the royalist cavalry, he said, "How can it be otherwise: your horse are, for the most part, superannuated domestics, tapsters, and people of that sort; theirs are the sons of gentlemen—men of quality. Do you think such poor vagabonds as your fellows have soul enough to stand against gentlemen full of resolution

and honor?" "You are right," replied Hampden; "but how can it be helped?" "I can do something towards it," answered Cromwell, "and I will: I will raise men who have the fear of God before their eyes; men who will bring some conscience to what they do; and I promise you they shall not be beaten."

Carrying out this resolution, he, the next winter, formed the nucleus of that famous body of horse which, at the battle of Marston Moor, received the name of "Iron-sides." He chose for it wealthy farmers, and the sons of farmers—men to whom wages were no object, and who fought for conscience sake alone. Stern religionists, like himself, he had no occasion to deceive them by holding out false motives. He said to them frankly, "I do not wish you to believe, as my commission has it, that you are going to fight for the king and parliament; for if the king were before me I would as soon shoot him as another: if your conscience will not allow you to do as much, go and serve elsewhere." He thus got around him a body of men who scorned idleness and pleasure; and submitting cheerfully to his rigid discipline, bore privations and toils without a murmur, nay, with enthusiastic pride, for often their gallant leader slept beside them on the cold earth, and shared all their hardships. Fighting under the special protection of heaven, and for God and religion, they would rush to battle as to a banquet, and embrace death with rapture. Here were Napoleon's famous cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, under whose terrible charge the best infantry in the world went down. Borne up, however, by a higher sentiment than glory,

they carried in their charge greater power; and this *body of a thousand horse was never beaten*. When with the fearful war-cry, "RELIGION," Cromwell hurled them on the foe, the tide of battle was always turned. As a proof of their religious sincerity, it need only be said that they chose Richard Baxter for their chaplain, who declined; but said subsequently if he had known that all the fire was in that one spark, he would have accepted, and endeavored to prevent the after conflagration.

To return to the course of events immediately after the battle of Edgehill; while Essex watched the king, who still held his quarters at Oxford, Rupert, with his desperate troopers, ravaged the country, pillaging and destroying—boldly dashing up to the outskirts of London. In the meantime, negotiations were re-opened with the king. While they were pending, Charles, with his usual perfidy, advanced on London, and arriving at Brentford, within seven miles of the city, fell with his whole force on Holles' regiment quartered there. But this gallant little band held their ground so firmly that Hampden and Lord Brook had time to arrive with their regiments, before it gave way. The latter, hurrying on their columns with shouts to the attack, checked the victorious royalists, and hour after hour withstood the whole weight of the king's army. The cannonading was heard in London, where an armistice had been resolved upon, and was mistaken for distant thunder. But Essex, who was in the House of Lords at the time, no sooner heard the dull and heavy explosions, than his practised ear knew full well their meaning, and calling for his horse, sprang

into his saddle, and putting himself at the head of what force he could instantly muster, sallied forth. He arrived in time, however, only to find those regiments broken and repulsed, and the king's troops occupying Brentford.

London was filled with terror and rage at this new act of perfidy on the part of the king; and believing that he was now bent on storming the city, made desperate efforts to raise an army. Volunteers began to assemble from every part of the town in crowds; the city itself voted four thousand of its enrolled militia, and appointed Skippon their commander. This brave and heroic man put himself at their head, saying, "Come, my boys, my brave boys, let us pray heartily and fight heartily. I will run the same fortunes and hazards with you. Remember the cause is for God, and for the defence of yourselves, your wives and children. Come, my honest and brave boys, pray heartily and fight heartily, and God will bless us." All that day and night this enthusiastic yet motley army was filing out of the city, followed by parliament and crowds of men and women; and two days after the king's attack on Holles' regiment, Essex reviewed twenty-four thousand men on Turnham-Green. The king's outposts were in sight, and a bloody battle was momentarily expected. Hampden, with his usual boldness, advised an immediate attack, but the majority of the officers were against it, and the king was allowed to return and take up his winter quarters at Oxford.

Negotiations were again opened between him and

parliament, and the war around the centre of operations languished. But in the country it was different. Associations were formed in every part, either for the king or parliament, and commissions granted them to raise troops and appoint officers. Of these associations the *Eastern*, embracing the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex and Hertford,* was the chief one for parliament—indeed the only one that survived and flourished. Lord Grey commanded here, but Cromwell was the principal actor. These associations kept up during the winter the war which was suspended between the main armies. Rupert rode over the country with his troopers, plundering and destroying; and small detachments frequently came in collision, with various success.

It was during this winter, 1642–3, that Cromwell enrolled, as before stated, his Ironsides. Riding hither and thither, to collect troops and repel invasion, the hidden energy of the man began to develop itself, and his amazing practical power to be felt. He was everywhere present, rallying the true-hearted, punishing the disaffected, breaking up royalist assemblages, and carrying off royalists' plate.

Early in the spring, we find him called Colonel Cromwell, though the date of his appointment is not known. He was at Cambridge on the first of March, the rendezvous appointed for the adherents of parliament enlisted during the winter. Soon finding himself surrounded with a large force, he compelled Lord Capel, who had been threatening Cambridge, to retire. In St. Albans

* Other counties afterwards came in.

the High Sheriff endeavored to execute the "commission of array" of the king on market day; but in the midst of his duties, though surrounded by a strong body guard, he was suddenly charged by Cromwell's troopers, who took him prisoner, and hurried him off to parliament to answer for his acts. "'Commissions of array,' are not handy to execute in the Eastern Association at present."* In this same month, while at Norwich, he was informed that the town of Lowestoff was fortifying itself; and the next morning, before daylight, was off with his troops. Forming a junction with the Yarmouth volunteers, who had five pieces of cannon with them, he boldly advanced on the town, and summoned it to surrender. But the inhabitants refused, and blocked themselves in. Not an opening was left except where three cannon were placed to fire on the assailants, while in front of these a strong chain was stretched to keep off the dragoons. Nothing daunted, the dragoons dismounted, and crawling under the chain, advanced to within pistol-shot of the cannoniers, and aimed their pistols at their heads. The latter immediately turned and fled, and the dragoons, breaking asunder the chain, mounted their horses and dashed into the town.

FIGHT AT GRANTHAM.

In May of this same year, 1643, Cromwell advanced on Lincolnshire, which was overrun by the Marquis of Newcastle's army. With his twelve troops, some eight

* Vide Carlyle.

hundred horse in all, scattering everything before him, he came in sight, on the evening of the thirteenth, of a body of cavalry, nearly double in number to his own. But though wearied with his long march, and opposed by such an overwhelming force, he nevertheless boldly resolved on an immediate attack. The disparity of the respective forces was increased still more by the miserable horses on which many of Cromwell's men were mounted. He had not as yet obtained for them those noble and high-blooded animals, which afterwards made the charge of the Ironsides so resistless.

Cromwell, however, drew up his squadrons in order of battle, about two miles from the town. It was a spring evening—the country was in full verdure, and the long shadows cast by the declining sun, slept tranquilly on the green sward beside the troopers. At first, the dragoons, on both sides, stood off at long musket shot, and fired at each other for half an hour. Cromwell becoming impatient, and finding that the enemy had no intention of charging him, ordered the trumpets to sound along his lines. Passing from a walk to a rapid trot, they, at the shout of their leader, fell upon the royalists with such resolution, that they rode straight through their ranks, and routing them, hewed them down with their sabres for two miles.

About this time, also, the parliamentary forces under Sir William Waller, in the south and west, scattered the royalists, taking seven towns in succession, which awakened such enthusiasm that he was styled, "William the Conqueror."

Never idle, Cromwell, in the meanwhile, kept scouring the country. He raised the siege of Croyland—took Stamford, and driving the cavaliers before him into Burleigh House, closely invested it. Opening all his cannon upon it, he no sooner made a breach in the walls, than he gave orders for the assault. At three o'clock in the morning, the signal was given, and storming over those strong defences, he swept them like a hurricane.

FIGHT AT GAINSBOROUGH.

Hardly giving his little army time to breathe, he next advanced on Gainsborough—being reinforced on the way, by several troops of horse from Nottingham and Lincolnshire. This town was held by Lord Willoughby, in the name of the parliament, but Lord Newcastle, with his whole army was rapidly advancing upon it. The queen having returned from Holland in February, with soldiers, ammunition, &c., had co-operated with Newcastle, who, after having been gallantly withstood, for awhile, by Fairfax, at length overthrew him at Atherton Moor; and following up his victory, was on the point of wresting the whole of Lincolnshire from Lord Willoughby.

It was this news that brought Cromwell and his riders so swiftly over the country. With that suddenness and daring which characterized him, he threw himself between the advance division of Newcastle, commanded by General Cavendish, and the town. Driving before him a troop of a hundred horse, he came in

sight of the enemy, strongly posted on a steep hill, at the base of which ran a high fence, with only one gateway leading to the summit. It was a spectacle that might have daunted even a bolder heart than Oliver's; for, independent of the strength of their position, the enemy outnumbered him three to one, while on this single gateway was kept up a constant and destructive fire. Cromwell, however, shouting to his men to follow, spurred fearlessly into the gap. Inspired by his daring, they plunged after—and as they filed through behind him, he formed them by sections, and gallantly charging up hill through the cloud of skirmishers that obstructed his way, gained the summit. Reining in his steed and casting his eye over the plateau, he surveyed at a glance the whole extent of the danger before him. Near by, in close array, stood the dark and overwhelming squadrons of the enemy, while in the rear, was a full regiment of horse in reserve. Intending to crush Cromwell before he could form his troops, Cavendish gave the order to charge. Not waiting, however, to receive the shock, Oliver ordered his trumpets to sound, and summoning his followers on, fell with enthusiastic shouts on the advancing squadrons. The shock was firmly met—and horse to horse, and hand to hand, with pistol shot and sabre stroke, they strove for the mastery; while over all, rose the war-cry of the Puritans, and the rallying shout of the royalists. At length, the latter began to yield, when, spurring in upon them, Cromwell broke their ranks asunder, and scattered them over the field. With that quick perception, however, and great self-command,

which distinguished him as a leader, he instantly detected the threatening aspect of the still unbroken reserve of Cavendish, and as quickly prepared for its onset. Four troops of the Lincolners were all that were left on the field to meet this fresh force, and knowing that they must go down at the first charge, he ordered Whalley to sound a recall and rally to his troops; and arresting two troops of his own men in their career, let the flight and pursuit pass on, and wheeled in the rear of the enemy. He was hardly in charging order, before Cavendish fell on the Lincolners in front, with such strength, that they were utterly routed. The next instant, the bugles of Cromwell rung out, and charging like fire with his three troops on the victorious royalists, he forced them to the verge of the hill and over it. Breaking down the steep declivity, the terror-stricken fugitives fled over the field, smote at every step by the swords of the Puritans. Cavendish himself, plunging into a morass in his hasty flight, was overtaken and slain.

The defeat was total, and Cromwell marched in triumph into the place and relieved it. Hearing of a large force in another direction, he sent out his men, who, instead of finding a regiment or two, unexpectedly came upon the whole of Newcastle's army. Hastening to their relief, Cromwell, by a skilful and masterly retreat, succeeded, however, in bringing them off safely. But his force was too small to hold the town—and notwithstanding his gallant and daring attempt to save it, he was compelled to retire before the advancing columns of the enemy.

“In the very hour while Cromwell was storming the sand hills near Gainsborough, “by some tracks,” honorable gentlemen at St. Stephen’s were voting him governor of the isle of Ely. Ely, in the heart of the Fens, a place of great military capability, is much troubled with “corrupt ministers,” with “corrupt trainbands,” and understood to be in a perilous state, wherefore they nominate Cromwell to take charge of it.”*

DEATH OF HAMPDEN.

But while success was thus attending the arms of Cromwell in the Eastern Association, fortune frowned on the cause of parliament in other parts of England: for, added to the defeat of Fairfax, and overthrow of Waller, came the untimely death of the brave, the noble Hampden. Operating with the army of Essex, which watched that of the king, he in a skirmish, on Sunday, with Rupert’s cavalry, near Chalgrove field, was mortally wounded. Though a colonel in the army, he put himself at the head of a small detachment, and despite the remonstrances of his friends, and the overpowering numbers of the enemy, charged into their midst with his accustomed gallantry. Struck by a brace of bullets between the shoulders, he turned his horse out of the fight. He was seen slowly leaving the field, before the action was over, “with his head hanging down, and resting his hands upon the neck of his horse.” He first moved away towards his father-in-law’s house, at Pyrton, but

* Vide Carlyle, p. 141.

his fading eye catching the cloud of Rupert's cavalry covering the field, he turned his horse, and rode across the country towards Thame. Coming to the edge of a brook, he stopped and reeled in his saddle, then summoning all his energies, drove his spurs into his steed, and cleared the ravine at a single leap. He, at length, reached Thame, fainting with the loss of blood, where his wounds were dressed. He lingered six days in great pain, spending all his time in dictating letters to parliament, urging on them those plans which his far-seeing mind knew to be indispensable to success, and which the indolence and dilatoriness of the commander-in-chief had hitherto rendered abortive. But his final hour drew nigh, and partaking of the last sacrament, he poured forth his soul in prayer. Even in that solemn hour, the patriot plead more for his country than for himself. His choked and difficult utterance gave vent to such expressions as "O Lord, save my bleeding country. Have these realms in thy special keeping. Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the king see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellors from the malice and wickedness of their designs. Lord Jesus, receive my soul." He then paused, and as the death-rattle was gathering in his throat, mournfully exclaimed, "*O Lord, save my country. O Lord, be merciful to*"****—the sentence was never finished, and falling back, his spirit fled to a better world.

With arms reversed, muffled drums, and banners

hung in crape, his faithful and stricken soldiers followed him to his grave amid the woods of the Chilterns, singing mournfully as they went, the *ninetieth Psalm*: "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, return, ye children of men.*** Thou carryest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up."**** Firing the last volley over his grave, they marched slowly back, singing the *forty-third psalm*. Sternly and sadly rolled along their lines, "Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: Oh, deliver me from the *deceitful and unjust man*. For Thou art the God of my strength: why dost Thou cast me off? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?"*****

Could one have heard that solemn hymn, he would not charge those brave yet melancholy men with hypocrisy. Not over *imaginary* wrongs did the dying Hampden pour his departing soul—not in miserable cant did his bereaved soldiers chant the psalms of David, as they bore him to his last resting-place.

Thus died the immortal Hampden, shot on his fiftieth birth-day. Pure in heart; just in judgment; cautious, yet daring; peaceful, yet brave; calm, yet resolute and firm; given to no outbursts of passion; provoked by no wrong to malice; swerved by no oppression from his

strict integrity; a true Christian; an incorruptible patriot, and a noble man, the soil of England covers no better dust; and liberty mourns no more spotless a martyr. With what feelings Cromwell received the news of the death of his cousin, we know not. But when he remembered how many such men had been sacrificed to gratify the pride, the miserable ambition of a tyrannical king, no wonder, at the last, he felt no misgivings when he saw his head roll on the scaffold.

During this summer, parliament struggled in a sea of difficulties. For not only were its armies defeated at almost every point, and the friends of liberty struck dumb by the death of Hampden, on whom the chief hopes were placed; but a conspiracy against itself was discovered, in which Edmund Waller, the poet, was one of the principal actors. Pardoning the treacherous, whining and cowardly poet, as it would a state witness, it executed two of his companions, and the plot was rendered innocuous.

The successes of the royalists, coming on the top of this plot, more than counterbalanced the news of Cromwell's success, which soon after reached parliament. The House of Lords and Commons became divided—Essex was idle; demanding money, clothes, ammunition and arms, for his soldiers—the queen had joined the king, bringing reinforcements of cannon and of men; and the heavens began to brighten over the head of the besotted Charles. Taking courage at this change in the aspect of affairs, he issued a proclamation, declaring that the parliament assembled at Westminster was no parlia-

ment at all; and forbade all his subjects to obey that "band of traitors." This foolish act immediately restored union between the two houses; and on July 5th, they voted to send commissioners to Scotland to ask its aid. Peace was restored in London; and every morning, at the beat of the drum, the citizens—men, women, children, the old and young—repaired voluntarily to the fortifications, and there worked till night-fall.

But while the commissioners were on the way to Scotland, the king coming to his senses issued a milder proclamation. The House of Lords, sick of the horrors of civil war, then sent proposals more moderate than had heretofore been presented. The war party in the House of Commons, seized with fear, strained every nerve to defeat this project. Tumult was again abroad; and at length, on the 9th of August, a mob of three thousand women, which by noon had increased to five thousand, assembled around the House of Commons, demanding, with loud cries, that the proposals of peace made by the House of Lords should be adopted. They penetrated even to the door of the hall, shouting, "PEACE! PEACE!" The guard of militia forced them back down stairs, firing a few shots over their heads. Unintimidated, however, they cried out, "it is only powder," and began to hurl stones at the soldiers. The latter then fired point blank upon them, while a squadron of horse charged into their midst. Making a lane for the cavalry to pass, these maddened women shouted forth curses and hailed blows on the

riders. For a few moments, it was a scene of wild and fearful tumult—swords flashed over dishevelled locks, and the strong war-horse pushed against the tender breast of woman. But at length terror took the place of passion, and they fled, leaving two of their number dead in the street, and some six or eight more lying beside them, wounded and weeping.

The war party triumphed, and many of the lords retired from parliament, refusing to take farther part in its proceedings. Harmony was restored, and vast preparations were immediately set on foot to renew the war. By the 24th of August, Essex found himself at the head of 14,000 men, and immediately departed for Gloucester, which the king had been blockading for a fortnight. On the 5th of September, he drew up his army on the heights of Presburg, five miles from Gloucester, and in sight of the king's camp. Charles, who, after having in vain attempted to reduce this gallantly defended place, had devastated the surrounding country, now hastily set fire to his quarters and retreated. Essex entered the town, the 8th of September, and two days after turned his steps back towards London. Rupert, however, with 5,000 horse, dashed across the country, and falling on the rear of his army, made havoc for awhile, but was at length beaten back. Still he continued to hang threateningly on its flanks—thus impeding its march, until the king, who, bent on redeeming his error, had got in front, and was prepared to dispute the further advance of Essex. On the 19th of September, the earl, on approaching Newbury, found his way

blocked by the whole royal army, drawn up in good order, upon commanding heights. A battle was now unavoidable, and he pitched his camp within sight of the enemy's lines.

BATTLE OF NEWBURY.

It was a bright starlit night, and those two hosts lay down upon the dewy grass with their arms in their hands. The next morning, at daybreak, drum and trumpet called the Puritans to arms, and Essex ordered a charge on the principal height. It succeeded, and when the unclouded sun mounted the heavens, its flashing beams fell on a sulphurous and agitated cloud, amid which, and over which, glittered steel points and burnished helmets, in endless confusion. It was a hot day, and many of the royalist leaders threw aside their doublets, and led their men to the charge in their shirt sleeves. Amid the thick smoke, Rupert's masses of cavalry went plunging on, disregarding alike the broken and hilly field, and the serried pikes of the infantry. With the highest chivalric feeling on the one side, and resolute determined bravery on the other, the battle was terrific. Neither party would give way. Conspicuous with his white hat, Sir Philip Stapleton did wonders—now leading up the parliamentary cavalry, and now steadying the raw militia, and infusing his own daring into the troops. Rupert, who had hitherto found no infantry able to sustain the shock of his cavalry, flung himself again and again on the raw train-bands of London. This was their first battle, but instead of showing terror,

with their pikes advanced, they received every charge with the cool resolution of veterans. On came the thousands of Rupert's horse, yet those pike points never wavered, while a rolling volley emptied the saddles with frightful rapidity. Three times did this maddened and desperate cavalier throw himself on those raw recruits, and yet each time those ranks of blue hurled him back. Thus, through the fresh and dewy morning, past the hot noon, till deep twilight, the battle raged.

At last, the firing ceased; and the recall of the trumpets alone was heard, save when a single cannon now and then shook the field. On the ground where they had struggled—amid the dead and dying—the two tired armies lay down to sleep. The next morning, at daybreak, Essex again prepared for battle, but no enemy was in sight. In the night, the dispirited royalists had retreated, leaving the road open to London. The enraged Rupert still hung upon the rear of the republicans, but he could not impede their march.

This battle raised high again the hopes of the patriots. The king had been defeated with the loss of some of the most gallant spirits in his army; four lords had fallen on the field which they had struggled with the exposure of the meanest soldier to win; and among them the young and gallant Falkland.*

* This young nobleman was distinguished for his learning, probity and wisdom. At the age of twenty, coming into the possession of a large fortune, he had used it wisely, and fitted himself by study and travel for the highest station. But at the commencement of the war he became moody; doing nothing in parliament until negotiations of peace were entered on; when he would immediately become more

On the 25th of September, Essex entered London, and was received with acclamations by the people, while solemn thanks were decreed him by both Houses of Parliament.

While affairs had thus been going on in and around parliament, but little of note had occurred in the Eastern Association. The Earl of Manchester, the former Lord Mandevil, whose oppression of the tenants of the Queen's Manor, Cromwell, according to Clarendon, opposed with such violence and passion in the committee appointed by parliament to settle the difficulty, was given the command, with Cromwell under him, as one of his four colonels. The latter soon became second in command, and was busy in raising recruits and disciplining his troops. Requiring his regiment to have good horses, and keep them well, and their arms well burnished, and punishing profanity and drunkenness by fines, he established such order among them, that they, at length, became the elite of the army. Sharing all their toils and privations, he at the same time won their affection and confidence, and could carry them steadily even to the cannon's mouth.

erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything that might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often after a deep silence and pregnant sigh, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *peace*, PEACE. He said that the horrors of the war, and desolation of the kingdom "took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart." This melancholy never left him except on the eve of battle; when he became cheerful, and where the shot fell thickest, and the shock was heaviest, there he sought to be. He was thirty-three years of age when he fell.—Vide Clarendon, page 434.

The autumn of this year was distinguished by events which completely changed the aspect of affairs in England. The commissioners, one of whom was Sir Henry Vane, who had been sent to negotiate a treaty with the Scotch, had succeeded, and a "solemn league and covenant" been drawn up, which waited only the signature of parliament to be binding. The main article in this league was, that the two kingdoms should establish a common and uniform system of reformed religion, corresponding to that of the Scotch Church. Should the English parliament subscribe to it, Scotland bound herself to raise a powerful army, to act with the rebel forces against the king. The news of this transaction carried alarm to the royalists, and the king immediately sent his commands to the Scotch, forbidding them to make such a covenant. Their reply had as much dry humor in it, as downright seriousness. They "humbly advised his majesty *to take the covenant himself.*"

On the 25th of September the members of parliament, together with the assembly of a hundred and twenty-one divines, to whom the covenant had been submitted, repaired to the church of St. Margaret, and with heads uncovered, and uplifted hands, took the oath, and afterwards signed their names to the compact.*

After Cromwell, who had resumed his seat for awhile in parliament, for that purpose, had signed the league

* The House of Lords had now become small in number, while that of the Commons was only about half of its original size, containing but two hundred and twenty members.

and covenant, he hastened back to Lincolnshire, to his regiment; where Manchester soon after arrived with 7000 troops. At the same time, Sir Thomas Fairfax, son of Lord Fairfax, joined him with a body of cavalry, with which he had escaped from Hull, then seriously threatened by Newcastle. Henderson, a veteran officer, who commanded the royal posts in this quarter, was anxious to measure strength with Cromwell; and hearing of his approach set out in search of him.

WINCEBY FIGHT.

By a skilful manœuvre, he suddenly appeared, with a vastly superior force, before Cromwell and Fairfax; while Manchester, with the main army, was a day's march in the rear. It was Henderson's plan to crush this body of cavalry and dragoons, numbering between 2000 and 3000, before the arrival of the main army, and he seemed now in a fair way to accomplish it. Cromwell himself was startled, as he saw the glittering squadrons suddenly deploy, in great numbers, on Winceby field. His horses were fagged, worn down by the heavy marches of the last three days, and it was doubtful how they would stand the shock of a fresh and superior force. It was but a moment, however, that he hesitated—with his usual daring and confidence, he gave orders to prepare for battle. In an instant, all was joy and enthusiasm. Fairfax, catching the inspiration, exclaimed, "Come, let us fall on; I never prospered better than when I fought against the enemy three or

four to one." It was twelve o'clock of a fine October day, when the watchword, "Religion," ran along the squadrons of Cromwell. That of the royalists, was "Cavendish," who was slain at Gainsborough. At length, the bugles sounded through the Puritan host, and away dashed those fierce horsemen, shouting as they went. They charged in separate bodies; falling in like successive waves upon the shore, and each singing, in tones of thunder, as it charged, a psalm of David. That lofty hymn pealed on over the deafening tramp of the squadrons and clatter of armor—the strangest sound that ever was heard on a battle-field. Cromwell led the foremost body, shouting, as he rode at the head of his squadron, "*In the name of the Most High, charge!*" A volley met them midway, but onward, through the smoke, still thundering forth that stirring psalm, they swept full on the head of the hostile column. At the moment of collision, another volley smote them, and Cromwell's steed sunk under him. Extricating himself from the struggling animal, he rose to his feet, but was immediately struck down by one of the enemy, who were now mingled in a hand-to-hand fight with his followers. In an instant, a body of horse closed around him. Stunned, but not wounded, he recovered himself, and seizing a soldier's horse, leaped into the saddle, and with a thrilling shout, dashed into the midst of the fight. Broken through and disordered, the first line of the enemy fell back on the reserve, which was also thrown into confusion; and in a half hour's time from the first charge, that noble array was scattered like chaff

before the wind. The chase was kept up for six miles, even to the gates of Lincoln. Along one lane, into which the fugitives were crowded, the carnage was frightful. The fields were covered with slain horses and men—more than 600 being killed outright, and as many more taken prisoners.*

This brilliant victory closed the campaign of 1643, and the partizan leader, Cromwell, began to acquire a fame that even that of Essex and Fairfax could not overshadow.

From this time on, the revolution became essentially a religious one. Strengthened by its alliance with Scotland, parliament had but little fear that it would not be able to make successful head against the king.

All the reforms demanded in the state, had now been obtained. Hitherto, nothing was needed to restore peace, except guarantees on the part of Charles, that he would adopt the changes that had been made, and preserve the liberties and rights already secured. By doing this, he could at any time have re-occupied his throne. But now, the subjects of church government and religious doctrine overcame all questions of state, agitating the kingdom from limit to limit, and widening the breach between the people and their sovereign. To make matters still worse, while parliament were negotiating with the Presbyterian Scotch, Charles had been signing a treaty of peace with the Catholic Irish; and only a few days before the ratification of the league and covenant,

* Vide Scottish Dove, Oct. 13—20, 1643, cited in the Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England, page 43.

the news was received that the ten regiments sent to humble the Irish rebels, had been recalled. These two, so widely diverse acts, produced the greatest excitement throughout England; and "the Papist army," as that of Charles was called, was looked upon with still greater abhorrence. From the discussion of petitions of rights, grand remonstrances, taxation, and oppression, the national mind passed to that of church government, and metaphysical doctrines; such as election, predestination, and perfect freedom of conscience, in all religious matters.

The changes that followed the first step against religious oppression, were natural, and to be expected. After political reform, religious questions came up; and the king and established church banding together, it was natural, if the revolution were successful, they should go down together, and a different political and religious government be adopted. Hence the former became a parliamentary government, and the latter a Presbyterian church. The Scotch league and covenant, gave a still more definite form and organization to the church. But in a revolution every irregularity develops itself—the restraints are taken off the mind—its old barriers are removed, and it is launched forth upon an unknown sea. Besides, reforms never stop where those who originate them expect. The very efforts and arguments which embolden men to question and reject authority they have long submitted to, teach them, also, to resist any or all authority which would fetter their rights, and constrain their consciences. Henry the VIII.

did not dream, that when he taught the people to reject the Church of Rome, they would, in time, sift the claims of the system he substituted for it; nor did parliament suppose, when they had freed the people from the Established Church, they would free themselves from a Presbyterian one. But reverence once destroyed, is not readily restored, and latitude once given, not easily limited again. By insisting on the right to think for themselves, leaders of reform persuade men to leave old and hard-worn ways, forgetting that when once out on the open common of free thought, they will make their own paths; and not all the arguments and threats that may be used, can force them long into one track again. Reformers should remember this, when they lead men forth from the influences which have hitherto bound them, and bid them be free. The field into which they are first allured, may be rich and full of promise, but if surrounded with a single barrier, they will clear it, though it were heaven-high. Teach men to think for themselves in one case, and they will do it in another; impart to them the blessings of liberty, and in their triumphant march they will crush everything that lays the least restraint upon it. It was so in England; the people who foreswore allegiance to the Romish Church, and rejected the Established Church of England, finally crushed the Presbyterian Church.

When each one is allowed to think for himself, men are sure not to think alike; and there sprung up in England what is constantly seen here—numerous sects, each

strenuous for its own peculiar tenets. There were the Independents, who, discovering at length that the Presbyterians assumed to lord it over their consciences in the same way that the Established Church had done, repudiated it and the Scotch covenant together—demanded more freedom of belief, and asked for the same republicanism in the church that was granted in the state. There were, also, Brownists, Anabaptists, and Levellers, who, whatever difference of creed might separate them, were simply religious radicals and jacobins—Fifth Monarchy men, who believed in the personal reign of Christ on earth to constitute the fifth monarchy—the Muggletonians, and many others, half sceptics, or unsettled in their belief. All these the natural growth of a revolution that had become religious, gradually concentrated their strength against the Presbyterians; and Cromwell himself taking sides with the Independents, the army was ranged on their side; and, in time, the army, as it always must in a revolution, ruled everything.

We have thus carried forward the reader into the religious history of the revolution, to save the trouble of referring to the origin and growth of the different sects, frequently, and at the same time give them the prominence they deserve in the political changes that follow.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EXTRAORDINARY CAMPAIGN OF 1644.

Execution of Laud and Others—Character of Laud—Defeat of the Irish Regiments by Fairfax—The Scotch Enter England—Cromwell Joins them before York—The King Defeats Waller—Rupert Enters York—Battle of Marston Moor—Cromwell's Ironsides—Cromwell's Letter—Essex Defeated, and His Army Compelled to Surrender—Success of Montrose in Scotland—Second Battle of Newbury—Cromwell Accuses Manchester in Parliament—Is Accused in Turn—Self-denying Ordinance—The Remodeling of the Army—Its Character.

THE winter of 1643 Cromwell spent in raising funds for his army, even levying on the colleges in Cambridge, and the cathedrals of Peterborough and Ely, and sometimes according to the report of his enemies, in not a very gentle or legal way. He entered Ely cathedral one day when the clergyman was preaching against parliament, and exclaimed aloud, "Leave off your fooling and come down, sir," which he dared not disobey. He was never idle, but strained every nerve, to be prepared for the ensuing campaign.

For a short time in January, he took his seat in parliament, and made a speech against Lord Willoughby, whom he had so gallantly succored at Gainsborough—complaining that he was backward in his military operations, and kept dissolute people about him, and asked that Lord Manchester might be appointed in his

place, which was granted. In the meantime, negotiations and plots were commenced and abandoned in and around parliament. Pym, one of the earliest and firmest of the patriots, died December 8th, and was mourned by the whole nation.

A few minor, but still somewhat important, events occurred in the forepart of January, which it seems necessary to mention, before we enter on the stirring events of the year. The liturgy of the English Church was formally abolished, and the prosecutions long ago began against Lord Macguire, the two Hothams, Sir Alexander Carew, and Laud, were taken up again—all ending equally fatally to the accused. The execution of these men showed the severity with which the revolution was to be carried on in future. The death of Laud was uncalled for. He had sufficiently expiated his crimes and follies, by four years imprisonment:—his favorite schemes no man now thought of realizing—his influence with the king was over, in fact, his career ended. Stormy men were now in power, and a stormy spirit abroad, before whom and which such weak characters as his always disappear. No danger was to be apprehended from him, or at least none that banishment would not have effectually guarded against; and his death, therefore, was an unnecessary act of cruelty. Indeed, the charge of high treason was in no way made out, and he died a victim to that hatred and injustice he had himself nursed into such strength. He was innocent of the crime charged upon him; and yet, there was a retributive justice in his death. He had un-

settled the realm—opposed the parliament—oppressed and persecuted the people. Indeed, his very accuser, Prynne, was the one whose ears he had caused twice to be cut off in presence of the multitude. He had shown no mercy to others; and now, none was shown to him. So, that while we condemn his judges, we cannot lament his fate. Still, Laud has probably been as much maligned as Cromwell. He was a bigot; so were many of the Puritans, fanatics. The former persecuted the dissenters; so did the latter the papists. Laud hurried men before the star-chamber and court of high commission, and had them punished for no crime but that of speaking against oppression; nay, caused them to be put in the stocks, publicly whipped, and their ears cropped off:—equally violent measures were adopted by the Puritans against the Irish Catholics. Now, to allow for the intolerance of the one, and not for that of the other, is manifestly unjust. The age and the times in which men live, must be taken into consideration, when we judge of their characters. Laud was, doubtless, a sincere and honest prelate. He did what he thought was for the good of the church. Believing that it could not prosper in the midst of dissensions and radicalism, he set about their eradication in the way he thought best to secure his object. That he should see nothing but discord and ruin in the spirit of rebellion against the church and the state, that was abroad, was natural. There was no more bigotry in his looking upon dissenters as criminals, than in the Puritans regarding the papists as such. Thus, while we regard his career as

mad and foolish in the extreme, we see in it nothing so inconsistent as many do. His cruelties and persecutions indicate the weak bigot, rather than the unfeeling oppressor.

On January 22d, a new parliament, assembled by the king, met at Oxford to repudiate the constitutional parliament, but it never amounted to anything, and Charles was compelled to adjourn it in April, feeling that he had only added to his embarrassments. A treaty he endeavored to make with parliament and Scotland, was equally fruitless, while the regiments under Lord Byron, which he had recalled from Ireland—after six weeks of success—had been almost annihilated by Fairfax. Marching in the depth of winter, the latter came upon this “papist army,” under the walls of Nantwich, in Cheshire, which the latter was closely besieging, and fell upon it with such fury, that out of 3000 infantry, only 1000 escaped. The notorious, and twice renegade, George Monk, was one of the captives.

Thus commenced the terrible campaign of 1644, which in its progress was to deluge England with the blood of her children, and cover her fair fields with the slain. The Scotch army, 20,000 strong, and marching knee-deep in snow, crossed the English borders on the 19th of January, moving steadily and sternly south. The parliament had at this time an immense force under its control. Essex and Waller, who commanded in the central and eastern counties, had each about 10,000 men; Manchester and Cromwell 14,000, while Fairfax was at the head of another strong army. To meet this

formidable array, Charles had 10,000 men around his person at Oxford, 14,000 under Newcastle, while the royalist sections were covered with larger and smaller bands at his disposal, and Ireland stood ready to throw heavy reinforcements over the channel.

The campaign opened in the spring with extraordinary exertions on the part of both the parliament and the king. The former had ordered Lord Fairfax to join his forces with those of the Scotch under Lord Leven. Defeating the royalists at Lilly, commanded by the governor of York, this able general kept steadily on his northern route, and effected his junction on the 20th of April. Lord Newcastle, commander-in-chief of the king's forces in those parts, was then compelled to shut himself up in York. The month before, Waller had gained a victory over Sir Ralph Upton, in Hampshire, and joining his forces to those of Essex, the two marched on Oxford, where the king lay. The queen, now seven months pregnant, besought with passionate tears and entreaties, and at length persuaded her husband to let her depart to Exeter, so as to escape the horrors of a siege. She left, and they never met again.

In the meantime, Manchester and Cromwell, with their 14,000 men, hurried across the country, and effected a junction with Fairfax and the Scotch army. The combined forces then moved on York, and laid close siege to it. Thus these two important cities, occupied by the two chief armies of the king, were surrounded by the parliamentary troops at the same time, and the crisis of the great struggle seemed to have come. All England was

breathless with anxiety, and strong prayers ascended the heavens from Puritan hearts, that the cause of truth and freedom might triumph.

The king, hemmed in by Waller and Essex, seemed fated to fall; but by one of the most skilful manœuvres executed on the side of the royalists during the whole war, he, on the night of the 3d of June, silently marched forth, and, passing unseen between the two armies, reached Hanborough at daybreak, and from thence proceeded rapidly to Worcester, and afterwards to Bewdley. While between the latter places, he received a message from Newcastle, that unless relieved, he could hold out but a few weeks longer. Charles saw at once that the fall of York would secure his irretrievable ruin, for that immense northern army would immediately join Waller and Essex, already too strong for him, and present a force against which it would be hopeless to struggle. Sending, therefore, in great haste, to Rupert, who was dashing over Cheshire and Lancashire, in the south, to move with all speed to the relief of York, he turned his attention to Waller and Essex. After the retreat of Charles they separated, the latter moving westward, and the former, by rapid marches, throwing himself between the king and Shrewsbury, to prevent his advancing south to join Rupert. But no sooner did the king hear of the separation of the forces than he wheeled back to Oxford, and entered it just seven days after his departure.

Smarting under the foolish chase he had been deceived into, Waller hastened back, and rather precipitate-

ly gave battle at Cropredy bridge, on the banks of the Charwel, where, after fighting gallantly, he was defeated with great loss. Charles then marched after Essex, who was besieging Exeter. But these minor events were suddenly forgotten in the exciting tidings from the north, of the great

BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR.

Rupert, obeying the commands of the king, swept northward with an army of 20,000 men. The news of his approach had been received by the besiegers, and every precaution taken, and every effort made, to intercept his march. But taking advantage of his superior knowledge of the country, he, with that celerity and skill which distinguished him, made a wide detour to the right; and while the combined armies were every moment expecting an attack, quietly and undiscovered, reached the gates of the town. The thunder of cannon and pealing of bells in York, announced, to their astonishment, that Rupert was actually entering the place. All night long, the inhabitants, intoxicated with joy, gave vent to their exultation in bonfires, illuminations, shouts, and ringing of bells, till the old towers of York shook to their foundations.

Far different was the scene on Marston Moor; for doubt and despondency hung over the united hosts. All that long summer night, the voice of prayer and sad expostulation was heard in the army; while the council of war which sat till day-break, was marked by the

most violent dissensions, adding still more to the discouragement of the soldiers. But at early dawn, Fairfax rode forth, resolved to abide the issue of an engagement. In a short time, the whole army was in motion, and by rapid evolutions, soon changed front; so that, instead of facing westward, as it had done, to meet Rupert, it now looked towards York.

Rupert, on his arrival, demanded that battle should be immediately offered; and overruling the more cautious, and wiser proposal of Newcastle, to wait for reinforcements that were hastening up, and also the effect of discordant counsel in the combined forces, hastily marched forth towards the republican army, eight miles distant, on Marston Moor. This was a large plain, well fitted for the meeting place of two great armies. The parliamentary troops, their line extending a mile and a half, were drawn up behind a large drain which traversed the whole field, except on the extreme left, where a lane, passing between high banks and thorn bushes, cut it in two and opened on the level space beyond. Here Cromwell, with his terrible cavalry, was posted. The Scottish foot occupied the centre and composed the reserve; while Sir Thomas Fairfax, with the Yorkshire cavalry and two Scotch regiments of horse, held the extreme right, supported by his brave father with his own infantry and two brigades of Scottish horse. In the rear of the army lay the scattered village of Long Marston, forming, with its stone cottages and garden walls and strongly enclosed orchards, an excellent *point d'appui*, in case of retreat.

Thus arranged, prayer was offered up at the head of each regiment, and exhortations made by the officers. Cromwell addressed his men—as was frequently his custom, as well as pray with them, on the eve of an engagement,—thus arousing them to that pitch of fiery enthusiasm, which so few military leaders have been able to impart to their followers.

In the meantime, Rupert drew slowly on with his army of nearly 30,000 men. Soon the pike-points of the infantry were seen glittering over the low bushes that dotted the field in the distance; and then the heads of the massive columns emerged into open view, while squadron after squadron of Rupert's splendid cavalry came winding over the open plain:—their long white plumes floating back over their gaily caparisoned steeds, and their shining armor reflecting the sunbeams with dazzling brilliancy. Behind, on a rapid trot, advanced the artillery, rumbling heavily over the broken ground, while mounted officers, galloping about in every direction, added still greater picturesqueness to the scene.

On swept the host in all the splendor and pomp of dreadful war—their bugles sounding cheerily out, and their close and beautiful array foretelling a desperate struggle to ensue. When about a mile distant from the republican army, Rupert halted; and a group of officers, advancing in front, unfurled the royal standard. As it shook its gorgeous folds in the evening breeze, “God save the King!” went up in a deafening shout; and the trumpets hailed it with exultant blasts. At the same time the blue banner of the covenant was unfurled,

“greeted by a stern and solemn acclamation, as different from the wild and animated clamor of the cavaliers, as is the deep and incessant booming of the ocean surf from the sharp keen explosions of a thunder storm.”*

Rupert took up his position opposite the parliamentary right, where Fairfax was stationed with his cavalry. It was now seven o'clock in the evening—the cannon had been playing since three—and the setting sun was almost on a level with the glittering plain, on which stood near 60,000 men in battle array. A short pause followed, during which the two hosts, waiting the signal to advance, gazed anxiously, almost breathlessly, upon each other. Then a mass of white cloud, hugging the earth, rolled out in front of the royal force, followed by the flash and roar of artillery, and the great struggle commenced. Rupert dashing, with his usual impetuosity, on Fairfax holding the right, after a short but fierce effort, routed him completely. In the centre the struggle between the infantry was awful. Wrapt in a cloud of smoke, amid which rang the clash of weapons, and shouts of men and roar of guns, the stout yeomanry of the two kingdoms fought with a stubbornness that the utmost gallantry of the cavaliers could not overcome. “The Scotch delivered their fire with such constancy and swiftness, it was as if the whole air had become an element of fire in the summer gloaming there.” On the left, Cromwell with his strong Ironsides, stood for awhile and saw the infantry near him mowed down by the royal batteries; till, unable longer to view the havoc, he turned

* Herbert.

to his men, with one of those explosions of passion which made him so fearful in battle, and ordered them to charge. Clearing the ditch, he had scarcely formed on the open ground, when down came Goring's cavalry in a wild gallop. Receiving them, as the rock the waves, those Ironsides, with a shout, charged in turn, crushing the royal squadrons like shells beneath their feet; and falling on the artillerists, who were making such carnage in Manchester's infantry, sabred them at their pieces. They then rode leisurely back towards the ditch, as if they had only been executing a manœuvre. At this moment, word was brought Cromwell that the whole right wing of the army was routed; and as the smoke lifted a moment before the breeze, he saw that it was true. Fairfax had been borne wounded from the battle; and the enemy's cavalry careered, almost unchecked, through his broken and flying ranks. But from the rapid and crashing volleys in the centre, and the levelled pikes now advancing to the charge, and now forced back, he saw that *it* was yet unbroken.

Twilight was now settling on the field, and Cromwell, for the purpose of relieving the left, where Rupert was dealing death amid the followers of Fairfax, ordered his squadrons to face to the left. Wheeling on his centre, he saw Rupert only a quarter of a mile distant, executing a similar manœuvre to meet him; and in a few moments these formidable masses of five thousand cavalry, stood face to face;—the plumed, the gay, the hitherto invincible, horsemen of Rupert on one side; and the stern Ironsides, clad in simple buff and strong gre-

steel, without a decoration on their good steeds, or a plume above their helmets, on the other. Ten thousand horses sweeping to the shock is, under any circumstances, terrific; but now, when two such leaders as the renowned and headlong Rupert, and the stern and steady Cromwell, were at their head, still more so. Each knew the temper of his antagonist; and each resolved never to yield.

At this critical moment, Cromwell saw a body of royal pikemen advancing to turn the Scottish centre, and exposing, in their hasty movement, their right flank to his horse. With that sudden inspiration which belongs to genius, he ordered a squadron to charge them at once, and, riding through their ranks, fall on Rupert's flank. Saying this, he gave the order to advance, and with his face blazing with excitement, shouted "Forward!" with a voice like a trumpet call. Rupert's five thousand horse, pressing hard after their leader's gay banner, fifteen feet long, and streaming in the wind, were coming up in a plunging trot, shaking the earth as they moved, when down swept Oliver with his Ironsides like a rolling rock. The shock in the centre was terrible. Each refused to yield an inch; and hand to hand, and blade to blade, the maddened thousands struggled in close encounter, while the ringing of sabres on each other, and on steel armor, was heard above the trampling of steeds and shouts of men. It was then the detachment Cromwell had sent off did him good service. Falling on the naked flank of Rupert, it carried disorder through the ranks, while the steady bravery of those in front gradu-

ally forced rents through the firm-set squadrons. At length, victory declared for Cromwell. Rupert's renowned cavalry were utterly broken; yet, disdainful to fly, they rallied in separate bodies, and charged home with the energy of despair. Four times did Rupert, maddened by disappointment, and burning with rage, rally his own favorite regiment, and hurry them forward with an impetuosity and daring that deserved a better fate. But each successive time they rolled back from that iron host, thinned and wasted. Though wounded, Cromwell still kept his saddle; and calling off, and reforming his own regiment, he fell on Rupert so resistlessly, that he was borne backward over the field, and finally turned in flight, pursued by the Puritans even to the gates of York.

This decided the battle, for the reserve squadrons of parliamentary cavalry, coming up to the relief of the infantry, broke through the enemy, and soon swept the moor of the last vestige of opposition. It was now ten o'clock, and that field presented, in the dim starlight, a heart-rending spectacle. Five thousand slain outright, lay strewn around, while thousands of wounded filled the air with sad laments. And all those ghastly bodies were Englishmen—brothers, relatives and friends, who had mingled in the deadly strife:—Englishmen slain, because a king would rule in obedience to his pride, rather than the wishes and welfare of his subjects. And there they lay, all martyrs to principle—the one for the divine right of kings—the other for civil liberty and the rights of conscience: the proud

royalist beside the resolute Puritan: "the plumed helmet embracing the strong steel cap, as they rolled on the heath together, and the loose love locks of the careless cavalier, drenched in the dark blood of the enthusiastic republican."*

The fruits of this victory were 1500 prisoners, 10,000 stand of arms, 25 cannon, and ammunition and stores in abundance. But the greatest victory was the triumph which the cavalry achieved over Rupert's famed horsemen. They had been broken for the first time, and Cromwell had done it. His men were ever after called Ironsides; for as no charge could break them, so no array was ever able to resist their onset.

These Ironsides were stern religious men, who could sing psalms through their noses, and pray before going into battle; and he who would walk over the tented field at evening, and listen to their nasal chantings, might deem himself in a conventicle of monks, and laugh at the thought of their being warriors; but he who saw them with their helmets on—their sabres shaking above their heads, and their flashing eyes bent in wrath on the enemy, sweeping like a thunder-cloud to battle, would ever after tread softly about their prayer-meetings, and listen to their psalm-singing, like one who hears music around the lip of the volcano.

This battle fixed Cromwell's rising fame, and men began to regard him as invincible;—while the man who seemed born to be never beaten, obtained the unbounded confidence and love of the soldiers.

* Vide Forster's Statesmen, 657.

This finished the king in the western counties, and lost him half his kingdom. A nephew of Cromwell's fell in this battle. His son Oliver had doubtless fallen before, perhaps in the very first engagement—that of Edgehill. In writing to his brother-in-law, Col. Valentine Walton, announcing his son's death, he says, after speaking of the action, and giving God the glory of the victory :

“Sir—God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died. Sir, you know my own trials in this way : but the Lord supported me with this, that the Lord took him to the happiness we all pant for, and live for. There is your precious child, full of glory, never to know sin and sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man—exceedingly gracious. God give you His comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort, that he could not express it. ‘It was so great above his pain.’ This he said to us. Indeed, it was admirable. A little after, he said one thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him what that was ? He told me it was, that God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of his enemies. At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and as I am informed, three horses more, I am told he bid them open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run. Truly, he was exceedingly beloved in the army, of all that knew him. But few knew him ; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious saint in heaven ; wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink up your sorrow ; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial. Let this public mercy to the church of God,

make you to forget your private sorrow. The Lord be your strength : So prays

“Your truly loving and faithful brother,

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”

This letter exhibits both the kindness and sincerity of Cromwell. He sympathizes with his afflicted relative, but bids him do as *he* evidently did, when he lost *his* son, “forget his private sorrows” in the welfare of his country. No man can read this letter and doubt that he considered the cause in which he was engaged, the cause of God, and felt his own life, and that of others, to be of small account, compared to its success.

A fortnight after the battle, York capitulated. Rupert fled with his remaining troops towards Chester ; and Newcastle, disgusted and discouraged, abandoned his country. The Scotch army subsequently separated from the parliamentarians, and moved north upon Newcastle, to which it laid siege, and at length, in October, captured it.

While these events were passing in the north, Essex, whom we left advancing westward, began to be surrounded with difficulties. At first victorious, dispersing the royalists in his path, and taking the towns of Weymouth, Barnstable, Tiverton, and Taunton, he at length resolved boldly to march into Cornwall. He expected the people to rally to his standard as he approached ; but they kept aloof, while the reinforcements he had demanded from Waller were withheld. In the meantime, the king closed rapidly on his rear, and finally cut him off from all assistance. This sealed the fate of Essex ; and

Charles sent emissaries to him, to persuade him to join the royal cause with his army. But the honor of the old noble was impervious, both to bribes and threats, and he sat sullenly down to abide the worst. Onset after onset was made, and each day brought a battle—but alas, no victory to the earl. Closer and closer drew the lines of the king about him, until, from the surrounding heights, the royalists looked down into his exposed camp.

Thus encircled by his foes, he ordered Sir William Balfour, commander of the cavalry, to cut his way through them; while he, with the infantry, took up the line of march for the sea-coast. Favored by a dark night, and a fog, the cavalry passed between the two divisions of the royal army, and escaped; but the foot, impeded by the rain and mud, and pursued, on the following day, by the king, found farther retreat hopeless, and resolved to capitulate. The proud heart of Essex, however, would not witness this disgrace; and so, taking only two officers with him, he fled to the sea-coast, and embarked in a vessel for Plymouth. The command then devolved on General Skippon. This brave and heroic commander immediately called a council of war, and addressing the officers, told them, that their commander had left them; but as the cavalry had succeeded in escaping, their case was not so desperate, and that, by a glorious effort, they might also cut their way through the ranks of the enemy. The same God, he said, who had protected the cavalry, was over them—at all events, it was “better to die with honor and faithfulness, than to live dis-

honorable." But he spoke to dispirited men. The king proposed honorable terms which were accepted—and surrendering their artillery, ammunition, and arms, they marched sadly back over the ground they had so lately trod victorious.

This was September 1st; and on the same day, Montrose, who had succeeded in raising troops in Scotland favorable to the king, and effected a junction with the Irish sent across by Antrim, obtained a victory over the republicans at Uppermuir. Eleven days after he gained admittance into Perth; and taking Aberdeen by storm, spread terror even to the gates of Edinburgh. All these successes coming together, compensated somewhat for the defeat at Marston Moor, and the king took courage and immediately marched on London. The parliament, however, rapidly concentrated its forces on this point—Manchester and Cromwell came hurrying from the north—and by the middle of October a large army was in the field. Essex, though cleared from all blame in the loss of his army, and urged to take the command, resolutely refused; and gloomy and despondent looked with a listless eye on the stirring scenes around him. The chief command then devolved on Manchester, who led his forces forth to Newbury, where the king lay entrenched.

SECOND BATTLE OF NEWBURY.

Like the battle of Edgehill and several other engagements, this took place on the Sabbath. The king's posi-

tion was admirably chosen. One flank was protected by the river Kennet, while a building called Doleman's House, with the villas, and hedges, and orchards near, furnished a strong covering to the troops, who had protected themselves still more by throwing up embankments. To the north of this there spread out two open fields, in which the artillery and most of the cavalry were placed. Still farther on, was the village of Speen, and beyond it a heath protected by a work. Here, for two days, constant skirmishes took place between small detachments, with various success.

At length, on Sunday morning, the 27th of October, just at day-break, a strong column of republicans moved down, and crossing the river, fell resolutely on the wing of the royal army;—but, after a short struggle, it was rolled back with great slaughter. All day long the thunder of artillery, or rattle of musketry, in various parts of the field, told where separate commands were meeting in conflict; but at three o'clock, the dark masses of Waller's division were seen moving straight on the heath at the north, and in a few minutes the battle became general. Cromwell, as usual, commanded the cavalry, and it did not lessen his enthusiasm, or that of his followers, to know that it was the Sabbath on which they were to strike for God and the Church. Relying on his own genius, like all great commanders, he overlooked the mere formal arrangement of opposing wing to wing, and centre to centre; and discovering a hill within musket range of the enemy's lines, behind which he could form his squadrons, he immediately ordered a movement in that

direction. There, while the battle was raging all around, he arranged his troops into two columns, and, giving the order to advance, suddenly appeared on the summit, in full view of the enemy. As the dark masses, fringed with glittering steel, wound over the hill-top, all knew that a terrible blow was about to fall, but where, none but the stern eye of him who had planned it could see. A fierce cannonade at once opened the whole length of the lines, and in the intervals of the explosions came the sound of Cromwell's trumpets. The next moment the two columns divided—the one composed of twelve hundred horsemen, with Oliver at their head, came pouring in one wild torrent down the hill, shaking their sabres above their heads and singing psalms as they galloped. Falling on the firm-set ranks of the king with irresistible fury, they tore, shouting through them, while the blades that a moment before shone in the clear sunlight, were seen dripping with blood. The broken array divided, and the fugitives turned and fled, some for Dennington Castle, and others for the town. The other column, composed of foot, paused awhile to watch the course of Cromwell and his Ironsides, and as they saw them riding down the enemy, they rushed with a shout upon Doleman's House. Here the carnage was terrific. Forgetting all danger, the excited republicans dashed on the strong works that surrounded it, and though mowed down with dreadful slaughter still pressed forward. Hour after hour, they struggled under a close and murderous fire—portions cleared the hedges, and rushed over the open lawn, but were swept away like mist before the

wind. Five hundred fell on this single spot, which seemed scarce large enough to hold so many dead bodies. At length the wreck of this brave column retreated, covered by a portion of the cavalry, who calmly took the fire on themselves to save their gallant friends.

In other parts of the field the battle was equally desperate—Essex's old soldiers in particular, who were still smarting under the disgrace of their surrender, performed prodigies of valor. They rushed like madmen on the guns, and with clubbed muskets beat the artillerists from their pieces. When they saw the cannon they had lost in Cornwall, they seemed possessed with the fury of demons. Nothing could withstand their onset. Breaking over all resistance, they seized their old pieces and dragged them back with shouts that were heard above the roar of battle, and falling on them embraced them with tears of joy.

But, at length, night, which closes so many scenes of carnage, shut in this. The last flash lit up the gathering gloom; the last sullen roar died away; and the two hosts rested on their arms. Both claimed the victory, but Cromwell had made such sad work with the left wing of the king, that he found his position no longer tenable, and decided to retreat.

As the bright moon of that Sabbath evening rode through the cloudless heavens, its gentle beams lit up one of the ghastliest scenes of war. Heaps of mangled men, dead steeds, shattered armor, rent plumes, and pools of blood, lay as so many witnesses to heaven of man's lust of power. By the light of that same moon

the king drew off his troops, and commenced a hasty retreat. Cromwell no sooner discovered it, than he urged Manchester to fall on his rear. The latter refusing, Oliver offered, with his single brigade, to rout the whole army; still Manchester declined. Promises and remonstrances were alike in vain; and the gallant leader of the Ironsides, with swelling heart, saw the fruits of the bloody day escaping his hands. In vain had been his efforts—in vain the great sacrifice of men: the king was allowed to depart unmolested.

Late in the morning some slight demonstrations towards a pursuit were made, but evidently with no intention of engaging the enemy. Cromwell was still more exasperated, when the king, having been reinforced by Rupert, came back twelve days after, and right in the face of the army carried off all the cannon, stores, &c., from Dennington Castle, without a blow being struck to prevent it. It is said that Manchester, in reply to his remonstrance, declared, that the king, if beaten, would be king still, and able to raise another army, while, if *they* were defeated, they would all be hung as rebels. Such vacillation of purpose and weakness, nay, culpable remissness, roused all the fire in Cromwell's nature. Instead of being disheartened, or of venting his spleen in murmurs, he resolved at once to crush his superior. The noble cause in which he was struggling should not be sacrificed without an effort; and hastening to parliament, he boldly accused him of misconduct—of secretly favoring the enemy, by not pressing the advantages thrown in his

way—in short, of being a trustless commander. He not only pressed these accusations with all the energy and passion that distinguished him, but, before he finished, shook dim menaces over both king and lords:

Manchester, a few days after, replied to these heavy charges, accusing Cromwell, in turn, of insubordination; of once replying to his request to perform some service with his horse, that if “his lordship wanted to have the *skins* of the horses, that was the way to get them;”^{*} and of treachery, in refusing to obey his commands on the battle-field; and further, of having openly declared, that “there would never be a good time in England, till we had done with lords; and he, the Earl of Manchester, become again plain Mr. Montague”—plain words for a subordinate to utter to a commander, in those olden times of great reverence for authority.

These sudden outbursts exhibit the stormy nature of the man, and show clearly that he foresaw the course the revolution must take, to be successful. The Presbyterians began to be alarmed. The leader of the Independents was evidently arraying his forces against them and their officers, and resolutely bent on reform. The bold position he assumed, called to their remembrance the motion he made in parliament after the battle of Marston Moor—that a committee might be appointed to reconcile the differences of opinion in members of the assembly on church government; and if it could not be done, to devise some measure by

* Vide Rushworth, Parl. Hist. Clarendon.

which dissenters from the Presbyterians might be protected, indeed, "*borne with.*"

The union with Scotland he evidently condemned, and wished it dissolved, for he would have no man's conscience fettered by rigid formulas; while it was indispensably necessary that the fastidious leaders who still clung to the king should be removed, and the unchained energies of freemen, not afraid to *strike home* for liberty and religion, allowed to have way. Vane was his right hand man in carrying out these plans: Ireton clung to him; Marten, the young Ludlow, Fairfax, and Milton, were his friends.

This fiery orb that had moved so slowly into the political sphere of England, began now to mount the heavens; and no wonder the Presbyterian leaders were alarmed at its progress, and the daring path it was choosing. They again opened negociations with the king, who had now taken up his winter quarters at Oxford.

In the meantime, an effort was made to ruin Oliver; and the Presbyterian leaders, and Scotch commissioners, met at Essex's house, to devise means for carrying out their plans. The Lord Chancellor of Scotland first spoke; and addressing Whitelocke and Maynard, told them, the wish and purpose was to get rid of Cromwell in some way, who was a firebrand between the two nations, and an enemy of "his excellency." Said he, "You ken vary weel the accord 'twixt the twa kingdoms, and the union by the solemn league and covenant; *and if any be an incendiary*

between the two nations, how he is to be proceeded against?" He then wished to know if Cromwell was not such an incendiary; and if so, how they should enter on the prosecution? for, said he, if it can be proved against him, we will "*clepe his wings from soaring to the prejudice of our cause.*" It was easy enough to talk; but when it came to the point who should be the man to "clepe the wings" of the soaring bird, no one dared to attempt it. Whitelocke gravely shook his head at the word "*incendiary,*" spoke about proofs, &c.; but, at length, came to the grand difficulty in the way, viz., "*Lieutenant General Cromwell is a man of quick and subtle parts, and one who hath, especially of late, gained much interest in the House of Commons, nor is wanting of friends in the House of Peers; nor of abilities in himself to manage his own part in defence to the best advantages.*"* That is, in plain English; "Gentlemen, I take this Cromwell to be rather a dangerous sort of a man to meddle with—bold, able, resolute, and penetrating. The enemy who encounters him, will have to look well both to himself and his cause.

The project was abandoned; and the bold Independent, who knew all about it, laid, in turn, a plot of his own, which he sprung to some purpose on the alarmed Presbyterians. A day of fasting and prayer was set apart to consider the state of the kingdom: the clergy preached on the subject; Vane and Cromwell had thought of it; and planned, too, how they should get

* Vide Whitelocke.

such men as Essex, Waller, and Manchester, indeed, the whole remaining leaven of loyalty, out of the army. At length, everything being prepared, parliament, expecting some grand move, was sitting, on the 9th of December, in "grand committee," silent and sombre, when Cromwell arose, and said, "*It is now a time to speak, or forever hold the tongue. The important occasion, now, is no less than to save a nation out of a bleeding, nay, almost dying condition.*" He then went on to state, that unless the war was more vigorously prosecuted, the kingdom would get weary of it, and force them to a dishonorable peace. The army, he declared, must be newly modelled, and put under new commanders. With consummate tact he deprecated any investigation of the conduct of the present chief officers. Their errors and their good deeds were both past—let them rest—and a remedy for existing evils be applied without any reference to them. In another part of the debate, in allusion to the objection against calling them from the army to sit in parliament, because it would dispirit the soldiers, he declared he could answer for his own men; saying, "*They look not upon me, but upon you; and for you they will fight, and live and die in your cause.*" A motion was then made, that *no member of parliament should hold any civil or military office.*

This was the famous self-denying ordinance, which after much debate, amendments, &c., was finally shaped so that it simply *discharged all members* of parliament from the offices they then held. This cutting off the

prospective part of the act, leaving to parliament the power, in future, if it chose, to appoint its members to office, was done, it is said, to keep Cromwell in the army. At all events, Cromwell's proposal effectually shut the door on his own career. He moved to blot out his own ambitious prospects, if he had any, and leave to others the laurels within his grasp.

The fact that parliament and the kingdom could not do without him, and he ran a more brilliant career from the very ordinance which in all probability would end it, has thrown suspicion upon his integrity. When enemies go on mere probabilities, there are no conclusions too absurd or too unjust for them to draw. That Cromwell designed to oust the old commanders, and did do it, no one doubts—but that he expected to gain anything by it, is untrue; for a new commander-in-chief and all the superior officers were appointed, and he left out—officers, too, with whom, even if he retained his rank, he could not compete so easily as with the old ones. He caused better leaders to be placed over him, and hence threw greater obstacles in the way of his advancement. He acted solely for the public good.

The passage of this bill, a clause of which allowed men to serve without taking the covenant, placed the army in the hands of the Independents. By one section it was decreed that the military of the three kingdoms, should be put on a "new model," and the three armies, of 10,000 men each, be consolidated into one army of 20,000.

In effecting this, a great change in the *morale* of the

army was produced. The officers and men withdrawn were the least able, and most dissolute; so that a great purification resulted from the reduction. Fairfax was appointed Lord General, and the brave Skippon, made a Major General. The new Lieutenant General who was to fill Cromwell's place was not named, but those who saw the blank were not long in guessing who would command the cavalry.

Cromwell superintended the remodelling of the army, and guided by the same principles which governed him in selecting his band of Ironsides, he finally presented parliament with a body of soldiers, the like of which was never seen. Republicans in principle, and enthusiasts in religion, they looked with contempt on all earthly distinctions, and feared God alone. "In their devotional retirement, they prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. They were half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. They heard the lyre of angels, or the tempting whisper of fiends. But when they girt on the sword of war, those tempestuous workings of the soul left no perceptible trace behind them."* With that flashing above their heads, and the Psalms of David on their lips, they moved with shouts to the harvest of death. Set apart by God to accomplish a great work—each a "vessel of glory," and ordained to eternal life, they looked upon the slaughter of their foes as they did upon the destruction of the heathen before the march of the Israelites to Canaan. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," heralded many a wild shock of

* See Macauley's Review of Milton.

cavalry. To such men the severe discipline adopted by Cromwell was not irksome. Theft, profanity, drunkenness, lewdness—what had *they* to do with these who were standing on the threshold of eternal glory. Against the stern valor and headlong enthusiasm of such men, what were the older discipline, the science and gallant chivalry of the corrupt and profligate cavalier. Under privations, toil and pain, they would bear up with the resolution of martyrs.

Never before, had an army been composed of such strange and terrific material; yet the friends of Charles took courage when they saw what troops and leaders—being nearly all common, untitled men—he would hereafter be compelled to meet.

It required great self-confidence and nerve in Cromwell, to dare depart so far from old rules, and put religious enthusiasm and courage against the science of the world. But he relied more on the rushing charge, than the well-formed line of battle, and thus set an example which Bonaparte afterwards copied successfully. That an army composed of such materials, so disciplined and so commanded, should soon change the aspect of affairs, and win for itself a reputation unsurpassed in the annals of history, republicans of this age can well imagine, but in those times, it seemed almost a miracle. Fairfax, Ireton, Skippon, and last of all, Cromwell, became four terrible names in England, and as much dreaded on the field of battle, as Henry Vane's in the Hall of Parliament.

Nothing shows the practical sagacity of Cromwell, more than his introduction of the religious sentiment into

the army. Bonaparte could not do this, and so he did the next best thing—instilled the love of glory. The former made religion popular in the army and in the kingdom, and his bulletins to parliament were more like the letters of a clergyman to his presbytery, than the reports of a general to his government, Scripture phrases came into common use, and custom soon made proper and natural, what now seems to us the mere cant of hypocrisy. It is not to be supposed, that the solemn look and nasal tone, and Bible language of the Puritans, always indicated piety. These things became the fashion—made common, it is true, by a strong religious feeling; and fashion would make the people of New York talk in the same strain.

Cromwell naturally adopted the same language—for, with all his religious sincerity, he was as much of an enthusiast as his most ardent follower, and felt himself an instrument in the hands of God, for the accomplishment of a great work. It is a little singular, that all those great men who have effected sudden and unexpected changes in human affairs, have always regarded themselves under the influence of a special destiny. If a heathen, he has been the favorite of the gods; if a Christian, like Cromwell, the mere agent of Supreme Power; if an unbeliever, like Napoleon, under the influence of some star.

CHAPTER V.

CAMPAIGN OF 1645 TO THE SPRING OF 1646.

Cromwell's Commission Extended—Affair of Islip Bridge—Bletchington House, Witney—Bampton Bush—The Main Army in Motion—Cromwell Sent to Cambridge—Recalled and Joins Fairfax—Battle of Naseby—Cromwell's Letters to the House of Commons—Cromwell Relieves Leicester—Takes Bridgewater and Puts Goring to Flight—Disperses the Clubmen—Storming of Bristol—Cromwell Takes Devizes, Berkley Castle and Winchester—Storm and Sacking of Basing House—Cromwell Defeats Lord Wentworth—Joins Fairfax and Takes Dartmouth—Defeats Lord Hopton—Movements of the King, meanwhile—Defeat of Lord Astley—Negotiations again Opened with Parliament—The King Flies to the Scottish Camp.

IN the spring of this year, Charles sent his son into Wales, as generalissimo of the forces there, and never saw him again. In the meantime, he received the news of the new organization of the parliamentary army, which filled him and his officers with extravagant joy. All the old and scientific commanders, and men of rank, had been turned out, and obscure, unknown persons appointed in their places. "A mob of peasants and preaching mechanics," as they were derisively termed, was now the only opposition he had to contend against; and over these the gallant cavaliers would ride unchecked; sorry only that they had not foemen more worthy of their steel. Ribald songs were made in their

honor; and royalist wit expended itself in jests and puns on the republican troops.

Oliver, who, during the early part of the spring, had been busy in re-organizing the army and, with Waller, endeavoring to check Goring and Rupert in the West, now, in the latter part of April, came, in compliance with the self-denying ordinance, to the head-quarters of Fairfax at Windsor, to "kiss the general's hand," and resign his commission. The next morning, however, he received directions from the committee of the two kingdoms to take some squadrons of horse and intercept a convoy of 2000 men, sent by Rupert, lying at Worcester, to fetch the king, with the artillery from Oxford.

Without a moment's delay, Cromwell commenced his preparations; and at evening, a gallant array was seen winding out of Windsor, and stretching in a long line over the country. The next day, April 24th, he fell on this army at Islip Bridge, and routed it, taking several prisoners and a standard which had been presented by the queen to her regiment. The same day, he took Bletchington House with dragoons alone. Two days after, he again beat the army at Witney; and dashing across the country, fell on the royalists at Bampton Bush;—thus, in five days, the first of the new army in the field, fighting three battles, and victorious in all. Two days after, he summoned the governor of Farringdon, whom, with the garrison he had forced into the house of the former, to surrender. A refusal being returned, he, the next day, stormed the house; but was repulsed,

with the loss of fourteen men and a captain. Wheeling back on his path, he hastened to join the main army, which he heard had put itself in motion.

Charles having effected his junction with Rupert, the two marched northward to relieve Chester, or attack the Scottish army, as circumstances might direct. In the meantime, parliament resolved that Cromwell should not resign at present, and extended his commission.

The movement of the army, on the 30th of April, was the occasion of great excitement among the Puritans of London. Parliament passed an ordinance that all the preachers should pray for its success; and strong prayers went up that the Lord of Hosts would be its defence, and lead it, as he did the army of Israel, to victory.

All this time, the king was moving northward; while Fairfax marched to Oxford, and invested it. Cromwell had hardly joined him here, before he was ordered, in all haste, to the eastern counties, whither, the king, driving the Scottish army before him, was rapidly advancing. These were the stronghold of republicanism; and hence of vital importance to Parliament. He took up his quarters in Cambridge; but had scarcely been there a week before he was recalled. The king had turned aside and stormed Leicester, and given it over to the brutality of the soldiers. Taunton, too, had fallen; and doubt and uncertainty began to take the place of confidence respecting the new army.

While these brilliant successes were being achieved by the king, Fairfax lay idle before Oxford, which

caused universal dissatisfaction and complaint. At length, being ordered to raise the siege and pursue Charles, he petitioned parliament that Cromwell might accompany him; as he could not do without his aid. This petition, signed by himself and sixteen colonels, was granted; and, June 12th, holding his old rank as lieutenant-general, Oliver was seen sweeping across the country with his trusty squadrons. As those six thousand horsemen filed into view of Fairfax's army at Northampton, a loud shout went up like the cry of "*vive l'empereur*," with which the French soldiers were wont to greet the appearance of Napoleon. New hope visited every breast, as they saw this favored child of victory leading his terrible Ironsides to their assistance.

Prompt and decided, his presence wrought a sudden change in the army; and on that very night Ireton was sent forward to attack the king's outposts. The latter, blind to his danger, and elated with the news of Montrose's victory over the rebels in Scotland, had leisurely pursued his way, stopping to hunt and amuse his officers, as if no storm was gathering darkly behind. But when he heard that the republicans were attacking his rear-guard, and driving in his outposts, he awoke as from a dream. His enemy, who seemed to take things as leisurely as himself, and keep at a cautious distance, now all at once, could not wait for daylight before he brought on an engagement. The reason of this sudden activity is thus given significantly by Guizot, in one short sentence: "*Cromwell had been with the army for several hours.*" His presence inspired the troops with the en-

ergy and daring which characterized all his movements, and which never could brook a lazy pursuit. He was always restless and urgent till he found his enemy; and then pressed him with such vigor, that he compelled him to take refuge in a rapid and disorderly flight, or turn at bay.

The king, now fairly awake to his danger, hastily called a council of war, which from the opposite views that agitated its deliberations, did not break up till midnight. Through Prince Rupert's influence, however, it was at length decided to face about and meet the enemy. The king, not many weeks before, had said, "Oh that some one would bring me this Cromwell, dead or alive!" and now he had still greater cause to utter the wish.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

Nothing shows the promptness and energy of Cromwell more than his conduct in bringing on and fighting this battle. He received orders to join Fairfax on the 12th of June: on the evening of the thirteenth, he led his forces into camp; and that same night, despatching Ireton to attack the royalists, six miles distant, brought on the battle the next day, which before sunset he had won, and saved England.

Naseby is a small straggling hamlet, lying in the heart of England. The country around it, at this time, was unenclosed, with swelling uplands and broad tracts of moor between. The republican army had drawn forward in dead silence, about a mile and a half from

Naseby, early in the morning, and taken up its position on a gentle hill side, which descended to a broad plateau, now called Broad Moor.* In the distance, on a similar ridge, but out of sight, the royalists had formed their line of battle. The former by sunrise was ready for action. The solid masses of infantry, commanded by Fairfax and Skippon, occupied the centre, protected by twenty-five pieces of artillery; while the cavalry, with Ireton and Cromwell at their head, stretched away on either flank like two wings. Ireton, at Cromwell's urgent request, had been promoted on the spot, and given the command of the cavalry composing the left wing.

Thus arrayed, those twenty thousand men lifted a psalm of praise to God. It rolled along their lines in one majestic shout, thrilling every heart like a voice from heaven. Again and again was the solemn refrain caught up, and sent forward through the dark battalions, and finally died away amid Cromwell's enthusiastic squadrons. They then sat down in ranks upon the green upland, with their arms in their hands, to wait the advance of the royalists, against whom Cromwell had sent a detachment, to beguile them from their strong position.

In the meantime, Rupert, impatient to find the enemy, spurred forward some two miles, and suddenly came on the advance-guard of the Puritans, which immediately fell back. Mistaking it for the rear-guard, he sent word to the king that the enemy was in full flight, and urged him to hasten up with the army.

* Vide Carlyle, page 166.

Forsaking his strong position, he came hurrying forward over the broad moor, while a single gun from the Puritan host announced the approaching shock.

It was now about ten o'clock, and Rupert began the battle. His squadrons dashed across the level ground, shouting, "*Queen Mary;*" which the Puritans answered with the fearful war-cry—"God is with us!" Scorning all obstacles, he charged straight up the hill, on the left wing, commanded by Ireton. This stern republican well knew the stuff his antagonist was composed of, and knew also why he himself had been promoted on the field of battle, and strained every nerve to meet the onset firmly. But no cavalry had ever yet broken Rupert's charge but Cromwell's; and none in England could do it. With banners streaming in the summer air, and rattling armor, and shouts that made the welkin ring, the eager cavaliers fell in a steady gallop, on the thick-set squadrons of parliamentary horse, and bearing them gradually back, at length burst through the ranks with resistless fury. The proud heart of Ireton well nigh broke at the sight, and spurring into the thickest of the fight, and breasting all alone the terrible torrent, he shouted to his men to rally. He called on them by every motive that moves the heart of man, but in vain; Rupert swept onward, bearing the battle before him. Ireton, and a few followers gallant as himself, refused to fly, and the tide swept round them, as the stream around the earth-fast rock, and left them almost alone in the field. Stung into madness at the rout of his cavalry, on

whose flying traces Rupert was still pressing, as they swarmed in a confused throng over the moor, he called the few that remained near his person, to follow him, and fell, with the energy of despair, on the advancing infantry. But borne down and unhorsed, with a pike through his thigh, and another through his shoulder, he was, after a fierce struggle, overpowered and taken prisoner.

In the meantime, the whole line had engaged—the troops came into action with astonishing rapidity, and the conflict at once formed its crisis, and became close and deadly. The infantry pressed steadily up the slope, against Fairfax and Skippon in the centre, whose fire, too elevated, passed harmlessly over their heads. It then became a hand-to-hand fight, and those two brave commanders forgot that they were officers, and mingled foremost in the fray. Skippon, dreadfully wounded, bled in his saddle, and Fairfax seeing his condition, urged him to retire. “*No,*” said the brave old republican, “*as long as one man will stand I won’t stir;*” and shouting to his reserve to advance, he himself led the charge. The next moment, Fairfax himself received a blow on his head, which shattered his helmet and hurled it to the ground. Bare-headed, with his eye flashing fire, he still galloped amid the ranks, inspiring them with hope and resolution, and shouting “*courage,*” with a voice like a trumpet. The colonel of his body-guard, seeing his danger, spurred across his path, and handing him his own helmet, urged him not to risk his life so recklessly. “*’Tis well enough, Charles, so,*” exclaimed the gallant commander, and the next moment

was struggling where the standards rose and fell, in the doubtful fight.

The left wing was now utterly broken—the struggle in the centre wavered to and fro—and oh, had it then fared ill with the right wing, all had been lost; but Cromwell and his Ironsides were there. Imitating Rupert, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, at the head of the main body of the royalist cavalry, charged this right wing gallantly. But he might as well have charged on a wall of iron. Shattered and stunned by the shock, the astonished squadrons recoiled down the hill. The next moment, Oliver's bugles rang out—and shouting, "*God is with us,*" the whole body precipitated itself down the slope, with such headlong fury that it burst through all resistance, and shattered the whole wing into fragments. Sending three squadrons after the fugitives to prevent them from rallying, "*which,*" as Clarendon quaintly says, "*they never thought of doing,*" Cromwell sounded a recall to the remaining four, and his disciplined Ironsides came riding coolly back, as if on a parade.

All this time the centre shook with the roar of guns, and shouts, and clash of weapons. Fairfax noticing a portion of the king's infantry maintaining its perfect order, amid the confusion, pointed it out to the colonel of his body-guard, saying, "Can't those people be got at—have you charged them?" "Twice, general," replied the officer, "but I could not break them." "Well then," replied Fairfax, "take them in front—I will take them in the rear, *and we'll meet in the middle!*" And they did meet in the middle; and of

that brave regiment scarce a man was left to tell how he fought. Fairfax killed the ensign with his own hand, and captured the colors.* At that moment, also, sending dismay into the royalist infantry, was heard the heavy tramp of Cromwell's cavalry, as "with loosened rein, and spur in horse's flanks," he led them fiercely on. They broke into the very centre of the king's guards, and routing them, seized all the cannon, standards, and even the king's private carriage and papers.

At this critical moment, Rupert, with his horse blown from the chase, came back and found the field lost.

The appalling disaster fell like a thunderbolt on Charles, and rousing himself to a desperate effort, he proceeded to the head of his regiment of life-guards, and bidding them follow their king, was about to lead them to the charge, when the Earl of Carnewarth, who was riding beside him, suddenly seized the bridle of his horse, and exclaiming, with a sturdy Scotch oath, "*Do you want to rush upon your death in an instant?*" turned him to the right-about. In a moment, the whole column supposing that the order was to move to the right, wheeled after, which placed their backs to the enemy. This was equivalent to an order to retreat; and putting spurs to their horses, they fled on every side. Pale with despair, and his

* He gave the colors to a soldier, who claimed the merit of having captured them. An officer overhearing his boast, was indignant. Fairfax passing at the time, said, "I have honor enough; let him take that to himself."

eye gleaming wildly, the king shouted, "STAND! STAND!" A few wheeled back at the order; and Rupert's stragglers gathering round him, he endeavored again to make a last charge for his crown and kingdom. With his sword waving over his head, he twice darted forward, exclaiming—"One charge more, gentlemen, and the day is ours!"* But he spoke to weary, disheartened men. Besides, there stood the dark squadrons of Cromwell's invincible horsemen, as perfect in their array, and as ready for the onset, as when the morning sun first flashed on their steel caps.

All was lost; and with two thousand mounted followers, the king fled towards Leicester, pressed hard by the tireless horsemen of the republicans. The victory was complete—the contest had lasted but three hours; and yet, there lay over three thousand corpses, while the moor, ploughed like a field, was covered with the wounded, and the wrecks of the fight. Five thousand were taken prisoners—and all the standards, artill-

* The king was even upon the point of charging the enemy in the head of his guards, when the Earl of Carnewarth, who rode next to him (a man never suspected of infidelity, nor one from whom the king would have received counsel in such a case), on a sudden laid his hand on the bridle of the king's horse, and swearing two or three foul-mouthed Scottish oaths, (for he was of that nation,) said, "Will you go upon your death in an instant; and before his majesty understood what he would have, turned his horse round; upon which, a word run through the troops, "that they should march to the right hand," which was both from charging the enemy, or ousting their own men; and upon this they all turned their horses, and rode upon the spur, as if they were every man to shift for himself. Vide Clarendon, Hist. Rebellion, page 559.

lery, &c., together with the king's cabinet papers, fell into the hands of the captors. Many females were killed in the pursuit, and several women of quality taken prisoners, together with a hundred debased Irish women. Trenches were dug, and the dead piled by hundreds in, and the earth thrown loosely over them, many of whom had not ceased to breathe.

So complete a victory had not been expected, and the news of it spread like wildfire over England. Fairfax sent a despatch to parliament, while Cromwell wrote a letter to the House of Commons, from whom, alone, he had received his appointment, the House of Lords having refused to sanction the vote which extended his commission. After speaking of the battle, and the fruits of the victory, he concludes with these remarkable words: "Sir, this is none other but the hand of God, and to Him alone belongs the glory, whereas none are to share with him. The general served you with all faithfulness and honor; and the best commendation I can give him, is, that I dare say he attributes all to God, and would rather perish, than assume to himself, which is an honest and thriving way; and yet, as much for bravery may be given to him, in this action, as to a man. Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty. I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulness in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trusts God for the liberty of his conscience, and

you for the liberty he fights for." This allusion to the general, is certainly cool in a subordinate, and sounds strange; yet, Cromwell knew perfectly well what he was about, and that, instead of affronting Fairfax by it, he should please him; for the latter was a mere child in everything but military matters, and wholly under his control. His great capacity, deep combinations, bold and daring projects, and soaring genius, gave him complete ascendancy over the just and generous, but more simple-minded, commander-in-chief. Indeed, he was in reality the superior officer, and Fairfax looked up to him as such, in forming his military plans. Hence, the commendation was from his superior both in character, talents, and influence in the army, and strength in the battle-field. The "honest men" referred to, were the Independents—dissenters from the Presbyterian Church, who had been regarded with so much suspicion; and he here throws in a word in their behalf, which fell like a bomb among the Presbyterians. They saw, plainly, that Cromwell would never tolerate their bigotry.

After this disastrous battle—the last he ever fought, in person, for his throne—the king fled from town to town; and, finally, resolved to go to Wales, and recruit his army. Sending Rupert to Bristol to defend it, he proceeded to Ragland Castle, to consult with the Marquis of Worcester, chief of the Catholic party, how to retrieve his fallen fortunes.

In the meantime, his private papers, captured at the battle of Naseby, were published abroad, and

his secret purposes made known. From these, it was evident, that, notwithstanding his fair promises and proposals, he had never, for an instant, abandoned the ground he took in the first conflict with parliament. Still dreaming of absolute power, and royal prerogative, he was negotiating with foreign princes for troops, with which to subdue his own subjects. At this evidence of double-dealing, on the part of their monarch, the indignation of the people broke over all bounds, and none seemed to wish for peace. "War! war!" was in everybody's mouth; and the heavens gathered blacker than ever over the devoted head of Charles.

On the very day that the news of the victory reached parliament, Cromwell's appointment was lengthened out to three months, and, at the expiration of that time, to four months, and then to six months, after which he himself took care of his commission.

One great cause of his success, which followed, was his celerity of movement. No difficulties exhausted him, no pleasure beguiled, and no victories lulled him into a moment's repose. No sooner was the bloody field of Naseby swept of the enemy, than he hurried Fairfax forward to Leicester, which immediately fell; and then pressed on to Taunton, around which the profligate Goring lay with his army, in close siege. One-third of the town had been taken; and in a few days more, unless relieved, it would be given up to Goring's brutal troops. But Cromwell

dashed upon them, driving them before him towards Bridgewater. As he came in sight of the latter place, he rode forward to make a reconnoissance, when a musket-ball, aimed at him, struck down a cornet by his side. He resolved, at once, to storm the place; and rushing over its strong ramparts, swept them like a flood.

More than a thousand of Goring's army had been killed, or taken prisoners, in these two encounters. Moving still forward, he came upon the clubmen—a third party, which pretended to be neutral, and was composed of the peasantry and laborers of the country, who, armed with bludgeons, had organized themselves for mutual protection, against the violence of both armies. Advancing with a small detachment of horse towards Shaftesbury, he encountered a large body, who, receiving his promise that they should not be plundered, nor their rights invaded, quietly dispersed. Proceeding to the town, he saw another body of two thousand drawn up on Hambledon Hill, who fired on the fifty horsemen he sent in advance, to confer with them. The peaceable offer being renewed, they fired again, killing two men and four horses. Cromwell then ordered a charge; and coming on them in rear, dispersed them without loss to himself, and took some three hundred prisoners, whom he requested parliament to let him "send home, as they were *poor, silly creatures*, who promised to be very dutiful for time to come, and would be hanged before they came out again."

This ended the clubmen; who, notwithstanding their

pretended neutrality, were royalists at heart—the king having granted commissions to raise regiments of them, all over England. Cromwell then returned to Sherburne, which was closely besieged by Fairfax. The castle having surrendered, they together pushed forward towards Bristol, where Prince Rupert lay with 5,000 men.

STORMING OF BRISTOL.

Bristol was one of the most important places in the kingdom, and was not only well defended by walls and gates, but surrounded with a line of works, protected by strong forts, on which were placed a hundred and forty cannon. Notwithstanding their recent successes, the leaders of the parliamentary army were in much doubt respecting the expediency of attacking so strong and heavily garrisoned a place. Cromwell, however, knowing how important it was to keep the disaffected clubmen from coming to a head, and the royalists from concentrating their forces, overruled all opposition, and the army continued to advance, till within four miles of the town. A halt was then ordered, and a council of war called, to decide whether they should approach by regular siege, or commence at once a close blockade. The latter being resolved upon, they moved forward—the enemy retiring before them, within the line of their ranks, while the villages they had set on fire in their retreat, blazed balefully up in the evening twilight.

Thus lighted to the walls of Bristol, the victorious

army sat down before it, and commenced the investment. One brigade was marched to the south side of the town, and entrenched itself on a hill that overlooked the place; while Ireton, with a body of horse and dragoons, took post on the north side, till the infantry could come up and occupy the position. In a short time the entire place was closely invested. Sally after sally was made, but the besiegers successfully maintained every post with but little loss. The hardest duty devolved upon the cavalry, which was constantly in motion, galloping from post to post, as each was heavily threatened in turn. At length, a council was called to consider whether an attempt should not be made to carry the works by storm. The decision was against it; but eight days after, on re-consideration, an assault was resolved upon. When the news spread through the army, all was joy and confidence. Not Rupert's dreaded horsemen, nor the frowning batteries were so disheartening as the ceaseless watchfulness and harrassing duty, to which they were subjected, without making apparently any progress.

The 10th of September was fixed upon for the assault—the hour to be one o'clock in the morning. When everything was ready, the firing of a large heap of straw, and the discharge of four cannon, at Prior's Hill fort, one of the strongest of the fortifications, were to be the signals for the attack. At midnight, when all was still in the city, and naught but the measured tread, and "all's well" of the drowsy sentinel, broke the silence that reigned over the battle.

ments—the storming columns were arrayed, and stood in close order awaiting the signal. At length, the midnight heavens flushed with a sudden glow, followed by the sullen thunder of those four cannon; when, with a shout that sent terror into the hearts of the besieged, the brave fellows rushed on. Colonels Montague and Pickering stormed Lawford's Gate, “where was a double work,” and sweeping over it, within the lines, pressed forward to the walls of the town, and occupied the gate at Castle street. Two other regiments, forcing their way over the works between this gate and the river Avon, soon stood in communication with the others. Prior's Hill, a strong fort, and the line extending downward from it to the Froom river, were entrusted to Colonels Rainsborough and Hammond. The latter, assaulting the works lower down, gradually surmounted the obstacles that opposed his advance; but Rainsborough, who moved straight on the fort, suddenly saw a bare and solid wall of masonry rise before him. A ladder of thirty rounds would scarcely reach the top; yet, nothing daunted, he mounted, at the head of his followers. But a row of glistening pikes fringed the parapet, and forced them back. Again, resolutely ascending, they stood on their precarious footing, and fought hand to hand with the enemy. Thus, for *three hours*, did they maintain this unequal contest, while four cannon on the ramparts over head, kept up a plunging fire of round and canister shot, on the dark masses beneath. It was an incessant shout, and flash, and roar,

around that single fort; and the bloody struggle was still going on, when Hammond, who had broken through the line of works below—a major, by the name of Bethel, being the first horseman within, though his good steed fell beneath him in the attempt, and he beside him, pierced with three balls—now came marching up in rear.

To meet this new assailant, a strong body of horse was sent out, which charged furiously on the wearied column. But, at this critical moment, Captain Ireton, brother of the gallant commander, who was so severely wounded at Naseby, dashed forward with a forlorn hope of horse, and checked their advance, himself receiving two balls in the onset. The whole regiment now moved forward, and entered the fort at the same time that Rainsborough's men came pouring over the ramparts, shouting victory.

The conquest of this fort, without which the whole line of works, a mile in length, which had now been captured, would have been untenable, finished the conflict on that side of Bristol, for the night; for the orders were, to wait for daylight, before attempting the town itself. On the side where Colonel Welden commanded, the assault was unsuccessful; for the ladders proving too short for the walls, the men were repulsed with great slaughter.

Major Cromwell, a cousin of Oliver, was dangerously wounded here.

When morning dawned, Rupert, finding himself hemmed in, his strong works taken, and his position

commanded by the republican guns, felt his proud spirit bow. The soldiers, however, mad with rage, fired the town in three places; and soon vast columns of smoke began to ascend the heavens, while the crackling of flames was distinctly heard without the walls. Cromwell and Fairfax were filled with grief, as they contemplated the apparently inevitable destruction of that splendid town. But fortunately, before the conflagration had proceeded far, Rupert sounded a parley, and despatched a message, offering to surrender the place, on condition that he, with his forces, should be allowed to march forth. This was granted; and at two o'clock his humbled columns took up their line of march for Oxford, and the triumphant republicans, with streaming banners, entered the place.

Here Cromwell again came near being killed. After the taking of Prior's fort, as he and Fairfax sat on the ramparts, a single cannon ball fired from the castle, struck the stones not a foot from him, and went whizzing past.

The news of this victory sent a thrill of joy throughout the land, equal to that of Naseby. The letter of Oliver, giving an account of it, was ordered to be read in all the churches.

Cromwell now marched from one triumph to another, with astonishing rapidity. Appearing before Devizes, he summoned it to surrender. The commander replied, "Win and wear it;" which Oliver did, without farther ceremony. He next stormed

Berkley Castle ; and then drew up his little army before Winchester, which capitulated without attempting a resistance. Here his soldiers had a taste of his discipline. Some of them robbed the inhabitants, as they were leaving the place, which, being told to him, he summoned six of them into his presence ; and compelling them to cast lots, ordered the one on whom the lot fell, to be shot ; and sent the remaining five to the royalist governor, to be punished as he deemed best. Stern as death, where his commands were slighted, he taught them that no bravery or success could make him overlook disobedience.

STORMING OF BASING HOUSE.

After taking Winchester, he marched on Basing House—one of the strongest holds of the king in England, and which had hitherto resisted all efforts to take it. It was the seat of the Marquis of Winchester, and was composed of two houses—the old and the new—both splendidly furnished, and “fit to make an emperor’s court,”—one bed alone costing six thousand dollars. The line of circumvallation extended over a mile, and all the defences were of the most formidable kind. This tempestuous leader, who could not brook the delay of sieges, nor even of close investments, but, mounting the walls, sword in hand, and storming over the ruddy ramparts, had swept like a devastating flood the length and breadth of the country, now wheeled his cannon around the very

citadel of royalty. The governor, on being summoned to surrender, said to one of his councillors, who advised him to submit, that "if it was the last foot of land the king had in England, he would defend it to the last;" and so sent word to Cromwell. The latter then opened all his batteries upon the place, and rained such an iron storm on the massive walls, that they, at length, crumbled before it. Breaches being thus made, he arrayed his storming parties before daylight on the morning of the 14th of October. Four cannon fired in rapid succession, was to be the signal for them to fall on. All night long had Cromwell been bowed in prayer before God; and now, resting on the verse of the 115th Psalm—"They that make them are like unto them, so is every one that trusteth in them;"—he ordered the signal to be given; and with a shout the troops rushed on. Breasting the volleys that met them, dashing fiercely on the pikes that defended the passages, scorning all obstacles, they scaled one wall, then pulling the ladders after them, mounted another, dealing death at every step, and conquering as much by their desperate daring, as by their weapons.

The struggle was soon over; and Basing House fell. It was, however, on fire, from a fire-ball which had been previously shot; and the governor having had no time to extinguish the flames, it soon became a mass of ruins—the crumbling timbers, and massive stones, overlaying the living and the dead. The place was given up to plunder; and the soldiers

stripped not only every apartment of its furniture, but even the lead from the gutters of the roof. A place that put the assailants to the extremity of storming, was regarded, in those times, the lawful property of the soldiers; and they availed themselves of their rights on this occasion to the full extent.

In the midst of the burning dwellings, and confusion, and tumult of the plundering soldiers, Cromwell sat down and wrote his despatch to parliament. He advised them not to garrison it, but leave it dismantled; and added, that if they wanted the work carried on, they must raise recruits and pay the soldiers. As usual in all his letters, he ascribed the entire success to God's goodness. "God," he says, "exceedingly abounds in his goodness to us; and will not be weary, until righteousness and peace meet; and until he hath brought forth a glorious work in this poor kingdom."

No sooner were his troops rested, than he hurried on to Langford House, near Salisbury, and summoned it to surrender. Not caring to hazard the assault of a man to whom walls and castles offered no impediment, it hauled down its banner. Scarcely stopping to receive its submission, he spurred forward in pursuit of Lord Wentworth, who was at the head of a band of royalists. Overtaking him at Bovey Tracy, he relieved him of 500 prisoners and six standards; then wheeling about, joined Fairfax; when the two together stormed Dartmouth, and took it.

It was now the middle of winter; yet the campaign was urged on with vigor; and these two commanders

pressed after Lord Hopton, commander-in-chief of the forces in the West; and came up with him, entrenched at Torrington. This was in February, 1646. Hopton made a gallant defence, but was finally routed; though not till he had been unhorsed, and wounded in the face with a pike. Prince Charles, now fifteen years of age, whom his father, as before stated, sent hither as generalissimo of the forces, had fled the approaching storm, and taken refuge, with several noblemen, in the isle of Scilly. The gallant Hopton soon after retired "beyond seas," where he lived and died in poverty.

The king was now in a desperate case. During the past summer, he had left Ragland Castle, to go to the relief of Goring; but being discouraged by the dissensions among the officers, and the character of the new levies, he retired to Wales. Here, rousing himself to make another great effort for his kingdom, he gathered around him what soldiers he could; and departed for the North to join Montrose, who was still victorious in Scotland. Traversing Shropshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire, he safely reached Yorkshire; calling on all loyal gentlemen to rally to his standard, and go with him to the aid of Montrose. But the battle of Naseby was too fresh in their memories, in that quarter, and old Lesley's Scottish horse were too near, to allow them to show much enthusiasm.

Charles then abandoned his design of going to Scotland; and, with fifteen hundred men, again passed through the centre of his kingdom, and arrived safely at Oxford. He had been here but two days, when

he heard of Montrose's astonishing victories—Bothwell, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, had all opened their gates to him. Elated by the news, he again, August 31st, set out for Scotland. But his sudden energy gave way; and hearing of the investment of Bristol, he said he must return and succor it. He, however, left Rupert to his fate; and repaired to Ragland Castle, to talk over matters again with the Marquis of Worcester. He had been here but a day or two, when he was astounded with the news of the fall of Bristol. He immediately wrote a reproachful letter to Rupert, which produced a coldness between them; and it was with the greatest difficulty the latter could appease his royal master.

Gloomy and desponding, Charles once more turned his eyes towards Scotland and the victorious Montrose; and he determined to hasten thither. But it was necessary first to relieve Chester, now closely besieged: for since Bristol had fallen, there was no other port in which troops from Ireland, the only resource except that of Montrose left him, could be safely landed. With this resolution, he started off for the Welsh mountains: but, overtaken on the way by the republicans under the command of Poyntz, he was, after a sharp encounter, so roughly handled, that he turned back disconsolate. It was well he did; for Montrose was no longer at the head of an army. His brilliant successes over the Covenanters had ended:—completely routed at Phillipshaugh by Lesley, he was now a fugitive like the king.

Thus, prop after prop gave way under the despairing monarch; and, uncertain which way to direct his steps.

he finally proceeded to Norwich, one of the few strong places that still held out for him. But he had only gone into a divided and mutinous army; a part of which soon marched away in anger. He was here, while Cromwell's cannon were playing on Basing House, and his victorious troops storming over the chief towns in his kingdom. But being pressed by Poyntz, with the parliamentary troops, he, in the beginning of November, was compelled again to flee. Accompanied by only four or five hundred cavaliers; with his beard shaved to complete his disguise, he left the town at eleven o'clock, and travelled night and day, till he reached Oxford. Here, to swell his anguish, and press him deeper and deeper in the flood that now, without let or hindrance, swept over his devoted head, came, in rapid succession, the news of the victories of Fairfax and Cromwell, which we have been describing. Humbled and helpless as a child, he asked his counsellors what should be done. They advised him again to open negotiations with parliament; and finding no other resource left him, he consented; and commissioners were appointed.

But parliament was far from being eager to negotiate with him—their relative positions had changed; besides, a new set of members had come in, less favorable to the royal interests, among whom were Ludlow, Ireton, Admiral Blake, Algernon Sidney, and Hutchinson. The progress of the war had also estranged, still farther, the two parties; animosities had assumed a more violent character, and parliament pressed harder and harder on royalist noblemen, and

Irish papists. No quarter was given to the latter taken under arms, and they were slain by scores; and the revolution which had commenced so mildly, now covered with blood, began to look grim and monster-like. Still Cromwell, Fairfax, and the chief officers, maintained their high character; and held in check by their integrity, the increasing violence—a violence ever engendered by a revolution. But the treaty of the king with the Irish, and his negotiations with the pope, and the plan to throw a large papist army on the shores of England; which had all been discovered and published this fall, tended to swell still higher the popular indignation, and destroy all confidence on the part of parliament, in his integrity and truth.

But one hope still remained to Charles—his enemies were divided, and out of their contentions capital might be made. The Scotch army was grumbling and discontented—the Independents and Presbyterians plotted against each other; and so he, unable longer to practice his diplomacy abroad, ventured still to press his proposals on parliament.

During the spring of 1646, he corresponded both with the Presbyterians and Independents—now scheming with Vane, and now secretly holding out large promises to the Presbyterian leaders. The Scotch, also, received a share of his attention; and the king thought it would go hard with him, if he could not get some foot-hold in one or other of the parties.

It was in this month (March), that Lord Astley,

who commanded the only large body of troops left to the king, was utterly routed in Gloucestershire, and the last vestige of resistance removed. The old veteran struggled nobly in this his last battle; and after it was over, and he a prisoner, he was so fatigued that he could scarcely walk. The pity of the soldiers was moved by his venerable appearance; and wishing to honor the grey hairs they had seen streaming in the thickest of the fight, brought him a drum to rest upon. Sitting down, the old noble exclaimed—"Gentlemen, you have now done your work, and may go to play, unless you will fall out with yourselves."

The next day the king sent a message to parliament, offering to give up all his garrisons, disband his troops, and again take up his residence in Whitehall. Nothing can show more strikingly his confidence in the integrity of his enemies, than this offer. After deluging the kingdom in blood, and plotting their ruin—after practising duplicity, falsehood, and treachery, (enough to wreck any character but that of a king,) he offered voluntarily to put himself in their power, requiring only the guarantee of their word. But this very generous act parliament could not properly appreciate; and penetrating, at once, the infamous design at the bottom, viz., to be where he could take advantage of their dissensions; forbade any one to receive, or visit, him. The most violent measures were adopted—all public meetings were prohibited, and malcontents, and suspected persons,

ordered immediately to leave London. Soon after, it was decreed, that whoever should attempt to enter the city, from one of the royalist towns, without a passport, or hold any intercourse with the king, should be put to death. Men began to tremble before this revolutionary government, which could pass so quickly from requests to commands, and assume so stern and terrible an aspect.

While things were in this position, Fairfax and Cromwell, returning victorious from the West, drew rapidly on towards Oxford. Their banners were already within sight of the place; and, like a scorpion girt with fire, the unhappy king knew not which way to turn. But danger pressed: a few more days and every crevice would be closed, and he be compelled to surrender as a prisoner of war. In this dilemma, he resolved to throw himself into the Scottish camp, and trust his fortune with the solemn Covenanters. The religious dissensions which prevailed between them and the parliament prompted him to this course. Although the Presbyterians had obtained most of their demands, they could not wring from the Independents the concession that presybtery was of divine right, which placed parliament and the assembly of divines in direct collision. The Independents, in cases of excommunication and church discipline, allowed an appeal to parliament—thus mixing up civil and religious matters. To complete the disgust of the Scotch Covenanters, who regarded the denial of the divine rights of presybtery as rank heresy—

parliament, now much influenced by the Independents, showed great forbearance towards dissenters of all classes from the Presbyterian Church.

Knowing how the Scotch felt, and having received some general vague promises of protection, the king resolved to place himself in their hands, hoping that his presence in their midst, would kindle their loyalty, and enlist them in his favor. So, on the 27th of April, at midnight, accompanied only by Dr. Hudson, a clergyman, and Ashburnham, he, in disguise as a servant of the latter, passed through the gates of Oxford, and took the road to London. As he came in sight of his former capital, he paused and hesitated long about entering it, and flinging himself on the mercy of parliament. But, at length, he mournfully turned his horse's head northward, and after nine days weary wandering, arrived in the Scottish camp. The Earl of Leven, and other officers, affected surprise at his arrival; but received him with great respect. A messenger was immediately despatched to parliament, announcing the king's presence in the army.

Cromwell, who had started for London the Wednesday before the king left Oxford, was in his seat when the news was received. Arriving in the city, the entire population had poured forth to meet him—the members of parliament rose as he entered the House—the Speaker pronounced an eulogium upon his acts; and a vote of "heartly thanks," for "his great and many services," was passed.

Previous to this, in February, an annuity of £2,500,

or more than \$12,000, had been voted him, towards the payment of which, the estates of the Earl of Worcester, Lord Herbert, Sir John Somerset and his sons, in the county of Southampton, were made over to him.

When he returned to parliament, he considered the war closed; and hence, was prepared to plunge into the chaos of political strife, and prevent the government from rendering null and void what he had obtained by his arms.

Soon after, came out the letter of Charles to the Duke of Ormond, his lieutenant in Ireland, written just before he left Oxford, in which he stated that he had gone to the Scotch, on the strength of their promise to support his claims. The Scotch, alarmed at this implied charge of bad faith on their part, towards parliament, instantly, in strong northern dialect, pronounced the declaration "*a most damnable untruth.*"

CHAPTER VI.

BETWEEN THE CIVIL WARS FROM THE SPRING OF 1646,
TO THAT OF 1648.

Struggle between the Presbyterians and Independents—Negotiations with the King—Bargain of Parliament with Scotland—The King Given up—The Presbyterians Resolve to Overthrow Cromwell, and the Independents—Successful Plot of Cromwell to Carry off the King—The Army Refuses to Disband, and Remonstrates with Parliament—Marches on London—Consternation of the People—Expulsion of the Eleven Members, and Occupation of London by the Troops—Triumph of the Independents—New Character of the Revolution—Slanderers of Cromwell—Interview of the King with His Children—Noble Attempt of Cromwell to Induce the King to Accept the Throne under Restrictions which Should Secure the Liberties of the People—Denounced by the Army for It—Discovers the Treachery of the King—His Flight—Mutiny in the Army—Quelled by Cromwell—Treaty of the King with the Scotch—Anger of the Parliament, which Resolves to Settle the Nation without Him—Cromwell Consults the Leaders as to the Form of Government to be adopted—Commencement of the Insurrection—Mob in London—Presbyterians again Obtain the Ascendency, and Cromwell Departs for W^ales—His Previous Sickness—His Son Richard Contracts a Marriage—Prayer-Meeting in the Army.

FROM the time of the king's flight from Oxford, April, 1646, to May, 1648, the sword of war was sheathed in England; and the army lay quiet, except as it gave its opinion of certain acts of parliament, or served to check its tyranny. During these

two years, political and religious affairs were in inextricable confusion. Between the king, and parliament, and Presbyterians, and Independents, everything got reduced to chaos. In parliament, the Presbyterians and Independents struggled against each other, as the Girondists and Mountain in the French convention. At first, the great question was, what should be done with the king, then in the Scottish camp. The Scotch besought his majesty to subscribe to the covenant, and end the troubles of his distracted kingdom—nay, even went so far as to send a clergyman to convert him. The parliament declared that the Scotch had nothing to do with their lawful sovereign, and were bound to give him up. The latter replied, that he was their prince, as well as that of England. Parliament then endeavored to get rid of the Scottish army altogether; and mutual recriminations and revilings, threatened an open rupture. All this pleased the king, and excited his hopes; for, with the assistance of one or the other party, he fondly believed he should be able again to mount the throne.

At length, in July, parliament sent proposals to him, on the acceptance of which, he could be reinstated in power. But, like the sybil's book, he found that, with every rejection of the hard conditions, some lines he wished to retain were torn out, while the price remained the same. He was now required to subscribe to the covenant—to abolish the Episcopal Church—surrender to parliament, for twenty years, the whole military power of the kingdom—exclude

seventy of his personal friends from any amnesty—and, lastly, to grant, that all persons who had fought in his behalf, should be ineligible to any public office, unless at the pleasure of parliament. Charles had never before pondered such hard conditions. Still his friends urged him to accept them—even his wife, in France, threw in her entreaty; but humbled and helpless as he was, he could not consent to uncrown himself so utterly, and seal his own dishonor, in the sight of the world. The partial concessions wrung out of him, by the entreaties of his friends, would not answer: parliament would have the whole, or nothing. He, therefore, rejected the proposals, to the great delight of the Independents, who feared nothing so much as a coalition between him and the Presbyterians. The latter were proportionably crest-fallen; for they saw no way to make a compact with the king, which the people would not repudiate.

Thus matters stood with parties in parliament, while the two kingdoms were quarreling about the disposal of his majesty's person. In the meantime, the king was treated with the utmost respect; and he, in turn, attended the Presbyterian meetings, and showed all proper decorum to the ministers. His fallen greatness touched the sympathy of the people; and, on one occasion, a clergyman at Newcastle, whither he had been carried, took, for his text, that passage in 2d Samuel, beginning, "And, behold, all the men of Israel came to the king, and said to him, Why

have our brethren, the men of Judah, stolen thee away, and have brought the king, and his household, and all David's men with him, over Jordan," &c.* At another time, the preacher, in his presence, giving out the psalm—

“Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself
The wicked deeds to praise?”—

the king arose, and called for the one commencing—

“Have mercy, Lord! on me, I pray,
For men would me deceive;”

which the sympathizing audience immediately sung. These, however, were mere expressions of feeling from powerless men. His enemies kept resolutely on their course.

At length, the Scotch parliament decreed, that the king should be set at liberty, and sent to London: but the assembly of divines countermanded this order, and parliament submitted. They declared it wicked and impolitic, to release a monarch, whose hatred to the covenant was so great, that he would not sign it, even to purchase back his throne.

The matter was finally adjusted in a more business-like way. The Scots wanted indemnity for the expenses of the war they had carried on for their sister kingdom; and parliament longed to get possession of the king. The former demanded nearly £700,000, which the parliament cut down to £400,000—half to be paid immediately, and the remaining portion in

* Vide Clarendon, Book X., 602.

two separate instalments. Nothing was said about the person of the king, in this agreement; but it was perfectly well understood, that he was to be surrendered on the reception of the money. Skippon, with a strong escort, took charge of the £200,000, which was conveyed in thirty-six carts to the Scottish head-quarters.

About the same time, January 6, 1647, the commissioners of the Scotch parliament arrived, with an order from that body, to have the king surrendered up to the English parliament. Charles was playing chess, when the letter announcing the fact was delivered to him; but, without manifesting any emotion, he quietly laid it aside, and finished the game. A few days after he was handed over to the English troops, and took his departure for Nottingham. On his way, the people afflicted with the king's evil, crowded around him, to receive his touch; and many demonstrations of sympathy and allegiance served somewhat to lighten his sorrows. Arrived at Nottingham, the head-quarters of Fairfax, the latter went out to meet him; and dismounting, kissed his hand, then rode respectfully by his side into the town. On his departure for Holmby the next day, he said that Fairfax "was a man of honor, for *he had kept his word with him*"—a compliment not one of the king's enemies could reciprocate.

ATTEMPT TO CRUSH THE ARMY.

This was on the 16th of February; and, soon after, parliament passed a law establishing the Presbyterian

form of church government. It was also resolved, that the army should be disbanded, except twelve thousand, who had been destined for Ireland to aid the persecuted Protestants, and those necessary for garrisons and police regulations. Fairfax, whom they were unable to remove, was to have no officer under him of higher rank than a colonel, and he not a member of parliament; and even these subordinates were required to conform to the Presbyterian Church, and sign the covenant. This was a bold push; and Cromwell saw, at once, its object. The Presbyterians, by the recent elections, had regained their ascendancy; and, were now determined to make good use of their power, and crush the Independents at one blow. Under pretence of rooting out heresies and schisms almost endless, they endeavored to get rid of the Independent army, now their chief fear. There was sufficient lawlessness of belief, no doubt, to demand some action, if they would not see rampant radicalism overturn everything stable and orderly: but, in this movement, they struck at the good and bad alike. Days of fasting and prayer were decreed, to show that religious zeal lay at the bottom of the despotic measure; but the army was not to be deceived.

While such portentous clouds were gathering over the party of Oliver, we hear little of him. He, too, was for order; but not for that which classed him, and the brave officers who had toiled with him over so many battle-fields, with the disorderly. In

the oppressive rigor with which the Presbyterian government began to persecute all dissenters, he saw but episcopacy under a new name. If this was to be the final "settlement of the nation," he had fought in vain; and liberty of conscience had been only a word with which to beguile true-hearted men into the conflict. That he, with his deep penetrating glance, fathomed all this, and resolved to thwart it, no one can doubt. The votes, it is true, were against him in parliament; but the army was not yet disbanded, and would not be till he gave the word. He had powerful friends there whom the soldiers adored—the gallant Lambert, the stern Ireton, and Hammond, and Pride, and Rainsborough, and others; and more than all, the love of himself, still strong in those brave hearts. What conferences he had with them and what plans were proposed we know not—reliable history is silent on this part of his life, but we soon find the army petitioning parliament. First came a mild and respectful petition, signed by fourteen officers, asking for arrears of pay, before going to Ireland. The parliament resented this as an affront, and rebuked the army. A sterner petition followed, addressed not to parliament, but to Fairfax, declaring that no one should go to Ireland against his will, and still demanding pay. Fairfax was commanded to put a stop to these proceedings, which he promised to do.

Meanwhile, the necessary steps towards disbanding the troops were resumed—the corps for Ireland was formed, and Skippon and Massey appointed to command

it. But when the commissioners went to announce this decree at Saffron Walden, the head-quarters of the army, two hundred officers assembled at Fairfax's house, and boldly told them that though they respected and loved Skippon, they would have their old and well tried commanders, "FAIRFAX and CROMWELL," or none. A fortnight after this, a hundred and forty-one officers sent a petition to parliament, justifying their course, and declaring, that 'although they were soldiers, they were still citizens of the commonwealth, and had a right to act for its interests. On the heels of this petition came another, which Skippon immediately read to the astonished parliament. It was brought by three private soldiers, and contained the absolute refusal of eight regiments of horse to serve in Ireland. It boldly accused the leaders of the measure of being tyrants, whose only design was to divide the soldiers from the officers they loved. The announcement of this open revolt, and this stern accusation, fell like a thunderbolt on the Presbyterians. The three soldiers were immediately summoned before the House. "Where was this letter got up?" asked the Speaker. "At a meeting of the regiments," was the reply. "Who wrote it?" "A council of delegates chosen by the regiments." "Did your officers sanction it?" "But few of them knew anything about it." He then asked them if they were ever cavaliers. They replied they were not; that they had been in the army from the battle of Edgehill down; and one of them stepping forward, said he had been wounded five times in one battle, and appealed to

Skippon for the truth of his statement. The general remembered the brave fellow, whom he had succored while bleeding on the field. To the question respecting the accusation of tyranny, they replied they were mere agents, and had nothing to do but bear back the answer of the House.* The smothered indignation then broke forth, and threats were hurled against the refractory regiments. Ludlow says that in the midst of this tumult, Cromwell, who was next him, bent over and whispered, "these men (referring to the Presbyterian leaders) will never leave till the *army pull them out by the ears.*" Significant language and somewhat prophetic—the full scope of which the prophet, perhaps, knew better than anybody else.

The anger of parliament, at length, gave way to alarm, for the army was evidently banding together against it;—already had it erected a sort of independent government, in the shape of two councils—one composed of officers—the other, a kind of lower house of adjutators, as they were called, and chosen by the private soldiers to represent their interests. Added to this, was the report that it had made proposals to the king. Something must be done immediately, and so in May two months' pay was voted to the troops who would disband—a general amnesty decreed to all offenders during the war, and money appropriated to the widows and families of soldiers. Cromwell, Ireton, Skippon and Fleetwood, favorite generals in the army, were appointed commissioners to carry out these measures.

* Vide Rushworth, Whitelocke, and others.

After a fortnight's labor, they returned with written articles of agreement proposed by the army. Parliament thanked Cromwell for the manner in which he had discharged his duty; but instead of acting on the articles submitted, passed regulations of its own, and despatched commissioners to head-quarters to carry them out, and thus effect a final settlement. But the conditions did not suit the army. Eight weeks' pay had been voted them;—they wanted “eight times eight,” and would not disband without it.

The commissioners found all in commotion—regiments, whose officers attempted in vain to quell them, were seen, without leaders, marching with colors flying to those who stood firm against the parliament. The money sent to pay the troops who should disband peaceably, was seized—the soldiers clamored for their rights, and demanded that a general meeting should be called, where their grievances might be listened to. A council of officers was immediately assembled, who voted almost unanimously, that the decrees of parliament were unjust; and appointed a grand meeting of all the troops. It took place near Newmarket, June 6th, and the soldiers, after much haranguing, praying and agitation, entered into a solemn covenant to defend themselves against the oppressive acts of parliament.

Meanwhile, the king was at Holmby, ready to take advantage of these dissensions, and league himself with either party, which would best secure his own advancement.

THE KING SEIZED.

But on the 2d day of June, there occurred a singular interruption to his quiet life. It was a pleasant summer day, and he was out in the open country, about two miles from Holmby, playing at bowls on Althorpe down, when suddenly a stranger, in the uniform of Fairfax's guards, was seen standing in the midst of the parliamentary commissioners who had accompanied him to his pastime. While they were questioning him, the news came that a large body of horse was approaching Holmby. The stranger was asked if he had heard of them. "*I saw* them yesterday," he replied, "not thirty miles off." On this, all mounted in haste and galloped back to Holmby, the gates of which were immediately shut. The report was true. One cornet Joyce, apparently without orders, had sallied out of Oxford, with five hundred troopers at his back, to seize the king, and carry him by force, to the army. He arrived at midnight before the castle, and demanded admission. Some show of resistance was made at first, but the garrison, after a little conversation with the soldiers outside, lowered the portcullis and opened the gates, and those five hundred horsemen came clattering into the courtyard, and dismounted as quietly as if in their own barracks.

The castle was in the bold cornet's hands, and the commissioners, after some hours parley, gave up all idea of resistance. At ten o'clock that night, Joyce

demanded to see the king. He was told that he was in bed. "I don't care," he replied, "I must see him;" and with a cocked pistol in his hand, he proceeded to the apartment of Charles. The guards at the door refused him entrance, at which Joyce grew indignant. Sharp words and threats passed between them, which roused the king, who ordered him to be admitted. He then entered into a long conversation with Joyce; and finding how matters stood, bade him good-night, promising, if the soldiers confirmed his statements, to go with him the next morning. In the morning, Joyce drew up his squadrons in the castle yard, and then proceeded to the king's apartment. Charles met him at the top of the stairs, and asked him by what authority he pretended to seize him. He replied, by that of the army. The king told him that was not legal, and inquired if he had a written order from Fairfax. Joyce still replying indefinitely, the king said, "Come, Mr. Joyce, be frank with me, and tell me where is your commission?" "There it is, sir," he replied, pointing to the court yard below. "Where?" repeated the king. "There, sir;" and the king saw the dark ranks of his followers drawn up in perfect order, and waiting their leader's commands. "Your instructions are written in very legible characters," said Charles; "'tis truly a fair commission—you have as handsome a company as I have seen for a great while." He then asked where he was to be carried. "To Oxford," said Joyce. The king objecting to this place, as well as to Cambridge, he was taken, at his own request, to Newmarket.

Joyce immediately despatched a messenger to London to announce his success to Cromwell, or, in his absence, to Arthur Haselrig or Col. Fleetwood. The latter received it: for Cromwell had already departed for head-quarters, where he arrived before the king.

Parliament was astounded at the news; and the whole kingdom thrown into a state of alarm. "The king is with the army, and the army is against parliament!" such was the startling fact that pressed itself on every man's attention. The officers who were members of the House, were immediately ordered to the head of their regiments: Cromwell, as already seen, had not waited for commands; and on the same day that the vote was carried, held an interview with the king, at head-quarters. Fairfax was troubled to find Charles in his custody; and demanded to know by whose authority he had been seized. "By mine," said Ireton; "I gave orders that the king should be seized at Holmby, not brought off." "It was necessary," said Cromwell, "or the king would have been seized by parliament." Two days after, the officers presented themselves, in a body, to the king—most of them kissing his hand: but Oliver and Ireton sternly stood aside.

No sooner had Cromwell seen how things were settled at head-quarters, than he, according to Guizot, hastened back to parliament, knowing that a storm was gathering over his head. When he took his seat in the House, every eye was turned upon him; and every soul felt that he was at the bottom of this deep-laid plan—so deep, that no proof of the real author could be obtained.

Grimston arose and boldly accused him of designing to employ the army against parliament; and brought forward two officers, who testified that he had said, the House of Commons must be purged, and "that the army alone could do it." Upon this, Cromwell made a speech, declaring his innocence, with tears and sobs, and the most solemn protestations; which so wrought upon the House, that it dropped the prosecution.

This whole affair of Cromwell's accusation and defence, making him out a hypocrite, liar and perjurer, as given by Guizot, is quoted by him from a note in Harris's life of Cromwell. We took some pains to trace the statement to its source; and found, at last, that it rested alone on Mr. Grimston's—the accuser's—declaration. It bears on its face the evidence of falsehood; not only from its being inconsistent with the character of Cromwell, but also from the silence of other historians respecting it. Such men as Hume and Clarendon would not have omitted so marked an evidence of his duplicity and falsehood. Besides, his enemies have never given him credit for being an orator; nay, on the contrary, pronounce him a heavy speaker: yet here, he completely deludes and masters his enemies by his consummate acting. If anything more were wanting to throw utter discredit upon this account, as given in all its details, by Guizot and others, it would be found in the fact that *no traces of it are left on the records of the House*: it rests solely on Grimston's after assertions.

At all events, he was with the army, June 7th, at the

reception of the king, and again June 10th, at its great rendezvous, on Triploe Heath, near Cambridge.

A day of fasting and prayer, set apart to ask God's direction in the course they should adopt, preceded this grand gathering of the soldiers. At the appointed time twenty-one thousand men marched to the place of rendezvous, to decide on the acts of parliament. It was a solemn sight there on the summer morning, those twenty-one thousand men, assembled to demand their rights. As they stood in perfect order, Fairfax, with the commissioners from parliament, rode to the head of the regiments to know if they acquiesced in the votes of parliament. The question was submitted to each regiment separately, to be decided by ballot. Parliament had scarce one on its side; and when the commissioners read the result aloud, a deep murmur ran through the host, and then the shout of "JUSTICE! JUSTICE!" rolled over the field and shook the deep vault of heaven.

That very afternoon the order to march was given, and the army began to move towards London, while a long letter, setting forth their grievances, and signed by thirteen of the principal officers, was despatched to parliament. This letter, throughout, bears the stamp of Cromwell's mind. First came a plain statement of facts; then a defence of their motives and conduct, and last of all, a solemn warning, and a hint about London being given up to the soldiers, &c., which made the city turn pale, and honorable members tremble in their seats.

No one can doubt that Oliver was at the bottom of all this. He saw, in the first attempt of the Presbyterians to disband the army, the plan to crush himself and friends and liberty clearly developed; and he resolved to thwart it, not by long speeches in parliament, but steady, resolute action. The organization of the two councils in the army, was evidently his work; for, through his friends in these, he could reach every man, and yet not be discerned. So, also, was the forcible removal of the king his doings, though the exact extent of his agency in the matter has never been known. He probably induced Ireton to take the responsibility of sending Joyce to watch Charles at Holmby Castle, and baffle the designs of the Presbyterians, while at the same time he caused an intimation to be conveyed to the bold cornet, that he was to bring his majesty away to the army. The Presbyterians had resolved to get him in their power, and to this end had passed a vote, requesting him to take up his residence in Oatlands castle, near London. Cromwell, who saw at once the advantage this would give his enemies, determined to prevent it, and seize the king himself. From his seat in parliament, he looked around him, and reaching out one hand towards his sovereign, and the other towards the army, he had them both in his power before his foes were aware that he had made the first movement. By his adroit management, he succeeded in quieting all suspicion in the House, until his plans were fully matured; then throwing aside the mask of respectfulness he had so long worn over a heart burst-

ing with scorn and indignation, he placed himself at the head of the army, and pointing with his sword towards London, gave the order to march.

Could this masterly scheme, from the first initial step, to its final consummation, be unravelled, we should get a new insight into the amazing intellect, sleepless industry, and untiring energy of this wonderful man. He had not to do with supple knaves, to whom a fair prospect of success was a sufficient motive; but stern republicans, clear-headed thinkers, and conscientious men. How he succeeded in harmonizing the conflicting elements, and binding together, as one man, characters so diametrically opposite, and finally concentrating all the energy of that terrible army in his single will, must ever remain a mystery to those historians who underrate his intellect. To account for it on the ground of cunning and hypocrisy, augurs either a bigot, rendered incapable of judgment by prejudice, or a mind too weak to estimate the men and events of that period. Granting he was false and treacherous as Judas, it furnishes no explanation of his astonishing success. Mere *duplicity* never yet combatted a parliament and army, and single-handed struggled against the machinations of men in power, and came off triumphant. The truth is, Cromwell possessed a grasp of mind seldom equalled. He not only easily penetrated the plans woven directly about his feet, but saw farther than all other men of his time—and slowly gathering into his mighty hand the tangled threads of the revolution, at length, swayed the kingdom by his touch. In one respect, he bears a

striking resemblance to Bonaparte and Washington, for like them, he took, at a single glance, the measure of every man who approached him. He read both their weaknesses and capabilities without an effort, and knew intuitively what motives to apply, and what use to make of them. It was this strange practical sagacity that gave him such power over all who approached him. He seemed to penetrate their inmost hearts, and to command them, because he had a right so to do. The subtle Vane, perhaps the greatest diplomatist of his time, yielded to his loftier intellect, and the lion-hearted Fairfax acknowledged him his superior in the field. Ireton and Lambert, the clear-headed lawyers, and able and fearless commanders, worked like slaves at his behest, and even the turbulent army quailed before his master spirit.

It is amusing to hear the defenders of Charles make the sagacity of Cromwell, and the skilful manner in which he used the instruments in his hands, evidences of hypocrisy and guilt. They would have him tell Harrison he was a dupe to believe in the second advent of Christ, and forbid a free thinker to draw a sword in battle;—indeed, divulge every plan he laid to thwart his enemies, and declare beforehand how he designed to unravel and defeat their plots, in order to be an honest man. In short, he must not employ a single wicked person in his service, or make the least use of his knowledge of other men's characters, to bend them to his purpose, if he would escape the charge of hypocrisy. Every great and good design must be abandoned,

unless weak, or bigoted, or obstinate men, could be made to understand and approve it. That is, a man cannot resolve on anything beyond the capacity and virtue of those with whom he is associated; for, if he does, he will be compelled to win them to his views by such motives as are adapted to their characters, and not by those which govern him. The whole argument on this point, is reduced to the simple axiom: "*To be a diplomatist, is necessarily, to be a dishonest man.*"

Subtle scheming, which has for its ends self-aggrandizement at the sacrifice of justice and mercy, is base and criminal; but adroit management, to secure harmony among discordant elements, and union among prejudiced and selfish men, is neither. Thus to lull parliament into security, while he sprung their own plot upon them, and save the army, his friends, and the kingdom, by binding the soldiers together in common resistance to meditated oppression, were acts only of an able statesman and upright leader. Whom did he wrong by this successful plan? Not parliament, certainly, for it had taken the lead in this war of extermination—not the king, for he was no more a prisoner with the army than with parliament—not the army, for it was the victim of injustice and ingratitude—not the kingdom, for this step saved both it and its defenders. And yet Charles, who never stopped at any duplicity—would make a treaty at the same time with the Scotch Covenanters and the Irish Papists—the Independents and Presbyterians—break his word to parliament, and to the kingdom—caress Cromwell while

plotting his destruction, and deluge the realm in blood, solely for royal prerogative, and to obtain untrammelled power, is declared by his friends to be a saint and a martyr. They claim for him the possession of every virtue, while they charge his enemies with hypocrisy and treachery. Such palpable self-contradiction, argues either a great obliquity of the moral sense, or a judgment strangely perverted by that very prejudice they charge on others.

Thus far, we cannot see how Cromwell could have done otherwise than he did, without being untrue to himself, to his friends, and the army, and unworthy of the power he held.

THE ARMY MARCHES ON LONDON.

The letter, called a *humble representation*, which the army sent to parliament, as it took up its line of march for London, was despatched on the 14th of June. The news of its advance, with Cromwell at its head, spread consternation among the inhabitants. Some talked of resistance:—Parliament passed votes of condemnation; yet, still it drew slowly on. Concessions were made, but they came too late. The pay, so long withheld, was voted, and the army ordered to retire; yet, steadily and sternly it continued to approach. It had asked for pay, for justice, and its prayer been denied; and now, when parliament was ready to grant everything formerly demanded, it boldly accused eleven

members—the Presbyterian leaders—of high treason, and insisted on their expulsion.*

But parliament could not consent to deal its own death-blow, and declared that something more than vague accusations were required. The ominous answer to this was, that the first accusations against Laud and Strafford, were also vague and general: "In these cases," said the army, "you furnished the proofs afterwards, so will we do now." Thus passed a fortnight of terrible suspense—the army slowly advancing with one stern demand in its mouth—the parliament fearing, hesitating, and remonstrating. Its respectful answers, sent back in three coaches, with outriders, were of no avail. The very slowness with which the army advanced, by protracting the suspense, deepened the anxiety.

Between self-immolation, and destruction by Cromwell's soldiers, the Presbyterian leaders were tossed, like a wrecked mariner, from the rock to the sea, and the sea to the rock. The mingled terror and indignation which mastered parliament during this fearful crisis, is powerfully depicted by Holles, one of those very leaders whose expulsion was demanded. Speaking of the army, he says, "They now thunder upon us with remonstrances, declarations, letters, and mes-

* These were Holles, Sir Philip Stapleton, Sir William Waller, Sir William Lewis, Sir John Clotworthy, Recorder Glynn, Anthony Nichols, (old members,) and General Massey, Colonel Walter Long, Colonel Edward Harely, and Sir John Maynard, (new members, who had joined the old clique.)

sages, every day ; making us vote and unvote, do and undo ; and when they have made us do some ugly things, jeer us, and say our doing justifies their desiring it. We feel as low as dirt : we take all our ordinances to pieces, change and alter them according to their minds, and, (what is worst of all,) expunge our declaration against their mutinous petition, and cry *peccavimus* to save a whipping." "But," he continues, "all would not do. The parliament, thoroughly frightened, is as bad as the army. Instead of a generous resistance to perfidious servants, vindicating the honor of parliament, discharging the trust that rests upon them from being ruined, and enslaved to a rebellious army, they deliver up themselves and kingdom to the will of their enemies, prostitute all to the lust of heady and violent men, and *suffer Mr. Cromwell* to saddle, ride, switch, and spur them, at his pleasure." True, Mr. Holles ; and even you must confess that a more gallant or stalwart rider than this "*Mr. Cromwell*," never bestrode an unruly and vicious beast. But this poor, divided parliament is not all that obeys his steady rein—he has a team of twenty thousand resolute men in hand, that needs no "switch or spur" to excite into action. With this, he is driving full on London, and the crack of his whip will soon make England ring.

But complaints, and votes, and resolutions, would not do. The eleven members finding that their time had come, voluntarily resigned their places ; or, in other words, "asked leave of absence," which was granted without any grief or hesitation ; and the army halted.

There it lay, "coiled up round London and the parliament—advancing or receding," according as its demands were refused or granted.

Thus matters proceeded till the latter end of July, when the Holles declaration, proclaiming all who had signed the army petition, enemies of the State, and disturbers of the public peace, being expunged; and the militia ordinance placing the militia of London in the hands of the Presbyterians being revoked, and the army paid off, all seemed settled.

The Presbyterians and Independents were now of about equal strength in the House, and mutual concessions restored apparent harmony. But, at this juncture, the former made a sudden and last rally. On Monday, July 26th, a tremendous crowd went tumultuously to the House of Parliament, demanding that the militia ordinance should be restored, and the eleven excluded members recalled. A sudden warlike feeling had seized the militia, and they declared themselves ready to face the enemy. The petition was taken up; but the mob, becoming impatient of the debate, rushed to the two halls of parliament, and endeavored to force the doors. Kept back for awhile by the swords of the members, they, at length, overcame all opposition, and entered with their hats on, crying out, "Vote! vote!" till the votes they demanded were actually passed, together with another, requesting the king to come immediately to London. The only "No" in the House of Commons was that uttered by Ludlow.

The next morning, parliament had no sooner met,

than it adjourned over to Friday. In the meantime, the two Speakers, and more than sixty of the members, hastened to the army to report matters, and place themselves under its protection. They were received with enthusiastic shouts, and the columns quickly put in motion. On Friday, the remaining members of parliament, together with the doomed eleven, met, and set about their defence with resolution and energy. New Speakers were elected, and forces ordered to be raised without delay, and placed under Generals Massey and Poyntz. The shops were shut—the drums beat to arms, and groups of armed citizens were seen hurrying to the place of rendezvous. Fortifications were thrown up, barriers erected, and cannon planted in the streets. As the parliament, with the train-bands of London, formerly met the king's army, so now would they meet Cromwell and his troops. For five days the city shook with the bustling sound of preparation; but on the 3d of August, Southwark declared it would not join in the resistance, and sent petitions to Fairfax for protection. General Poyntz came upon the crowd assembled around Guildhall, petitioning for peace, and in his rage, laid about him with his sword, killing several persons. Massey still resolved to make a stout defence, and the soldiers maintained a bold attitude. But as the scouts, one after another, came galloping in, repeating that the army, in solid phalanx, was marching straight on the city, and that the heads of the columns were almost within striking distance, all courage deserted them, and they resolved to send a letter to the

General, asking for peace. Resistance was now at an end; and on Friday, 6th of August, the army, "three deep," Cromwell bringing up the rear, and the soldiers wearing sprigs of laurel in their hats, marched silently and sternly in, and the scene was ended.

The eleven members fled, never more to sit in parliament. A detachment of horse was quartered in Hyde Park, and Cromwell's and Ireton's faithful followers guarded every avenue to the House, as these commanders took their seats, and moved and carried, that all which had been done by parliament, after the flight of the members, was null and void.

Thus, peaceably, was consummated this sudden revolution, which, for a time, threatened a bloody termination. There had been alarm, anxiety and hesitation among all, even officers of the army, but everything had resulted as Cromwell planned. The flight of the members was his suggestion, and their reception by the army, the signal he had resolved upon, to commence the march on London.

The triumph of the Independents was now complete, and they looked upon Cromwell as the author of it. This fixed him deeply in the affections of all who claimed liberty of conscience, however opposed their own creeds might be to his.

From this moment, the revolution assumed a new and more dangerous character. The long and desperate struggle between the two parties, now closed, had been one of principle—a struggle to decide whether men were to be fettered by any religious forms, or to adopt

whatsoever belief pleased them best. The old restraints were at once taken off from the human mind, and it was allowed to go forth untrammelled and free. The effect of this sudden emancipation, was at first bewildering. To many, it was like blotting out God from the universe, and enthroning every man on the seat of supreme judgment. The most extravagant notions—even those of the levellers, who believed in the equalization of property, were tolerated. In short, the torrent of popular feeling was unbound, and whether it would, in its vast and sweeping flow, only manure, like the floods of the Nile, the earth for a future growth, or leave a bleak and barren desert in its track, was a problem from which even Cromwell must have turned with alarm. England was free—formalism in religion, and feudalism in State, were dead or dying; and a boundless prospect opened before all. A republic, with all its untamed energies, soaring hope, and rash confidence, was now inevitable. Reverence for the king was gone—parliament stood shorn of its power, and it therefore became an anxious question with those who had brought about this state of things, what the end would be.

England without a ruler seemed now a probable event; and the after course of Cromwell with the unfortunate Charles, evidently grows out of the difficulties this probability suggests. He had humbled the Presbyterians, and the people shouted his praise. He had established freedom, but where was it to end. His victory alarmed him more than the opposition of his

enemies. He had thrown the reins on the necks of the people, bidding them guide themselves; but whither would they guide the State? He began to comprehend the fact, that freedom is progressive, and to fear that power, once bestowed on the people, was irreclaimable. He might then well pause and survey the prospect around him. First, he had taken up arms against the king, solely to bring him to terms with his parliament. Unable to effect this, he had broken his armies into pieces, and finally seized his person. In the meantime, parliament had passed, from its fear of the king, to alarm at the disorganizing spirit abroad, and the large liberty demanded, tending, as it thought, to downright anarchy; and hence, began to emulate Charles in the religious oppression of his subjects. Perceiving this, Cromwell saw that he must either retire and give over the struggle as hopeless, and see the fabric he had helped to rear, at the cost of so much blood, levelled with the ground, or march his army on parliament. Forced, as a man of honor and conscience, to the latter course, by the violence of his enemies, just as he had been first forced into arms by the violence of the king, he gave a mortal blow to the highest legislative body of the land. As he saw it expire, however, he looked into the blackness that lay beyond its burial place. A disordered realm, without a king or government that could be trusted, was the spectacle that met his anxious gaze. In this crisis, therefore, he turned with a last effort to Charles, and strove manfully to secure the liberty and permanent peace of the

kingdom, and at the same time provide it with a legitimate sovereign.

Previous to the movement of the army on London, negotiations had been opened with Charles, and proposals far more favorable than those offered him at Newcastle, been submitted. But unwilling to cast himself with the republicans, just on the eve of a struggle between them and parliament; and also hoping, in the crash that must follow, to obtain, somehow, more favorable terms for himself, he would come to no definite understanding.

In the meantime, he asked an interview with his children; and the Dukes of York and Gloucester, aged, the one fourteen, and the other seven, and the Princess Elizabeth, twelve years of age, met him at Maidstone, and passed two days with him at Eversham. Cromwell was present at the meeting, and the emotions exhibited by the unhappy Charles, completely overcame his parental heart. He is said to have shed tears, and declared that his views were entirely changed as to the goodness of the king.

This is made the ground of another charge of hypocrisy against him. His tears, and expressions of sympathy, are both declared to have been feigned, and intended only for effect. It is curious to observe the folly and contradictions into which men run, when their judgments are led astray by their feelings. If, with the boldness and daring which characterized him, he faces down the king and government, he is pronounced a haughty and unfeeling tyrant, governed only

by lawless ambition. If he throws a cushion at Ludlow's head, while discussing matters of State; or daubs Marten's face with the ink he had used in signing the death-warrant of Charles, he is called a brute, who has not even the refinement to conceal his brutality. To-day, a rough, unhewn man, who cannot make a reputable speech; to-morrow, so eloquent and overmastering that he convinces even his enemies, and disarms hatred itself; now a coarse buffoon, and *presto*, the most finished dissembler and dark-minded knave that ever outwitted friends and foes: crying over the meeting of the king with his children, for effect, when but few were present to witness it; yet taking pains to insult his dead body before the whole world, as if on purpose to shock its sensibilities—he, according to his prejudiced biographers, is the roughest and smoothest, the boldest and trickiest, the most childish and the sternest man that ever lived. Assuming all shapes—possessed of all characters; a Proteus, a chameleon—an everything, a nothing; he cannot look, without intending to deceive; or speak a word on religion or politics, without playing the hypocrite. Do what he will—say what he will, it is all the same. His motives impugned—his conduct assailed; every good act denied, or explained away; and every slander believed; no man ever yet suffered so at the hand of history; and yet, colossus-like, he rises higher and higher, with each succeeding generation.

The truth is, Cromwell, though relentless as doom, in purpose, possessed a heart overflowing with kindness to his friends, and especially to his family. His private

letters prove this beyond doubt or cavil: and all the parent was moved in him, when he saw those children clinging to the neck of their royal father, and that father forgetting he was a king and a prisoner, in the joy of once more straining to his breast the offspring of his happier days.

Hitherto, he had seen him only as an enemy of liberty, the church, and the people—read his character in the haughty face that frowned on parliament, when he came to seize the five members; and thought of him as the heartless tyrant, who would wade through the blood of his subjects to a despotic throne. This burst of tenderness was a new development; and appealing, as it did, to his own warm heart, and shooting so directly and suddenly across his deep-rooted prejudices, and long cherished hate, produced a wonderful change in his views, and a strong revulsion of feeling in favor of the unhappy monarch. Such a heart, he thought, could not be irreclaimably bad, and there must still be foothold for reason and appeal.

This, doubtless, made him more open and resolute in his attempts to settle the distracted government on a fair and permanent basis, by placing Charles on the throne, while he at the same time so bound him by restrictions, and checked him by powers created for purpose, that he could not play the despot.

Historians cannot agree in the motives which actuated Cromwell in the negotiations which followed. Some say he never was serious in his protestations, but played the hypocrite throughout; others, who can-

not see what he was to gain in this, assert that he was cautiously feeling his way; and intent only on his own aggrandizement, was resolved to be governed entirely by circumstances. Others still, not content with making him a hypocrite, a liar, and an ambitious man, would fain have us believe him a Judas, who could be bought and sold for "thirty pieces of silver;" and declare that he was desirous simply to make a good bargain for himself and personal friends; and hence, demanded of the king, as a reward for placing him on the throne, the title of Earl of Essex, the order of the garter, and the appointment of commander-in-chief of the army. This man, who had unlimited control over the best-disciplined, and most terrible army, that ever trod a battle-field—with power to make and unmake parliaments; nay, held the throne in his firm grasp—incurred the hate and suspicion of that very army, and seriously endangered his own position, to obtain a command which he could have without the king, and a title he cared not a farthing for. The most extraordinary and senseless reasons for his conduct are preferred to the plain and simple one, that he was endeavoring to *secure both the peace and liberty of the commonwealth at whatever sacrifice to himself.*

After the breaking up of parliament, the army returned to Putney, and the king was placed in Hampton Court, near by. During the months of August and September, the utmost excitement prevailed both in the parliament and the army. How should the settlement of the nation be effected? was the great question; and

Cromwell, as stated above, seemed to think it could be best done by fettering the king's powers, so that he could not endanger the liberty of the realm; and then give him to the people as their legitimate sovereign. To this end, he became intimate in the king's family. He presented his wife, and Mrs. Ireton, (his daughter Bridget married in January, this year,) and Mrs. Whalley, his cousin, at court, whom the king received with great honors. This sudden change in Cromwell's conduct, could not but be observed and commented upon. He, who, but a few months since was seeking the life of Charles on the battle-field, was now seen walking in friendly intercourse with him in the park. Surprise first, and suspicion afterwards, were openly expressed in the city, and in the army. Ardent republicans, religious enthusiasts, and radicals of all sorts, were shocked and disgusted at this apparently familiar footing of their leader with the tyrant. Lilburn, who had left his regiment, because he could not learn to be obedient; and was now prisoner in the tower, sent there by the lords, for his seditious writings; at first warned Cromwell as a friend, afterwards threatened, and finally denounced him, to the agitators.

The army, as observed, was a sort of republican government by itself, and boldly discussed all questions of State, and especially the conduct of their leader. At length, suspecting their court of agitators (or, rather, adjutators), to be more faithful to the officers than to themselves, the soldiers chose new ones to watch

the latter; and anarchy was gradually creeping into all departments.

The *rationalists* who submitted to no authority but that of reason; the levellers who aimed at an entire subversion of royalty, nobility, and all government but that based on equal rights to every citizen, were loud in their denunciations of Cromwell and Ireton. The former began to feel the peril of his position, and urged vehemently on the king the conditions he proposed; conditions, he said, so much preferable to those which the parliament offered. Misled by Ashburnham, Charles refused, although he still made large promises to Cromwell; and believing that he was now indispensable to one or the other party, said to his friends: "I can turn the scale which way I please; and that party must sink which I abandon." "Sire," replied Berkley, "a cause so near lost was never recovered on easier terms." Cromwell, finding that his conduct was fast losing him the confidence of the army, was less frequent in his interviews with Charles: but that his conduct might not awaken suspicion of his integrity, he frankly told the reason; adding: "If I am an honest man, I have done enough to convince his majesty of the sincerity of my intentions; if not, nothing will suffice."

But the aspect of things in the army grew, every day, more threatening. Never was Cromwell in such danger before. The affection which the soldiers bore him nothing but his own desertion could extinguish; and this they now more than mistrusted. Societies

were formed among them, in which his conduct was openly discussed. Still bent on saving the kingdom, he braved all, determined to keep his promise with the king, until released by the treachery of the latter. But he was treading on the verge of a volcano; and it behooved him to beware of his steps. True, his emissaries and spies were everywhere; but nothing could resist the tide of feeling that was setting so strongly against him.

To us, Cromwell, amid the perils which now surrounded him, instead of being a heartless dissembler, seems a true patriot, rising in moral grandeur as his danger increases. Sustained by his inflexible, fearless, and gifted son-in-law Ireton, he determined to hazard everything personal to secure that peace which, if the present attempt failed to obtain, he knew not where to look for.

Instead of aiming at his own elevation—(to secure which he had only to *yield to the wishes of the army*)—he appears to us nobly breasting the tide of events that is bearing him on to certain power; and struggling against his fate. The army was all-powerful and radical enough, to meet the wishes of the most daring usurper; yet, instead of wielding it for his own ambition, he risked his influence over it for the common welfare, and to end a strife which constantly assumed a more alarming character. So sacred did he esteem his promise given to the king, that he adhered to him, even when open mutiny had broken out in the troops. On the 9th of October, five regiments of horse, through their adjutators, drew up a paper, called “The Case of the

Army;" which, nine days after, was presented to Fairfax. On the first of November, another paper appeared, sent out by sixteen regiments; in which their officers were declared traitors to the cause of the people, and the latter called upon to rise and turn the parliament out of doors: in short, it was demanded that England should at once become a republic, with the supreme power vested in a House of Commons chosen by the suffrages of the whole nation. These papers were suppressed by order of parliament; but the disaffection continued to spread.

DISCOVERY OF THE KING'S TREACHERY.

In this crisis of Cromwell's fate, Providence seems to have interposed for his rescue; and liberating him from his obligations to the king, compelled him to turn, once more, to the army. Charles, who had all the while been playing a double game with him, (a duplicity scarce ever commented upon,) in an evil hour to himself, confessed his treachery, in a private letter to his wife. One of Oliver's spies, whom he kept near the royal person; sent him word one day, that a man would reach the Blue Boar, in Holborn, that night, on his way to Dover, with a letter disclosing the monarch's secret designs. The man would come there, with a saddle on his head, in the lining of which the letter was sewed up. Cromwell and Ireton immediately disguised themselves as common soldiers, and proceeded to the tavern; where, calling for some beer, they sat down, while a trusty

servant kept watch at the door. At the hour designated, the man appeared, with the saddle on his head. Suddenly drawing their swords, they rushed upon him, and seizing the saddle, ripped it open. Finding the letter, they carefully closed up the saddle again; and telling the man, who was ignorant of the trust committed to him, that he was an honest fellow, let him go.

These two Puritan leaders, Cromwell and Ireton, in the garb of private soldiers, at an humble inn, bending together over that letter of the king, must have presented a picture worthy the study of an artist. How those massive features blazed up, as, perusing the evidence of his monarch's insincerity in his own confessions—declaring that he preferred to treat with the Scottish Presbyterians, rather than the army, but, should lean to whichever side appeared the strongest; he at length, came to the following sentence—"For the rest, I alone understand my position: be entirely easy as to the concessions I may grant them. When the time comes I shall know how to deal with the rogues; and, instead of a *silken garter*, I will fit them with a *hempen halter*."* One may well imagine the fixed, unalterable look, with which Oliver gazed on his fearless son-in-law, as he finished reading, and the terrible resolution which sprung to the lips of the latter. They were betrayed—shamefully betrayed by the monarch they were risking all to reinstate in power.

But painful as the discovery was, it at once relieved Cromwell from his state of extreme perplexity. Turn-

* Vide *British Statesmen*, page 467, Guizot and others.

ing, at once, from the trustless monarch, and from all hopes of saving the distracted kingdom through him, he boldly threw himself into the wild current he had hitherto vainly endeavored to stem. On his good sword, and the army not yet irretrievably lost to him, he must now rely; and assume the power which his enemies forced upon him. An immediate change came over the king's prospects—dark hints reached him of intended assassination, and warnings to flee his captors.

In the meantime, Cromwell roused himself to meet the perils which environed him. A council had been called in the army, to discuss whether it were best to dispense with monarchy altogether. Being adjourned to the next week, November 6th, he appeared in its midst; and abruptly cutting short all debate, declared that every officer should immediately return to the head of his regiment; and instead of a general meeting, which had been agreed on, there should be three special meetings in the chief divisions of the army. A council was to sit in the interval, and the management of affairs be entrusted entirely to Fairfax and parliament.

In the meantime, Charles, filled with alarm at the new aspect matters had assumed about him, and the secret warnings he received, resolved to flee. He had sent a woman, a Mrs. Whorewood, with £500, to consult a celebrated astrologer of London, respecting the course he should adopt. But his fears outran his superstitious belief; and, without waiting the answer of the astrologer, he, on the night of the 11th of November,

departed with a single valet-de-chambre. Stealing down a back staircase, he entered the park, bordered by an extensive forest, where Ashburnham and Berkley were waiting for him with fleet horses. Hastily mounting, the four fugitives plunged into the woods, and sped off, they scarce knew whither. Not a star was visible—dark and angry clouds swept the heavens—the rain fell in torrents: and drenched and weary, Charles and his companions wandered through the mazes of the forest, bewildered and lost. At day-break, however, they regained the road; and reaching Sutton, took fresh horses, and continued their flight towards Southampton. After much hesitation respecting the course they should pursue, they, at length, resolved to take refuge in the Isle of Wight, over which Robert Hammond, a colonel in the infantry, presided as governor. But, no sooner was Charles within the castle gates, than his fears returned; and, exclaiming to Ashburnham, “Oh! John, John, thou hast undone me!” walked up and down his apartment in uncontrollable anguish. It was too late, however, to retrace his steps. At length, he became more composed, and the next morning seemed quite satisfied with the asylum he had chosen.

Cromwell was the first to know of his flight, and immediately advised parliament of it. Whether he was privy to it or not, the stern Puritan, Whalley, who was the king’s jailor, has not informed us. Nor is it known whether the anonymous letters which so worked upon his fears, came from his friends, or were sent at the

instigation of Oliver, to frighten him into an escape. There may have been many enthusiastic republicans, who, clinging to their leader in unbroken confidence and love, and believing him, under a mistaken sense of duty, to be endangering the liberty and safety of the kingdom, by his adherence to the faithless monarch; endeavored, in this way, to separate them. The most probable supposition, however, is that Cromwell, the moment he discovered the insincerity of the king, and at the same time saw the imminent peril resulting from their connexion, resolved to get rid of him. Personal fear, he knew, would force him to flee; and believing that France would be chosen as the most secure retreat, he expected to release himself of so troublesome a burden, and at the same time prevent his falling into the hands of parliament.

Hammond immediately reported the arrival of Charles to parliament and the army.

CROMWELL QUELLS THE MUTINY.

Having thus disposed of his treacherous sovereign, Cromwell turned to the subjugation of his mutinous army. Acting with that decision which so often discomfited his enemies, he proceeded to Ware, in Hertfordshire, where the first of the three appointed meetings, was to take place. Only seven regiments, and those which had seemed least mutinous, had been summoned to it; but nine were there, drawn up on the common. Two, one of horse, and one of foot—the

most tumultuous in the whole army—had come of their own accord, to resist the authority of their leaders. The latter regiment had expelled all its officers, above the rank of lieutenant, except one captain, because they were too favorable to the generals. Every soldier wore a paper, called "*The Agreement of the People*," in his hat, on which was inscribed, "Liberty to England"—"Soldier's Rights." As they thus stood in disorderly array, on the open field; Rainsborough, who fought so gallantly at Bristol, Ewer, Scott, and John Lilburn fresh from the Tower, were seen galloping from company to company, in the highest excitement, brandishing their swords, and exhorting the soldiers to stand firm for their liberty and that of their country. They were answered by shouts that ever and anon rocked the plain. In the midst of this strange scene, Fairfax and Cromwell, surrounded by their officers, slowly advanced on the field. They first approached the seven less refractory regiments, and read to them a calm remonstrance against their unlawful proceedings. They pointed out the danger to which they subjected both themselves and their country—reminded them of the affection their generals had hitherto manifested; and promising to redress all their grievances, besought them to return to their duty. When the officers had finished reading the paper, the soldiers sent up a loud shout of joy, and promised to return immediately to their obedience. Cromwell and Fairfax then rode towards the two regiments of open mutineers. One, that of Harrison, followed the example of the other

seven, but Lilburn's was only the more excited and frantic. The soldiers interrupted Fairfax in the midst of his address, with shouts of "*No king—no coalition—equal rights!*" In a moment Cromwell's passions were in a blaze, and advancing, with a long, rapid stride, close to the ranks, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "*Take that paper from your hats!*" They refusing to obey, he dashed into their midst, and seizing the chief mutineer by the collar, dragged him forth in presence of all, and at the same time ordered his officers to arrest fourteen of the other ringleaders. Many a hand sought the hilt of its sword and fierce men grasped their fire-locks. But Lilburn, and Rainsborough, and the other officers, knew too well the man with whom they had to do, to attempt an interference. They had too often seen, on the battle-field, the terrible expression which now mantled his features, to doubt its meaning; and they knew it would be safer to meet the roused lion, than him in that mood. They could rush all steadily upon a stand of level pikes, but not on the breast of that single man, in that moment of wrath and fierce determination.

Instantly turning to Fairfax, Cromwell requested that the officers should be assembled; and a drum-head court-martial was ordered on the spot—and there, right in front of the rebellious regiment, those ringleaders were tried, and three condemned. One, as an example, was sentenced to be shot, and lots were cast to determine which it should be. The lot fell on a furious soldier named Arnell. A file of men were immediately called out to execute the sentence. At the word

"*Fire!*" the poor wretch fell, pierced with balls; and his companions, who, an hour before, had heard his shout of defiance ring the loudest, looked on aghast, and quailed before their resolute leader.

This quelled the mutiny for the time, and a vote of thanks was tendered Cromwell by the House of Commons. But this high-handed summary act, which completely stunned the army, soon aroused anger in the fanatic friends of the condemned, who were still in prison. They were called by some the "chosen of the Lord;" and one preacher from the country came to London on purpose to declare that God had forsaken the generals, for daring to imprison his saints.

The soldiers were afraid to meet again the torrent of their leader's wrath; but many officers expostulated with him, declaring that they would not have a king, but were bent on a republic, and if necessary, would divide the army for that purpose. He answered them evasively, well aware that though he had quelled the anarchy that threatened to disrupt the army, and re-established his supremacy there; careful management was necessary to keep what he had gained.

At length, a great meeting was called at head-quarters. It met December 22d, and ten hours were spent in prayer and mutual confessions. The mutinous officers confessed their wrong—the soldiers expressed repentance for their deeds; and Cromwell, who had adopted a tone of great conciliation, since the suppression of the mutiny, was restored to full confidence. The prisoners were set at liberty—the degraded officers restored to

their rank ;—and with solemn vows to God to act in future for the good of their country, that strangely enthusiastic and patriotic multitude dispersed.

At the same time, messengers arrived from the king, congratulating the generals on their victory, and reminding them of their promise to advance his interest. The former, however, did not stop long to negotiate—the scorn and indignation that gathered on the brows of Cromwell and Ireton, showed them that their master had nothing to expect in that quarter.

Eight days previous to this event, the House of Commons had voted that four propositions should be laid before the king, on the acceptance of which he might treat personally with parliament. First, he was to give the control of all the military and naval force to parliament for twenty years, and longer, if circumstances required. Second, to revoke all the proclamations he had made against it, in which its acts were declared illegal. Third ; annul the peerages he had created since the commencement of the war ; and lastly, allow parliament to control its own sittings.

The Scotch commissioners no sooner heard of this movement, than they sent messengers to Charles, urging him not to accept the terms ; as they would offer far better. They and the commissioners from parliament, reached the Isle of Wight nearly at the same time ; and began to push their respective claims. In two days, Charles had concluded a treaty with the Scotch ; the chief stipulations in which were, that he should establish the Presbyterian Church in England for three

years, and then leave the final settlement of its government to parliament and the Assembly of Divines. In consideration of these concessions, a Scotch army was to be raised, in conjunction with one in Ireland, and place him on the throne. At the first opportunity, he was to escape from the island, and hasten to Scotland to wait the decisive moment.

When the baffled commissioners of parliament returned, and made their report, the deepest indignation prevailed. A member, Thomas Wroth arose and said: "Mr. Speaker, Bedlam was appointed for madmen, and Tophet for kings; but our kings have, of late carried themselves as if they were fit for no place but Bedlam: I propose we lay the king by, and settle the kingdom without him. I care not what form of government you set up; so it be not by kings or devils." This bold speech was followed by one equally so from Ireton. He declared, that allegiance of the people could be procured only on the promise of protection; and as the king had denied the latter, they must refuse the former.

The revolution had progressed: men had passed from the discussion of great constitutional questions to simple assertions of their own rights as men. Kingship could now be treated contemptuously without exciting horror. The Presbyterians were alarmed; and endeavored to arrest these dangerous feelings. The blow now planned struck at the very root of English government: and if it succeeded, everything would be adrift, and the strongest win. They, therefore, strenuously opposed the motion neither to send or receive any more

messages from the king, and settle the government without him.

The debate grew warm, when Cromwell arose and said it was "high time to answer the public expectation—that they *were able and resolved* to govern and defend the kingdom, by their own power, and teach the people they had *nothing to hope from* a man whose *heart God had hardened in obstinacy*. Do not," he continued, "let the army think themselves betrayed to the rage and malice of an irreconcilable enemy, whom they have subdued for your sake; and from whom they would receive, as a reward, revenge and punishment. Do not drive them to despair; lest they seek safety by other means than adhering to you, who will not stick to yourselves. How destructive such a resolution in them will be to you all," (*laying his hand on his sword-hilt*), "*I tremble to think; and leave you to judge.*" The language and the movement were both significant; and no farther debate was attempted. The motion to proceed to the settlement of the kingdom without the king, was carried by a large majority, and sent to the upper House. Here, too, after a short struggle, it passed; and parliament stood before the world as the sovereign power of England.

This summary disposition of the throne and royal prerogative, filled the adherents of the king with consternation and rage; and countless plots were laid to excite a general insurrection. Even in the Isle of Wight, the drum was beat, and the citizens called to arms, to defend their sovereign. All over the country—in Scotland,

Ireland and Wales, there were symptoms of a general rising in his favor. The mask was off, and all saw that the complete overthrow of royalty was resolved upon. In the midst of the gathering storm, Cromwell stood calm and self-collected, though not without deep anxiety. The power he had so long wielded secretly must now be exerted openly. Still cautious, however, and waiting for the hour to strike, he watched, with a vigilance nothing could elude, the disturbed elements about him. Measures were set on foot to thwart the enemies of parliament, and acts passed, forbidding all who had fought for the king to reside within twenty miles of London. Suspected justices of the peace were removed, and the presses of the "malignants" stopped. The army once more marched through London; and men everywhere saw that the tremendous power which had gathered under the hand of Cromwell, was to be exerted to the uttermost.

Such scenes ushered in the memorable year of 1648. While Oliver thus stood and felt the heaving of the earthquake beneath him, he resolved to call together the religious leaders of the Presbyterians and Independents, to see if he could effect a reconciliation. They met at his house, but divided by religious dogmas, could come to no agreement. He then summoned to him the political leaders, such as Vane, Haselrig, Hutchinson, Ludlow, and others more moderate. He told them, that as government now rested on their shoulders, it became them to decide what form should be adopted. Some declared for a republic—some for a mixed monarchy; and

at length Ludlow asked Cromwell what *his* views were. The latter evaded a direct answer; but being hard pressed seized a cushion, and flinging it at Ludlow's head, hurried out of the room. As he left, Ludlow hurled it back; which, says the latter, "made him hasten down stairs faster than he desired." Such practical jesting in the midst of deliberations on no less a question than the salvation of a kingdom, seems strangely at war with Cromwell's character. But they err grievously, who suppose it was a mere ebullition of humor—the effervescence of a careless indifferent state of mind. It was either the impulsive movement of a spirit struggling to throw off the burden that weighed it down; or, what is more probable, a summary way of breaking up a council who were urging him too far, and whose continued deliberations could be of no avail. He had fathomed their hearts and ascertained their wishes, and now he could mature his own plans with more precision.

In the meantime, as spring advanced, incipient insurrections were announced in the North, and even in counties bordering on London. At length, in the beginning of April, a mob of the city came in collision with the militia, and a sharp conflict ensued. The former, reinforced by the watermen and others, drove the military before them—took two of the gates of the city, and seizing a magazine of arms, passed through the streets, shouting "God and King Charles!" A council of war was called, and it was proposed that the two regiments quartered in London should attack the mob. The majority voted against the measure, on the ground that the

force was insufficient. But Cromwell, with his usual promptness and daring, declared that the troops should immediately be ordered out; and—Fairfax coinciding with him—in a few minutes the tramp of the advancing squadrons was heard. In two hours the *emeute* was over, and peace restored. But the flames were only smothered, not extinguished.

While these things were passing at home, Scotland, in order to carry out its plan for the reinstatement of Charles on the throne, was endeavoring to raise an army of forty thousand men. Ireland, too, began to move; and the royalists in England taking courage, a formidable resistance seemed about to be organized.

In the midst of these alarming rumors without, the common-council of London hearing that the army had formed a plan, the moment the kingdom was invaded, to march into the city and make extraordinary levies of men and money; petitioned parliament that it should be withdrawn still farther from the walls—which was granted.

These disorders and dangers frightened the more timid and the more conservative; and leaving the Independents, they went over to the Presbyterians, so that the latter had the balance of power again in their hands. A motion was made and carried, that the form of government should not be altered, and that the proposals made to the king might be the basis on which to settle the affairs of the nation. Cromwell, who had in vain endeavored to arrest this movement, turned once more to his army; and calling a council of war, proposed to

march on the parliament and overthrow it at the pike's point. Failing to animate his officers with his bold spirit, he resolved to leave the scene of political intrigue, and with his army, win in the field, by his victories, that strength he was losing in the State.

But before we enter upon the stirring history of the second civil war, we would mention two or three events which occurred in the midst of the political excitement that ushered in the campaign of 1648.

In January, we find Cromwell negotiated a marriage contract for his son Richard, with the daughter of Richard, Mayor of Hursley, Hants, near Winchester: which, after much delay, was finally brought to a satisfactory termination. In March, the House of Commons took up the grant which had been made to him of the lands of the Marquis of Winchester and Worcester. It seems the act had never been carried out—the Winchester estate not being available:—and now his friends renewed the subject, and obtained a settlement of £1,680 per annum on him and his heirs, from the estate of the Earl of Worcester.

While this was under discussion, Cromwell lay dangerously sick, in London. This may account for the partial success gained by his enemies during the spring. While the master-spirit dreaded by all was crushed under disease, they could rally with renewed courage and confidence; and met no longer at every turn by that vigilant eye and resolute arm, work with more success. Besides, his friends might assume an attitude less bold, as he, without whom they could

do nothing, was struggling for life. The manner in which he bore this sickness, and the spirit he brought out of it, may be gathered from his letter to Fairfax, on his recovery. He says—"It hath pleased God to raise me out of a dangerous sickness; and I do most willingly acknowledge, that the Lord hath, in this visitation, exercised the bowels of a father towards me. I received in myself the sentence of death, that I might learn to trust in Him that raiseth the dead, and have no confidence in the flesh. It is a blessed thing to die daily; for what is there in this world to be accounted of? The best men according to the flesh, and things, are lighter than vanity. I found this only good—to love the Lord, and his poor, despised people; to do for them, and to be ready to suffer with them; and he that is found worthy of this, hath obtained a great favor from the Lord; and he that is established in this, shall (being confirmed to Christ, and the rest of the Body) participate in the glory of a resurrection which will answer all."*

A fortnight after the date of this letter, he wrote to the Committee of the two Houses, on the affairs of Ireland—offering *one thousand pounds*, per annum, for five years, out of the one thousand six hundred and eighty, granted him, "to be employed for the service of Ireland." He likewise discharged the State from the debt due him, for his services under the Earl of Manchester, (amounting to £1,500,) together with the salary, as Governor of Ely, for two

* Vide Carlyle, Letter xxxiv.

years, also amounting to a considerable sum. This offer was accepted. Thus far Cromwell seems to be seeking neither wealth nor power. Giving away the former as fast as bestowed—and pushed on towards the latter, by circumstances which he struggles manfully to resist; he exhibits a patriotism that malice has in vain endeavored to transform into ambition; and shows that he possessed a stout, straight-forward, honest, English heart.

Another event, characteristic of these times and men, occurred in the beginning of this year. In the confusion to which everything got reduced, the army knew not which way to turn. Abused by parliament—called upon alternately to overturn and obey it, it looked about for some light to guide its way. In this dilemma, the soldiers cast their eyes upward to the Lord, in whose service they fought. No one can reflect on the conclusion they came to, and the manner it was reached, without being deeply struck with the religious spirit that animated those brave hearts. Call it fanaticism, folly, impious confidence, anything—it is certainly not *hypocrisy*. A solemn prayer-meeting was called by the officers, to pray over the subject. It met at Windsor Castle, and the day was passed in fasting and supplication; but, without bringing any answer from Heaven. It met again the next day, and ended with the same success. The third morning these warriors assembled for the last time, to ask the Lord for his guidance. At length, according to Adjutant General

Allen, light broke in upon their darkness, and the cause of their troubles was revealed: "Which," says the Adjutant General, "*we found to be those cursed carnal conferences*, our own conceited wisdom, fears, and want of faith, had prompted us the year before to entertain with the king and his party." These honest-hearted men had hit the truth without doubt. It *was* those "*cursed carnal conferences*" with the king, and nothing else, that had well-nigh ruined the cause of English liberty.

But one would think that they might have stumbled on this plain fact, without fasting and praying three days over it. Cromwell, we suspect, *did* understand it, as well as the hint conveyed to *him* in the decision.

About this time, also, a portion of the fleet revolted, and sailed for Holland.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECOND CIVIL WAR. 1648.

Cromwell Marches to Subdue the Insurrection in Wales—Invests Pembroke Castle—Fairfax Drives the Insurgents into Colchester—Lambert Sent North to Retard the Scotch—Cromwell Reduces Pembroke, and Starts Northward—His Unparalleled March—Joins Lambert—Battle of Preston—Enters Edinburgh—Proceedings in Parliament—Attempt to Make a New Treaty with the King, and Destroy Cromwell and the Independents—Stormy Debate in Parliament—Army Marches on London—Pride's Purge—Return of Cromwell—Course of the Independents Defended.

THE insurrectionary movements continued to grow more alarming every day. In Wales, one Colonel Poyer, governor of Pembroke Castle, had declared for the king, and bade defiance to parliament. Cromwell, heedless of the plots his enemies might lay against him in his absence, and intent only on saving his country, took five regiments, and hastened thither. He departed on the 3d of May, and passing through Chepstow, which the insurgents had taken, summoned the castle to surrender. A refusal being sent, he did not choose to linger before it; but leaving Colonel Ewer, with a small force, to subdue it, who, in four weeks, succeeded; he hastened forward.

In the meantime, Colonel Horton, with a parliamentary force under him, attacked, near Cardiff, a large

reinforcement hastening to the insurgents of Pembroke, and routed it utterly.

Pushing rapidly forward, crushing all opposition as he advanced, he, in ten days more, came in sight of Pembroke. He had no artillery; but the soldiers, believing nothing impossible under their invincible leader, demanded to be led to the assault; and mounting the ramparts with shouts and songs, seemed about to carry them by one bold effort. But, suddenly assailed in turn, with incredible fury, they were hurled back in the darkness, leaving the ditch strewn with dead bodies. Cromwell then sat down before the castle; and while bending all his energies to subdue the place, wrote to Major Saunders, at Brecknock, to hasten with his forces into Monmouth, and arrest Sir Trevor Williams, a revolted officer of parliament, commanding there, also Mr. Morgan, high sheriff of the shire, another recreant official, who had gone over to the king.

While he was thus beleaguering Pembroke, unable to make a breach, for the want of cannon, which had been stranded on their passage by water; Fairfax, though ill with the gout, took the field against the insurgents in Kent, Essex, and London. Driving the motley army before him into Maidstone, he came up with, and attacked it so furiously, that, though met and opposed gallantly, he utterly dissipated it. The disjointed bands in other parts of this county and Essex, finally assembled in Colchester. Thither Fairfax marched; and closely investing the place, resolved to starve out the garrison. Other detachments were cut

up; and among them, one under young Villiers, son of the Duke of Buckingham. Lambert had been sent North, against Sir Marmaduke Langdale, who was gathering the cavaliers together, to be ready for the approach of the Scots.

While the fires were thus kindling all over England, Cromwell still lay before Pembroke—writing, in the meantime, to Fairfax, congratulating him on his victories, and wishing he was by his side. Thus stood matters in the army; and parliament, relieved from the sudden danger that threatened it, turned its force once more against the Independents, whose chief leaders were now absent at the head of their regiments. It rescinded the vote declaring that all negotiations with the king should be broken off; and new propositions, milder than the first, were talked of. Their easy confidence, however, was of short duration: the advance of the Scottish army, under Hamilton, startled them in the midst of their political squabbles; and they wrote to Cromwell, telling him to forget their former animosity, and relying on their support, push the war with vigor. The Derby House Committee,* controlled by the Independents, also wrote him to hurry off what troops he could spare, to the succor of Lambert, and follow himself with all speed, soon as Pembroke was reduced. But the commands of the one, and the fawning sycophancy of the other, fell alike unheeded. In the midst of danger, he was at home; and the greater the dif-

* Old Committee of both Kingdoms revamped, by excluding some Presbyterians, and electing Independents in their places.

difficulties that surrounded him, the more resplendent shone his genius. Three weeks before these messages reached him, he was on the march for Scotland. Informed by his trusty servants of all that passed, he had sent word to Lambert to fall back before the enemy, till he should arrive to his aid; and coiling himself closer and closer round Pembroke Castle, and thundering upon it with his cannon, which had finally arrived—hurling back every sally, and pressing home every advantage—he, at length, July 11th, (three days after the Scotch crossed the borders,) marched through the gates, and received the unconditional surrender of the garrison.

For seven weeks his men had been kept on constant duty; and now, worn out and exhausted, needed repose. But the storm that had long been gathering on the northern horizon, and was now rolling heavily over the borders, would admit of no delay; and, two days after Pembroke surrendered, he broke up his camp, and writing to the Derby House Committee, "*Send me some shoes for my poor tired soldiers—for they have a long march to make,*" started with his little army of five thousand men to meet the Scotch invasion. Moving westward, then northward, obtaining 3,000 shoes for his soldiers at Leicester, he swept forward with a speed till then unknown in the annals of war. Awing the insubordinate; encouraging the friendly; treading out the smoking insurrection as he passed; now praying and preaching with his soldiers, and now hurrying on the exhausted columns; he moved over the country

like an avenging spirit whose footsteps could brook no delay. Though weary and worn, no sooner had the soldiers pitched their tents at night than they resounded with the voice of prayer, and rung with hymns of praise to God. With the first blush of day, the roll of the drum called them from their heavy slumbers, and they again took up their line of march. No one but the leader at their head could have roused them to such efforts. But, cheered by his presence who had never led them but to victory, and excited to enthusiasm by his stirring appeals, they bore all with cheerfulness, and moved forward with alacrity. He had sent off his cavalry in advance, to sustain Lambert till he arrived, which reached him on the 27th of July, just thirteen days after its departure. On that very day, the portion of the fleet which had revolted from parliament in May last, and, setting their commander ashore, fled to Holland; arrived in England with the young Prince of Wales on board.

A fearful crisis was now fast approaching. The king, though a prisoner, was surrounded with friends plotting his escape—Colchester still held out against Fairfax—the Prince of Wales was on the coast issuing his proclamations—all England was on fire, waiting to see whether Cromwell, would be crushed before the united forces of the English and Scotch, now more than twenty thousand strong. Every eye was turned towards this single leader, who, when his wearied troops were joined to those under Lambert, would scarcely exceed eight thousand men—a number little more than

one-third of the force against him. Never were the heavens more black and tempestuous over his head than at this moment. At length, after twenty-days' march, he effected a junction with Lambert; and high and wild were the shouts that went up, as the head of his tired columns approached the camp.

BATTLE OF PRESTON—FIRST DAY'S FIGHT.

The Scotch and English army were advancing into Lincolnshire, when Oliver, with his army of eight, or as some say, nine thousand men, set out to meet it. The English cavaliers, commanded by Sir Marmaduke Langdale, whom Cromwell routed so terribly at Naseby, were fifteen or twenty miles in advance of the Scotch. This wide and impolitic separation, was owing to the immovable repugnance of the sturdy Scotch Presbyterians to unite in close fellowship with the English royalists, unless they would subscribe to the Scotch Covenant.

Thus, a day's march apart, the two armies moved forward. At length, it was told Langdale, that Cromwell was within a short distance of him, and rapidly advancing. He instantly sent word to Hamilton, and asked for reinforcements. The duke, however, refused, declaring it was impossible that Cromwell had arrived so soon from Wales, or at least, with any considerable force. Nor was this opinion presumptive:—who could believe that he had traversed the breadth and length of England in so short a time? His heavy blows had

scarcely ceased thundering on the gates of Pembroke Castle, and now, they said, he was driving in their advanced posts. "Impossible!" exclaimed the duke, yet it was nevertheless true.

Cromwell being informed of the loose manner in which the army was marching, and also of the expected approach of the Irish auxiliaries, 2500 strong, resolved, without delay, to fall upon it; and cutting it in two, roll the divided portions north and south, as the rock rolls the stream. Sending off, therefore, his train, in order to be unencumbered, and to move with more facility he, on the 13th of August, started for Lancashire. The 16th, he approached near to Stonyhaust, and encamped within nine miles of Preston, and three miles of the Scottish quarters. Here a council of war was called, and it was resolved to cross the Ribble river next day, and attack the enemy at Preston. It might have gone hard with Oliver, but for the stubbornness of Hamilton, who persisting in believing that his dreaded adversary was not near, drew off a large portion of his troops, on the very day of battle. Part of his cavalry, under Middleton, had also gone to Wigan, eight miles distant, so that the two opposing forces were about equal.

The next morning—it was a dark and drizzly morning—the republicans began to advance. Two detachments, one of two hundred horse, and another of four hundred foot, were sent forward to commence the attack. The former, coming upon a large body under Langdale, halted until the latter could arrive. Cromwell, perceiving this hesitation, spurred forward, and

ordered them to advance. But the odds were too great, and they asked for a little delay, till the arrival of the other detachment. "*March!*" thundered forth Cromwell, and the gallant troop, with a shout of defiance, precipitated itself forward. Bearing resolutely up against the overwhelming numbers, they maintained their ground till the foot came up, when charging home on the ranks, they sent them, broken and disordered, back to the main army, a quarter of a mile in the rear.

This was the commencement of the battle; and amid the roar of cannon, the shouts and enthusiastic hymns of his men, Cromwell moved steadily forward with his entire force. The English were drawn up on an enclosed moor, a short distance from Preston. The ground was well chosen to prevent the charge of Oliver's Ironsides—a body of cavalry which had become the terror of the royalists—for, intersected by hedges and fences, and made soft and miry, by the heavy rains of the past week, it furnished constant barriers to the horses, which sunk fetlock deep at every step, even when on a walk. A lane, enclosed with a high hedge, and trodden into mire, led straight up to the English centre. In this, Cromwell placed two regiments of horse—his own and Harrison's—while the infantry stretched out on either side like two arms. Two regiments of horse flanked the right wing—one regiment was stationed as a reserve in the lane, to act in case of need, and the rest of the cavalry guarded the left. Thus arrayed, Cromwell continued to advance under the heavy and constant fire of the enemy. The

English cannon swept the lane, while from every hedge close and deadly volleys of musketry were poured. But nothing could stay his progress—the solid squadrons of horse advanced slowly but firmly to the charge—the levelled pikes cleared every hedge, and pushing home every advantage, he never allowed the battle to recede for a moment. Still, every inch of ground was contested with noble resolution, and not a regiment fell back until it had left the ground covered with its dead. It was one of those close-handed fights, where there is no cessation to the tumult—no pauses in the storm—but the clang of sabres—rattle of musketry—shouts of men—and ever and anon the blast of trumpets, conspire to make a scene of indescribable wildness and terror. Sir Marmaduke rode hither and thither, encouraging his troops to bear up bravely; and strained every nerve to maintain his ground. But nothing could resist that republican host; bent on victory, they received the close and deadly fire of their foes without shrinking, and pressing fearlessly on the stands of levelled pikes, bore down the firm-set ranks with a steady pressure, against which every effort seemed powerless. It was not head long valor, but constant and resolute courage that decided the day.

After four hours of almost unprecedented fighting, the royalists, at length, gave way on all sides, and fled into the town. Pressing close on their rear, four regiments of cavalry charged shouting along the streets, clearing them of the last vestige of opposition.

Night ended the conflict, and the Puritan host lay

down on the hard fought field, with their arms in their hands. Around were scattered the dead and dying—over two thousand of them—trampled by the hoofs of the cavalry into the mire. All along that lane—by the hedges—on the open moor, and sprinkling the streets of Preston, corpses, a few hours before stirring with life and energy, were piled in ghastly groups, while the silent rain fell unheedingly both on the living and the dead.

The loss to the English army was four thousand taken prisoners, and from one to two thousand slain. That of Cromwell was comparatively slight, though doubtless far greater than he represented in his despatches.

He followed up this victory with his usual impetuosity: that very night his cavalry pursued the royalists towards Lancaster, for ten miles, cutting down the fugitives at every step, and taking five hundred prisoners.

On that same gloomy night, too, Hamilton called a council of officers together, who met on horseback, to discuss what should be done. Some were for making a stand, until Middleton, who had been sent for, at Wigan, could return with his cavalry; and then try their fortune in another battle. But most being for a retreat, the dispirited and bleeding army—hungry, drenched and weary, without a drum or bugle note to cheer the way, took up its line of march for Wigan. The ammunition was left behind, in charge of a guard, who was to blow it up, but he fled, leaving it in the hands of the victors.

SECOND DAY'S FIGHT.

All that night, the Scotch, eleven or twelve thousand strong, staggered on through the mud; and were miles in advance before Cromwell was aware of their departure. Rousing up his weary soldiers, whose unparalleled efforts for the last three months, and especially the last few days, had not dispirited them, he ordered the pursuit. Middleton had returned at the summons sent him; but coming by a different route from that which the army took, missed it. Arriving at Ribble Bridge, he found the duke had departed, and in all haste followed after. But not scatheless did he go. Thornhaugh pursued him so hotly, that he was compelled again and again to turn at bay. Carried away by his boiling courage, this gallant leader, leading the advance-guard, dashed almost alone into the very midst of the enemy, and fell, pierced by two lances. He was a noble officer; and has an epitaph that any man might covet. Says Cromwell of him, in his letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons: "*he was a man as faithful and gallant in your service as any; and one who often, heretofore, lost blood in your quarrel; and now his last. He hath left sons behind him to inherit a father's honor and a sad widow;—both now the interest of the Commonwealth.*" A noble tribute to a gallant officer from a great commander. No higher eulogy ever made a patriot immortal.

Still forcing the enemy before him, and emptying

many a saddle as he pressed the retiring squadrons, he continued the pursuit to within three miles of Wigan, where Hamilton made a stand. But no sooner did the heads of the columns of infantry appear in rear, than they again retreated. It was a terrible day: the cannon rolled up to the axles in clay; and the horses sunk almost to their knees, at every step. Many a time the cavalry charged on a walk; and the flight and pursuit were often kept up on a walk, while the rain fell in a constant shower. It was a strange scene, those two hosts toiling so slowly and heavily on, in the deep mire; the one in flight, the other in pursuit. So dreadful were the roads that they made but twelve miles that day. "It was twelve miles," says Cromwell, who was used to rough weather and rough usage, "*of such ground as I never rode in all my life.*" A hundred prisoners, besides the slain, were the meagre fruits of this day's toil.

THIRD DAY'S FIGHT.

That night, Cromwell encamped in the open field, close upon the enemy. The soldiers were drenched to their skins; but, too weary to think of their exposure, dropped in their ranks and slept; while the August moon, which at length broke through and dissipated the clouds, shone sweetly down upon them.

Some skirmishing passed between the outposts; and the republicans made a hundred prisoners—among whom were a general and two or three colonels. Utter

terror had seized the royalists; and at the mere name of Cromwell, they would break and fly. Sir James Turner, one of the officers in the Scotch army, thus speaks of his own experience, this same night, in the village of Wigan. He says: "I marched with the last brigade of foot through the town of Wigan: I was alarmed that our horse behind me were beaten, and running several ways, and that the enemy was in my rear. I faced about with that brigade, and in the market-place, serried the pikes together shoulder to shoulder, to entertain any that might charge; and sent orders to the rest of the brigade before to continue their march, and follow Lieutenant-General Baillie, who was before them. It was then night; but the moon shone bright. A regiment of horse of our own appeared foremost, riding very disorderly: I got them to stop, till I commanded my pikes to open and give way for them to ride, or run away, since they would not stay. But now my pike-men being demented, (as I think we all were,) would not hear me; and two of them ran full tilt at me. One of their pikes, which was intended for my belly, I gripped with my left hand; the other ran nearly two inches into the inner side of my right thigh; all of them crying of me and those horse, 'they are Cromwell's men!' This made me forget all rules of modesty, prudence and discretion. I rode to the horse, and ordered them to charge through the foot. They, fearing the hazard of the pikes stood; I then made a cry come from behind them that the enemy was upon them. Thus pressed by greater fears behind, they were roused to charge my

foot so fiercely that the pikemen threw down their pikes and got into houses. All the horse galloped away, and as I was told afterwards, rode not through, but *over*, our whole foot treading them down. In the confusion, Col. Lockhart was trod down from his horse, with great danger of his life.”*

The next morning, the routed and broken army recommenced its disastrous flight, streaming on towards Warrington, pursued by Cromwell and his jaded troops. When within about three miles of the place, the Scots wheeled, and made a desperate stand. A large body of pikemen presented a solid phalanx, in the open ground; while the hedges were lined with muskets, which opened a sharp and destructive fire on the pursuers. The spot they had chosen, had all the advantage of a pass; and they held it with stubborn resolution. Again and again did the victorious republicans, move shoulder to shoulder, on the levelled pikes, and charge, shouting on the thick-set hedges. But the Scots stood firm, commanded by a mere boy, with a blue bonnet, whose chivalric daring, and headlong valor, was more potent with them than the authority of the oldest officers. Hour after hour they maintained their position;—but at length, reinforcements coming up to the republicans, the latter made a last charge, and cleared the pass. On

* Vide Turner's Memoirs of his own Life and Time. Carlyle, in citing this, has made a mistake, in placing this and the fight near Warrington, on the same night. The former was on the evening of the 15th; the hot encounter which followed, the day after. The confusion, doubtless, arose from the indistinct relation of Sir James Turner.

that well-contested ground, the Scotch left a thousand slain, and among them the young "gallant in the blue bonnet."* Falling back on Warrington, they barricaded the place, and made another stand. When Cromwell came up, and saw the strength of the position, he expected a bloody resistance; but, to his surprise, Lieutenant-General Baillie, who commanded the troops—nearly four thousand in number—sent in an offer to capitulate, which was accepted, and the three days' battle was over. Of all that gallant array, that came so proudly over the borders, nothing now remained but shattered and disordered fragments. With his eight thousand republicans, Oliver had utterly dissipated it—having slain several thousands, and taken nearly *nine thousand prisoners*.

Hamilton, himself, with about three thousand horse, fled towards Nantwich, harrassed at every step by the inhabitants. Cromwell sent Lambert after him, and himself attempted a pursuit of the enemy; but, finding his troops had been overtaken, he recalled them. Constantly in the saddle, riding hither and thither—now exhorting his army in that enthusiastic language he knew so well how to employ; and now toiling over the hard-fought field, his mind, for the last few weeks, and, especially, last few days, had been wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, and his body to its greatest power of endurance. Yet, when the victory was gained, he did not flag; but grieved that he could not follow up the victory more vigorously. The result of

* Vide Heath's Chronicle, cited by Carlyle.

the attempt to do it shows what unparalleled exertions had been demanded, and cheerfully rendered, by his devoted Ironsides. When ordered to march, the bugles sounded; but those jaded horses no longer sprung to the touch of the spur. With their heads down, and stiff in all their joints, they moved at a snail's pace along. The worn riders could not prick them into a gait faster than an easy walk; and Cromwell, seeing how completely knocked up his favorite cavalry were, resolved to give them rest. In his letter to Speaker Lenthall, he says, in his blunt manner, "If I had a thousand horse that *could trot thirty miles*, I should not doubt but to give a very good account of them; but, truly, we are so *harassed and haggled out, in this business, that we are not able to do more than walk an easy pace after them.*"

The prisoners encumbered the army, and he begged parliament to make some disposition of them. He said they would not go home if they might without a guard, they were so fearful of the country they had ravaged in their march. "*Ten men,*" he writes, "*will keep a thousand from running away.*"

To Major Berry and Edward Sexton who brought Cromwell's despatches to parliament, the respective sums of two hundred and one hundred pounds were voted as a reward for being the bearers of such good news. A day of general thanksgiving was ordered, and gladness filled the hearts of the republicans. Colchester, before which Fairfax had lain all this time, now surrendered—the Prince of Wales with the fleet put swiftly

to sea, and steered again for Holland; while, with his troops in a state of open mutiny, and Lambert close at hand, the Duke of Hamilton surrendered at Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, on the 25th, and afterwards mounted the scaffold. When the exciting news reached Scotland, "the kirk and Argyle party"* flew to arms to complete the demolition of Hamilton's scattered forces. This, says Carlyle, was called the "*Whiggamore Raid*," 1648; the first appearance of the whig party on the page of history, I think. "David Leslie was at their head, and old Leven, 'the field-marshal of 1639,' in the castle of Edinburgh, who *cannonaded* the Royal 'Hamilton' troops whenever they came in view of him." Colonel Monro, who commanded the rear-guard of the Scotch army, and fled at the first battle, now gathered up the scattered fragments of the two armies, Scotch and English, and whatever else he could muster, and pillaging the counties through which he passed, endeavored to raise another force with which to make head against the republicans.

The manner in which these great disasters, falling so rapidly on the heels of each other, were received by the royalists may be gathered from the following extract from one of their own papers. "Nothing," says this paper, "is heard now among the brethren but triumph and joy, singing and mirth for their happy success (*thanks to the devil first, and next to Noll Cromwell's nose*) against the Scots, whom they vaunt they have beaten to dust." It then goes on to state

The church party that repudiated the king—and hence this war.

the ruin that had overtaken the royalists, "and as if the *devil had got the sway of mundane affairs*, the most robust and heroic knight, Sir Marmaduke, was unluckily imprisoned with some other wealthy loyalists, as they were sitting in a blind ale-house, and carried prisoners to Nottingham Castle. But Monro, one of the best soldiers in Christendom, is coming on with a powerful army to give Noll Cromwell another field-fight. * * * *if he can shatter this army*, also, he will prove himself one of the most fortunate villains that ever acted mischief. He will find hard play here, for these will not be laughed out of their loyalty nor *frighted out of themselves with the blazing of his beacon nose.*"* But no sooner did Lambert rejoin him, after the pursuit of Hamilton, than this same Noll Cromwell gave orders to march after the valiant Monro, who took good care not to let his soldiers see the "blazing of that beacon nose,"—much less feel the stroke of his trusty blades. Fleeing before him, he crossed the border, and left Scotland open to his victorious army.

In the meantime, Cromwell published a declaration requiring all the fugitives of the late Scotch army to remain in the places designated for them: should they disobey, the friends of parliament were to seize, and if resistance was offered, to slay them. He, also, while lying here on the Scotch border, sent a letter to Fairfax, recommending the widow of one Col. Powell to his "tender consideration," and requesting he would use his influence in parliament to have her and hers provided

* Cited from Parliament Porter, by the author of *British Statesmen*

for; saying, that "upon his death-bed" the gallant colonel, (who had, doubtless, fallen at Preston,) commended his wife and children to his care. He, also, wrote to the "Committee of Estates for the kingdom of Scotland," announcing his arrival at Berwick, and demanding the rendition of the castle, together with its garrison and that of Carlisle: this letter was dated the 16th of September. Four days before, the frightened Munro appeared before Edinburgh; but being refused entrance and seeing the cannon of the castle pointed against him, and an army 6,000 strong ready to give him battle, he moved off to Stirling, where he made a treaty, and submitted to the constituted authorities.

Berwick and Carlisle were at length both given up, Sept. 24th, "by the order of the Earl of Lanark and divers lords of his party." Nine days before, Cromwell issued a proclamation forbidding his soldiers to plunder or commit any violence on the inhabitants, on pain of death. This was caused by the disorderly conduct of a regiment of horse, which crossing the Tweed "on the Lord's Day," as the army was marching to the banks, seized some horses, and otherwise behaved "disorderly." For this offence the commanding officer was suspended, and the plunderers cashiered. Cromwell wrote to the "Committee of Estates" about it; stating, that this regiment, together with the other marauding parties, were not a part of his regular army, but "northern horse," who had not been under his discipline and government "until just as he came into those parts." These troops he sent back to England,

much to the joy of the people, who felt that the enemy was more considerate of their safety and happiness than their pretended friends.

In the meantime, having left garrisons at Berwick and Carlisle, he marched on Edinburgh. The gates were thrown open to receive him, and entering them on the 4th of October, he was escorted in triumph through the city. Great and small flocked to see him, and he was entertained like a king. The next day he addressed a long letter to the "Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland"—going over the causes of the war, showing how dangerous the party he had just humbled was, and the necessity of extirpating it, root and branch; and concluded with the demand, that they should not allow any one engaged in the recent hostilities against England, "to be *employed in any public place of trust whatsoever.*" "This," said he, "is the least security I can demand." It was graciously granted the next day. On the following day, a great dinner was given him at Edinburgh Castle, at which the Earl of Leven presided, and the Marquis of Argyle, and other lords and dignitaries were guests. As Oliver left the castle, the cannon thundered forth a salute: and escorted by lords, he departed from the city, and again turned his face southward.

But, during these eventful months, so big with the fate of England, far different scenes were passing in parliament. Urging on Cromwell all despatch and vigor, while the enemy threatened them and their government together, the Presbyterians no sooner saw him

victorious than they attempted to stab him in the back. Thus, while he was straining every nerve to save England, parliament was plotting to destroy him. Now, leading his bare-foot soldiers away from Pembroke Castle, and now, hurrying them, weary and exhausted, the length and breadth of the land; and though outnumbered nearly three to one, hurling them in such rapid and successive charges on the enemy, that they break and fly, never more to rally—marching through the drenching rain—pressing up every advantage with such energy, that his tired cavalry can pursue only on a walk—overcoming all obstacles, and quenching, with one great effort, the flames of civil war, he claims the affection and gratitude of government; but receives only its jealousy and deadly hostility.

No sooner had he departed for the North, than the Presbyterians, seeing that his success would be their ruin, determined to crush him, *whatever his fortune might be*. The eleven members were recalled, and Holles returned and took his seat. New negotiations were opened with the king, and fresh commissioners sent for that purpose to the Isle of Wight. Soon after, (August 8th,) Huntington, formerly a major in Cromwell's own regiment, addressed a memorial to the House of Lords, in which he accused the latter of intrigue, perfidy, ambition, and contempt of parliament and the rights of the people. He made oath to his specifications; but when it came to be sent to the House of Commons, no member dared take charge of it. The name of Cromwell inspired too much terror. It

was then sent to the Speaker, who, inspired by the same terror, laid it aside, and never told the House he had received it.

Oliver's friends in parliament denounced, in the most unsparing terms, this attempt to destroy a member of the House, while absent in the service of the country. They even sent to Fairfax, before Colchester, and besought him to interfere. He promised to do so, in case of need, but said the time had not yet come. Ludlow then applied to Ireton, whom Cromwell had left behind, on purpose, no doubt, to watch his enemies during his absence, and received a similar reply. There was no officer in the army, whose service he needed more in his Scottish campaign, than those of his brave and gifted son-in-law. But neither was there a man in the kingdom, to whom he could entrust so safely the common cause while absent.

These assassin-like attempts to ruin Cromwell were made on the very days he was periling his life in the battles of Preston.

Determined, however, not to die without a struggle, the republicans, notwithstanding the apathy of Fairfax, pressed parliament with petitions to declare itself the sovereign power, and grant the reforms so long promised; but they received no reply whatsoever.

In the meantime, September 13th, the fifteen commissioners, five from the upper House, and ten from the lower, started for the Isle of Wight, to settle a treaty of peace with the king. Three days after, Henry Marten

took horse for Scotland, to inform Cromwell of what was passing, and hasten his return.

On the 18th of September, the commissioners opened their negotiations. These were to last forty days, during which time the king was to make no attempt to escape. At the opening of the conference, Charles sat under a canopy, with his counsellors silent around him. His hair had turned slightly grey, and on his fine countenance was an expression of sadness and melancholy thought, traced there by his heavy misfortunes. Every morning the commissioners appeared before him, and each separate proposal was fully argued. Charles combatted ably for his rights; but yielding step by step, at length, agreed to surrender the military force to parliament, and allow it to nominate the chief officers of State. He even declared the war which had been waged against him, lawful; indeed, consented to everything but the punishment of his friends, and the abolition of episcopacy. The forty days were consumed in these protracted negotiations, and twice was the time extended. Five times the commissioners voted his concessions insufficient, but still eagerly pressed a settlement, before Cromwell should return and upset everything. The king, however, stood firm on these points, and was evidently heartless in his concessions with regard to the others: for, after giving his royal word that the persecutions in Ireland should be stopped, he secretly wrote to Ormond, commanding him to obey his wife's orders, not his, nor "trouble himself about his concessions to Ireland, as they would lead to nothing:"

and on the very day he promised to give up the military power to parliament for twenty years, he wrote to Sir William Hopkins, that this concesssion was made solely to "*facilitate his approaching escape.*" Thus false throughout, he regarded all promises as compulsory, so long as he was not on the throne.

While events were thus progressing in the Isle of Wight, parliament became a scene of confusion and alarm. The army was enraged at the negotiations carried on with the king; Cromwell was returning, and everything tending to a catastrophe. Petitions came pouring in against all delinquents; at length, one from the regiments of Ireton, Ingoldsby, Fleetwood, Whalley and Overton, demanding justice on the king.

THE CHIEF DELINQUENT.

On the 20th of November, Col. Ewer presented himself at the door of the House with a grand remonstrance from the army, in which the perils of the country were specified and charged home on the imbecile parliament. It called on them to break off all negotiations with the king, and bring him to trial—to declare the sovereignty of the people—provide for universal suffrage—in short, establish a republic. It fell like a bomb in the midst of parliament, and for awhile all was confusion, indignation and excitement. After two days' stormy debate, it was voted to return no answer at all to the remonstrance. But this only inflamed the popular feeling. The most alarming and contradictory reports were cir-

culated. Now Cromwell was close at hand—now Fairfax and Ireton were about to lead the army on London. On the other side, the royalists threatened assassination—Fairfax was warned of his danger—it was even rumored that eighty of the most powerful members were to be murdered as they left the House. The republicans were openly insulted—Rainsborough had been poniarded at Doncaster, and all was terror and dismay. But amid the various and startling rumors borne to the ear of Charles, one alarmed him more than all others, viz.: that Fairfax had removed Hammond from the governorship of the Isle of Wight, on the ground of his being too lenient to him, and appointed Colonel Ewer in his place. It was this news which impelled him to make immediate and great concessions, which he had no intention of fulfilling.

Hammond seems to have been an ingenuous, conscientious man, ill-fitted for the turbulent times in which he was thrown. He left the army, and selected the governorship of the Isle of Wight, in order to obtain quiet, and lo, he was now in the very vortex of trouble and excitement. On the same day, November 25th, in which he received the order from Fairfax, to resign his post, Cromwell, from near Pontefract, the castle of which he was endeavoring to subdue in his march northward, was writing a long, and somewhat remarkable letter to him. It was rather a sermon than a letter, in which he discussed the providences of God, as seen in the times—the duty of every conscientious man—the lawful power of the army, &c., &c. He endeavored to

satisfy the religious scruples of his "dear Robin," as he called him, respecting the course he should adopt towards the king; telling him that it was wrong to flinch from the responsibility providence had thrown upon him, and exhorting him to seek the "spirit of knowledge and understanding, the spirit of counsel, and might, and wisdom, and fear of the Lord." He closed this singular epistle with:

"This trouble I have been at, because my soul loves thee; and I would not have thee swerve, or lose any glorious opportunity the Lord puts into thy hand. The Lord be thy counsellor.

"Dear Robin, I rest thine.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

It came too late, however, to affect "Robin" in the discharge of his duties as governor;—Fairfax, doubtless through the influence of Ireton, had taken a more effectual method to prevent any weak misgivings, and appointed a sterner and more resolute man in his place.

The same day, also, the commissioners departed with the compact made between them and the king. On the 1st of Dècember, it was laid before parliament; and though possessing the same obnoxious points, which had caused the former rejection of the king's proposals, the Presbyterians moved that it should be the basis of a peace; and the debate commenced. It had lasted, however, but a few hours, when a letter was received from Fairfax, stating that the army was marching on London. In the midst of the sudden terror, caused by

this announcement, the Independents called out "Question! Question!" hoping, in the panic, to defeat the motion before the House. But the Presbyterians had rallied for a death struggle, and would not let the vote be taken, and the debate was adjourned over to next day.

In the meantime, the army at Windsor was bowed in prayer before God. It had heard, the day before, of the rejection of its remonstrance, and appointed this as a day of prayer, in order to seek direction and guidance from heaven. At its conclusion, it was resolved, with one accord, to advance on London; and the next morning, December 2d, while parliament, again in session, was debating the motion of the previous day, it took up its line of march. Before night, the massive columns were pouring quietly, yet rapidly, into the city.

Meanwhile, the debate was carried on tumultuously in the House, and protracted till evening, when, (the next day being Sunday,) it was adjourned over to Monday. That was a solemn Sabbath for London and England. In the several quarters of the army, no rioting was permitted, and nothing but prayer and exhortations broke the stillness and solemnity that reigned throughout the capital. But all the religious ceremonies had a direct reference to the coming struggle. The most miraculous events in the Old Testament, the wonderful interposition of the Lord in behalf of his people, when pressed by the enemy, were received with enthusiasm by the soldiers and applied to themselves.

THE KING SEIZED.

The next day, when parliament assembled, anxiety sat on every countenance; for, coiled around it, lay the indignant army; while a whisper passed round the House, that the king had been seized, and carried to Hurst Castle. This was true—four days before, or the next night after the commissioners left the Isle of Wight, Charles was seized at Newport, where the conference had been held, and carried from the island across to the beach, and imprisoned in Hurst Castle—a stronghold that stood frowning over the sea. It was a dark and stormy night, when the republicans landed on the island; but their arrival was soon known, and their purpose discovered by the king's friends. The Earl of Lindsey, Duke of Richmond, and Colonel Edward Cook, urged him to escape instantly. Cook mounted in the driving rain, and rode at the peril of his life around the coast, to Carisbrook, to see what was going on. On his return, at midnight, he found the king's quarters surrounded with soldiers—the smoke of their gun-matches, carried by the damp air, into his very apartments. It was a sad spectacle the three friends and the king presented there alone, in the stormy midnight, discussing the perils which surrounded them. Richmond and Lindsey passionately entreated their master to fly; while Cook, drenched with rain, stood silent and stern before the fire. At length, Charles turned to him, and asked his advice. He refused, at

first, to give it; but, being commanded by Charles, asked, "Will your majesty allow me to address you a question?" He replied in the affirmative, when Cook said, "Suppose I should not only tell your majesty, but prove to you, that the army intend forthwith to seize you; if I add that I have the pass-word—horses ready at hand—a vessel attending me, hourly expecting me—that I am ready and desirous to attend you—that this dark night seems made on purpose—that I see no difficulty in the thing, what would your majesty do?" The king stood a moment silent and thoughtful, and then replied, "No; they promised me, and I promised them: I will not break first." Cook reminded him that it was the army, not the parliament, who wished to seize him. Charles still shook his head; and Cook and Lindsey withdrew, leaving him alone with Richmond. The truth is, the king seemed never equal to sudden and great emergencies. When called upon to decide quick, and in favor of desperate measures, involving his personal safety, and demanding great personal effort, he invariably failed. Once, only, at the battle of Naseby, did he exhibit any of the characteristics of a daring, self-reliant man.

The next morning, he was carried across to the castle, and locked up in a room so dimly lighted that lamps were needed at mid-day. Ireton, no doubt, was at the bottom of this, as well as the movement on London. Resolute, daring, and inflexible as Cromwell, he was still more of a republican; and had no reverence whatever for kingship.

This news, which soon passed from rumor to open announcement, was not calculated to soothe the Presbyterians; and before proceeding to the business for which they were assembled, they denounced, in the most opprobrious terms, this high-handed measure of the army; and passed a vote declaring that it had been executed without their assent or knowledge. The debate on the motion respecting the king's concessions was then resumed, with the determined resolution, on the one hand to carry it through, and on the other to defeat it, at all hazards. Hour after hour, the hall rung to the loud and angry declamations of the members; until at length, late in the night, after twelve or fourteen hours' discussion, Prynne, the famous Puritan who had his ears twice cropped off, been put in the stocks, fined and imprisoned, arose, and spoke in behalf of the motion.* His sufferings for the cause of liberty;

* He began: "Mr. Speaker, first, I would remove the seeming prejudices which else may enervate what I am to say. Some members, firstly, have aspersed me, that I am a royal favorite, alluding to the title of one of my works. All the royal favor I ever yet received from his majesty or his party, was the cutting off of my ears, two several times one after another, in a most barbarous manner; the setting me upon three several pillories in a disgraceful manner, for two hours at a time: the burning of my licensed books before my face by the hangman; the imposing of ten fines upon me of \$5000 a-piece; exclusion from the House, and court, and university of Oxford; the loss of my calling, almost nine years' space; close eight years' imprisonment, without pens, ink, paper, or books, except my Bible, and without access of friends, or any allowance of diet for my support. If any member envy me for such royal favors, I only wish him the same badges of favor; and then he will no more asperse me for a royal favorite, or apostate from the public cause"—Parl. Hist.

the injustice he had received from the hands of the king; and above all his known attachment to the principles of freedom, gave great weight to his address, and doubtless, turned the scale in favor of the Presbyterians. At five o'clock* in the morning, having sat nearly twenty-four hours, the motion was put and carried, that the king's concessions afforded a sufficient basis for a peace. One hundred and twenty-nine were in favor of it, and eighty-three against it—giving a clear majority of forty-six.†

The crisis had now come: the king was once more to be restored; and the Independents and the army, with Oliver at their head, were to be given up to the vengeance of the Presbyterians and royalists.

PRIDE'S PURGE.

That night was one of anxious deliberation among the officers. At length, they resolved to purge the House by force; and a list of the chief members of the Presbyterian party was immediately made out. Next morning, the city train-bands being discharged from their duty, as guards of parliament, Col. Rich, with a regiment of horse, took possession of Palace yard; while Col. Pride, with a regiment of foot, invested Westminster Hall, closing every avenue to the House of Com-

* Guizot says nine o'clock; and makes out that of the twenty-four hours which the House sat, *twelve* of them were consumed by Prynne alone—evidently a mistake.

† Guizot says, one hundred and forty and one hundred and four, or a majority of thirty-six: and a house of 244 instead of 212 members

mons. He himself stood at the principal entrance, with the list of proscribed members in his hand, and Lord Grey of Groby by his side; who whispered, as this and that one approached, "he is one of them." "To the queen's court," thundered out Pride; and the soldiers seized them instantly, and hurried them away. The members declared loudly against this breach of law; the parliament appealed to Fairfax, but to no purpose; and forty-one were thus seized, and marched rather unceremoniously to a tavern called Hell, where they were lodged for the night. The next day, Cromwell suddenly entered the House, walking arm in arm with Henry Marten, and took his seat. Informed of what was going on, he had left the army and the reduction of Pontefract Castle to Lambert, and hastened to London. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "God is my witness, that I know nothing of what has been doing in this House: but the work is in hand, and now we must carry it through." And it *was* carried through. "Pride's Purge," as this summary purging of parliament was called, was continued this day, the 7th, also, till over a hundred members were either seized, or frightened into flight. Never before was a majority so quickly reduced and opposition annihilated.

The Independents had it now their own way; and after having voted thanks to Cromwell, for the manner in which he had conducted the Scottish campaign, revoked the recent acts of parliament respecting peace.

This was another high-handed, illegal act, on the

part of the republicans; and was done—as Hugh Peters (Fairfax's chaplain) said, when asked by the members by what authority they were arrested—“*by the power of the sword.*” No one pretends to find any law for such a proceeding; and whoever expects a *revolution* can proceed according to law, expects what never did, and never can, happen. It is one of the very designs and objects of a revolution to overturn authority, and institute new rules and new powers. Yet, those who suppose this attack on parliament was the result of wild phrensy, or headlong enthusiasm, very much mistake the character of the men who planned it. Cromwell, evidently, knew nothing of the movement, though he declared it met his approval. Even Fairfax, the commander-in-chief, was ignorant of it. It was Ireton's work throughout, though men of nearly equal ability and daring were also in the plot. It was a well-discussed and deliberate scheme; and, in our opinion, justified by the circumstances of the case. Here was a king, whom nobody could trust—who had, in fact, not surrendered one jot of those claims, to substantiate which he had again deluged the kingdom in blood—suddenly to be put in power, and the whole struggle to be gone over with again. The Presbyterians did not believe in his promises: the commissioners, themselves, knew he did not design to keep his word, and grant the concessions which had been wrung, with such difficulty, from him. It was a heartless business throughout;—on the part of the king, a deception practised “to facilitate” his “escape;”—on

the part of the Presbyterians, a dishonest attempt to crush the Independents, who, with the army on their side, were getting too strong for them. The very concessions which they now voted ample, they had again and again declared inadmissible. That the parliament and king would settle a peace on this basis, no one believed. The Presbyterians, however, saw that they must choose between their own destruction and a coalition with Charles; and so, unhesitatingly, preferred the latter, reckless of the evils that might flow from it. But, how did the matter present itself to the republican leaders? They penetrated the design, and saw clearly that one of three things must be done. First, they must consent to be destroyed, and have the army disbanded, and the country given over to the political intrigues of the Presbyterians and the king, trusting to providence or fortune for the result; or, in the second place, resisting all attempts to disband them, as they had heretofore done, silently wait for events to take their course, and leave the king and his party to bring on another bloody war; or, in the third place, do as they did? In the one case, they must abandon all that for which they had been so long struggling, and leave England to its fate; and, in the other, enter again on all the horrors of civil war. There was no escape from one or other of these monstrous evils: they were compelled, therefore, with their eyes open, to choose between them, or resort to violence. So long as there was a possibility that parliament would not push matters to such an extremity, the republicans contented themselves with remon-

stances and petitions; but as soon as the vote was carried, and the step taken, compelling them to look the evils before them directly in the face, and make their choice, they unhesitatingly employed the only power left them—the sword.

Thus far, amid all the enthusiasm and fanaticism which pervaded the army, the leaders have shown themselves clear-headed, wise, and prompt; but the next step exhibits more the wild and fierce revolutionary spirit—we mean, the execution of the king.

CHAPTER VIII.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF THE KING.

The King Brought from Hurst Castle to Windsor—His Impeachment—Creation of the High Court of Justice to Try Him—Westminster Hall during the Trial—Address of President Bradshaw—Interruption of the Court by Downs—Conduct of Cromwell—Sentence of the King—His Agitation, and Efforts to be Heard—Interview with His Children—Attempts to Save Charles—Conduct of Cromwell in Signing the Death-Warrant—The King's Execution—Cromwell's Soliloquy over the Corpse—Defence of Him against His Biographers—Ireton Chief Actor—Defence of Parliament—Character of the King.

IMMEDIATELY after this "purge" of parliament, petitions came pouring in, to have the king tried for the evils he had brought on the realm. They were granted; and a detachment, under Major Harrison, was sent to Hurst Castle, to bring him to Windsor. It arrived at the castle at midnight; and Charles, aroused out of his sleep, by the noise made in lowering the draw-bridge, rang, in alarm, for Herbert, who slept in an adjoining room, and sent him out to inquire who had come. On being told, Major Harrison, he became so deeply agitated, that Herbert wept in sympathy. Charles, on witnessing his emotion, said, "I am not afraid; but do you not know that this is the man, who, I was told, during the last treaty, was to assassinate me? This is a place

fit for such a purpose." But, when he was informed that the detachment had come to take him to Windsor, he was pacified; and, two days after, under the guard of Lieutenant-Colonel Cobbett, cheerfully set out for his former palace, and the scenes of his early pleasures. Lord Newburgh, with whom he dined on his way, endeavored to persuade him to make his escape on one of his fleet horses; but Charles refused; and, December 23d, entered Windsor—the same day on which a motion to impeach him was carried, and a committee of thirty-eight appointed to make out the charges. Henry Marten and Thomas Scott were the chief members of the committee—both accomplished men, able statesmen, and daring republicans. On the 28th, an ordinance for his trial passed the lower House. On that very day, also, Charles received an order from the council of war, directing that the ceremonies of regal state, which had heretofore been extended to him—such as being served by a cup-bearer, on bended knee, with a chamberlain, maitre d'hotel, esquire carver, &c., should hereafter be dispensed with.

On the first day of the new year, 1649, the committee made their report, accusing Charles Stuart, king of England, of high treason; and the next day sent the charge and evidence to the House of Lords. The latter immediately rejected them, and adjourned for a week—an act the commissioners construed into an abdication of their functions, and so proceeded to try the king without them. A fresh ordinance was passed in the name of the *House of Commons*, by

which a high court of justice, consisting of one hundred and thirty-five members, was created. Of these, there were Viscount Lisle, Lord Grey of Groby, Lord Monson, Fairfax, Cromwell, Skippon, Ireton, Marten, and all the colonels of the army, three sergeants-at-law, five barristers, five aldermen of London, one knight of the Bath, eleven baronets, and ten knights. Eighty-two were members of the House of Commons.

Such an august court might try the emperor of the world, and not be accused of presumption. It met on the 8th of January, and nominated its officers and council. The next day, a new, great seal—the seal of the commonwealth of England, was ordered by the House of Commons. The day following, the high court met, and appointed John Bradshaw, a cousin of Milton's, sergeant-at-law, and chief justice of Chester, president. Perhaps a more fitting man could not have been chosen for this high and responsible office. Learned, upright, calm, grave, self-collected, and, when demanded of him, inflexible and stern as death, he was well-calculated to direct the proceedings of one of the most extraordinary tribunals ever erected upon the earth.

Steele, Coke, Dr. Dorislaus, and Aske, were counsel for the prosecution.

Everything being ready, the king was privately brought from Windsor, on the 19th of January; and the next morning, conducted by Harrison, before the court assembled in Westminster. The members re-

duced in numbers, on account of many refusing to sit as judges, were in private session in the painted chamber, where prayer had just been offered, when it was announced that the king was coming. Cromwell immediately turned to the court, and said, "Let us resolve here, what answer we shall give the king, when he comes before us; for the first question he will ask of us, will be, by what authority and commission we try him?"* A pause ensued, when Marten rose, and replied, "*In the name of the commons, and parliament assembled, and all the good people of England.*" Ample authority in times of revolution. They then adjourned to Westminster Hall, with Bradshaw at their head, preceded by sixteen armed officers. Bradshaw, dressed in a scarlet robe, and wearing his ever-afterward renowned broad-brimmed hat lined with steel, took his seat in the centre of the court, in a scarlet-cushioned chair. The members ranged themselves on either side of him on benches, covered with scarlet cloth—also keeping their hats on their heads. At each extremity of this long line of republican judges—sixty-

* Guizot, and Dr. d'Aubigne following him, says, "*he turned pale.*" These writers contradict themselves sadly. At one time, Cromwell is so tender and faint-hearted, that he turns pale at the sight of the king; at another, so destitute of feeling, that he is guilty of buffoonery when signing his death-warrant; and again, made of such hardened material, that he, voluntarily, goes to gaze and muse on the royal corpse. It is not likely that he who had so often charged home on the king in battle, turned pale to see him pass the window, guarded by soldiers. The statement rests on the testimony of a single witness, given after the restoration, and who, doubtless, mistook his own pallor for that of Cromwell.

nine in number, stood men at arms, a little in advance, so as to command a view of the whole. Below the president, beside a table covered with a rich Turkish cloth, on which lay the sword of state and mace, sat the two clerks of the court.

As soon as the great gates of the hall were thrown open, the crowd poured in, and filled all the space below, together with the galleries allotted to the spectators. Silence being restored, the President said, "Sergeant, bring in the prisoner!" A moment of breathless suspense followed; and then, Charles Stuart, of England, walked slowly, calmly in, guarded by thirty-three officers; and after gazing sternly and coldly on the crowd and court, with his hat on, took his seat at the bar, facing the judges. The next moment he rose again to his feet, and turning round, looked down the vast hall—first, on the guards ranged in order on the left; and then, upon the sea of heads that crowded the space to the right, without saying a word, or betraying the least agitation or fear. As he again turned to the court, his eye fell on the new escutcheon of the commonwealth, on either side of which sat Oliver Cromwell and Marten. That insignia of the new commonwealth, between two such men, spoke volumes to the king; and he sank in his seat.

Bradshaw then rose, and said, "Charles Stuart, king of England, the commons of England, in parliament assembled, taking notice of the effusion of blood in the land, which is fixed on you, as the author of it, and whereof you are guilty, have resolved to bring you to

a trial and judgment; and, for this cause, the tribunal is created. The charge will now be read by the solicitor-general." The attorney-general, Coke (or, as some have it, Cook), then rose to read it, when the king tapped him on the shoulder with his cane, exclaiming, "*Silence!*" in a tone of high command. The gold head of the cane was knocked off in the action, and the king himself was compelled to stoop and pick it up. His superstitious nature immediately construed it into an evil omen; and, for a moment, his working features revealed the agitation of his breast. Coke then went on to the end without interruption, charging him with abuse of power, with tyranny, and shedding the blood of his people, in short, of high treason. The king sat the while motionless as marble, save as the words "tyrant, traitor, murderer," smote his ear, when a slight smile passed over his features. The reading being finished, the president said, "You have heard the charge—the court awaits your answer." Charles replied, that he did not recognise the authority by which he was arraigned—that it was but a short time since he was negotiating a treaty with parliament, and now he was arrested as a culprit—that two houses were necessary to a parliament, but he saw none of the lords here—that a king was also necessary to a parliament, and when convinced of the legality of the tribunal before him, he would answer, and not before. The president replied, that it was by the authority of "*the people of England;*" authority sufficient for them, if not for him; and

that he must plead to the charge, or it would be taken *pro confesso*.

The whole time of sitting was spent in arguing the authority of the court. On Monday it met again, and this and the next day were occupied in the same fruitless altercation. The fourth and fifth days the court sat in the painted chamber, and was employed in hearing witnesses. On the evening of the last day (the 25th), a vote was passed declaring the king to be a traitor, tyrant, and enemy to his country; and a committee of seven, Marten, Harrison, Say, Ireton, Scot, Lisle, and Love, were appointed to draw up the sentence. The next day, the form of the charge* was discussed with closed doors, and finally adopted. The following morning, the court met for the last time, and the king was brought in to receive sentence. As he passed through one of the entrances, some soldiers cried out "justice," "execution;" but one of them upon guard said, "God bless you," for which his officer struck him. "The punishment," said the king, mildly, "methinks exceeds the offence."†

* See Appendix.

† Guizot has a long account of the insults heaped on the king, such as puffing tobacco-smoke in his face, and mocking him in brutal language; some writers have declared that the soldiers spit in his face. The details of Guizot on this point, are, to say the least, apocryphal. What might have been said in the crowd, out of hearing of the king and his guard, is entirely irrelevant: coarse jokes are heard around every scaffold and gallows, and, doubtless, were uttered during the king's trial, and these have been preserved and very easily made to have been uttered to his face. But Herbert, the king's constant attendant, makes no mention of these brutalities in his account of the matter

Being again at the bar, Charles attempted to speak, but was sternly silenced by the president, who bade him first listen to the court and then, afterwards, before sentence was pronounced, he should have liberty to say what he wished. The king then requested to be heard in the painted chamber by both Houses of Parliament, assembled, "on a proposal," he added, "which is of far more importance to the peace of the kingdom and the liberty of my subjects than to my own preservation." Some great and secret meaning was supposed by many to be conveyed in this language, and the whole assembly and court became at once deeply agitated: some thought that he designed to abdicate in favor of his son; but, if so, he would doubtless have hinted his wishes, and also afterwards have mentioned the fact to his friends. It was, probably, simply a last and desperate effort to escape his doom, by casting himself on the two Houses of Parliament. The discussion of the request by the court threw it into disorder; and at length, one of the members, Col. Downes, arose and

except the one specified above, which he certainly would have done had they occurred. In fact, he says, that the king, after retiring on the last day after the trial, asked him if he heard the cry for justice. He replied that he did, and wondered at it. "*I did not,*" said the king; "it was, doubtless, given to please the officers, for whom the soldiers would do the like, were there occasion." But Herbert would not have given such minute particulars of this and yet left out grosser insults. The truth is, the whole account, as given by royalist writers after the restoration, is unworthy of credit. The scene in the gallery, too, resulting from the bold interruption of Fairfax's wife, is stated by Guizot to have occurred on the last day of the trial, while Hume puts it on the first.

declared he could not agree to the sentence, and requested the court to adjourn and hear him. With the same dignified composure which had characterized all his acts as president of that body, Bradshaw arose and said, "If any one of the court be not satisfied the court must adjourn," and the members immediately retired to a private room. No sooner were they by themselves, than Cromwell is said to have assailed Downes with harsh upbraidings for having disturbed the court. The latter defended himself, declaring that all they wanted were good guarantees from the king and they ought to hear his proposals. Cromwell replied, that he did not know he had to do with the hardest man on the earth—that his scruples about not receiving the king's proposition were a farce, and his motive was to save his old master. The truth is, he saw through poor Downes, and detected in his agitation simply the quailing of a weak and irresolute spirit. After half an hour's deliberation, the court returned to the hall, and told the king that his proposition had been rejected. It fell like the blow of a hammer on the unhappy monarch, for he saw his last hope departing.

Bradshaw now asked him if he had anything more to say. He replied that he had nothing more. The former then rose to pronounce sentence; but before he ordered the clerk to read it, he made a long speech to the king, in which he, without insult, and yet without fear, went through a searching and terrible review of the past few years—of his course with parliament and with the nation. He exposed his tyranny, his falsehood, and deceit;

showed how he had compelled his subjects to resistance, and charged sternly home upon him the blood shed in the two civil wars which had finally prostrated his power. It was a thrilling and awful scene, and new in the history of the world—a republican judge, in the presence and by the authority of "*the people*," pronouncing a verdict of guilt against a king in the heart of his own realm. Every word uttered without agitation or haste, was heard distinctly to the farthest end of the vast and crowded hall. A breathless interest sealed every tongue; and as the relentless judge proceeded to recount the enormities the king had been guilty of, a slight agitation was visible in the dark mass of republican heads; and eyes grew sterner, and looks more resolute. A solemnity, like that of the grave, sat on the countenances of the judges, as they there, in the person of their president, declared before the world the "*sovereignty of the people*," and threw down "the head of a king as the gage of the battle," they would fight to maintain it. And there sat the king, at length fully aroused by the decree made out against him, and which till lately he did not believe his enemies dare pronounce. Grave as the judge—his luxuriant hair, turned slightly grey, falling gracefully around a countenance on which misfortune had made sad inroads—he manifested no emotion till near the close of the address, when his features became suddenly agitated. His lost realm, his wife, his children, the bloody scaffold, passed in terrible distinctness before him—and the firm monarch shook.

Bradshaw having finished, he ordered the clerk to read the sentence. The king would have interrupted him, but Bradshaw arrested him, and the sentence was read. Not a murmur—not a sound broke the death-like silence, that had fallen on the assembly. Charles, however, again attempted to speak, exclaiming, “Will you hear me a word?” “Sir,” replied Bradshaw, “you are not to be heard after the sentence.” “No, sir?” imploringly asked the king. “No, sir, by your favor!” was the cold reply; followed by, “Guards, withdraw the prisoner!” For the first time throughout his trial, Charles lost that self-possession, and calm dignity, which had extorted the admiration even of his enemies. For a moment, human nature gave way—the man and the father triumphed over the king, and in a penitent and humble tone, he cried out, “I may speak after the sentence, by your favor, sir—I may speak after the sentence, *ever by your favor?*” “Hold!” sternly interrupted the inflexible judge, and made a sign to the guards, who approached. “*The sentence, sir,*” agonizingly exclaimed the king; “*I say, sir, I do—*” “HOLD!” again broke from the pallid lips of the president, and the condemned and desolate king was hurried away, saying, “I am not suffered to speak. Expect what justice other people will have.”

This trying scene over, Charles was himself again. Only three days were to intervene between his sentence and death; and finding that all that time would be necessary to prepare himself for his doom, he gave orders to have his friends refused admittance, that his

last hours might not be disturbed. Bishop Juxon was allowed to attend him, and free permission given him to see whomsoever he desired. He wished to see only his children—and the Princess Elizabeth, and Duke of Gloucester, the former twelve, and the latter eight years of age—they being the only ones near him—were brought to his prison. The interview was touching in the extreme. After giving his last advice, and blessing them, he rose and ordered Juxon to have them removed; while, to hide his grief, he stood with his face pressed close against the window—the tears streaming from his eyes. But the sobs of the children, as they passed through the door, were too much for his parental heart, and turning suddenly round, he ran up to them, and snatched them to his breast, while they, in turn, loaded him with endearing caresses. At length, tearing himself away, he saw the door close on them for ever, and then fell on his knees and began to pray. The worst struggle was now over, and he prepared to meet his fate with composure.

In the meantime, it was with difficulty that the signatures of the judges to the death-warrant could be obtained: many hesitated to place their names to a document which might cover them and their families with lasting disgrace and ruin. At length, fifty-nine signed it—Oliver Cromwell being the third.* It is said on pretty good authority, that when he had written his name, he drew the pen across Marten's face, besmearing it with ink; which practical joke was returned by the

* Vide Appendix III

latter. This has been brought forward by some, to prove the inhumanity and brutality of Cromwell.* But there are only a few, however, even of his worst enemies, who venture to charge him with being inhuman. This singular act might have been committed in a fit of desperation, to throw off the burden which was crushing him to the earth: but more probably to break up the apathy and awe which had fallen on the members. It was difficult to persuade them to affix their signatures to the sentence: for it was, in fact, committing a deed, the awfulness of which we cannot now appreciate. As Carlyle says: "the truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability, of the act. Alas, if in these irreverent times of ours, all the kings of Europe were to be cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St. Margaret's Churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, the atrocity of the English regicides—shall never know it." The regicides felt all this; and Cromwell, who saw that to flinch or waver then would be utter ruin, may have nerved himself to this sudden buffoonery, to show that he, for one, was willing to risk the consequences; and also start those around him from their sombre mood. That it was the result of mere barbarity, no one but a bigot would affirm. Bloody as his *life* was, his enemies dare not say that

* Guizot says, "Cromwell himself, gay, noisy, daring as ever, gave way to his usual coarse buffoonery"—a wholesale statement as false as it is unworthy an impartial historian

his *nature* was cruel, even Clarendon clears him from such a charge.

It was to be expected that strenuous efforts would be made to save the king: but whether the monarchs of Europe did not believe the people would carry things to such an extremity, or disliked to threaten a power which the last few years had given them sufficient cause to fear, not one of them interfered in his behalf. The United Provinces, a republic, alone interposed. His wife, the Prince of Wales, and personal friends, strove nobly to save him. Scotland also sent commissioners to Cromwell, protesting against the execution. Lieutenant-General Drummond was present at the interview; and afterwards stated that Cromwell entered into a long discourse on the nature of regal power; and "*had plainly the better of them at their own weapons and upon their own principles.*" Fairfax also resolved to interfere, but knew not how to do it effectually: and Sir John Cromwell, a relative of Oliver, then in the Dutch service, arrived in all haste from the Hague, bringing letters from the Princes of Wales and Orange, offering any conditions Cromwell might impose, if he would spare the king. He hoped to succeed in his mission, from the fact that Oliver had once declared he would not allow the royal head to be touched. It is said that he urged on him the disgrace that would attach to his name, if he persisted; and the honor which would accrue, if he would interpose between Charles and the scaffold. Being somewhat shaken in his resolution, Cromwell desired his cousin to wait till night for

his answer. In the meantime, he and his friends sought by prayer what the will of the Lord was; and being assured that the death of the king alone could save England, sent a messenger to Sir John, at midnight, informing him that the Lord had confirmed their decision; and all further interference would be fruitless.

There is, doubtless, some truth, and a good deal of error, in this anecdote. That Cromwell and his companions prayed, is very probable; but, that the latter was, for one moment, shaken, or endeavored in any way to avert the sentence, is highly improbable. The attempt would have been madness. The fierce republicans who had brought the king to trial, were determined to sacrifice him, and he could not prevent it. Besides, no one ever knew this stern man to swerve from a resolution once formed, especially on so momentous a subject as this.

Another anecdote, showing that Cromwell wrote the order for the execution, because Colonel Huncks dared not do it, rests entirely on the testimony of the latter—who, after the former was dead, and the Stuarts restored, had the strongest motives to pretend, that he himself was averse to the warrant. Such testimony should always be taken with distrust.

But, everything failed to stay the terrible sentence; and on the 30th of January, the execution took place. The last hours of Charles, were his best; and he never appeared so much a king, as when he mounted the scaffold. After forgiving his enemies—praying in the presence of the awe-struck multitude, and declaring his

confidence that he was going from a corruptible, to an incorruptible, crown, he lay calmly down, and putting aside his clustering hair, himself gave the signal to strike. The next moment, the bleeding head of Charles Stuart was held aloft by a man in a mask,* who exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor!" A loud groan from the assembled multitude, was the only response, and the mournful tragedy was over.

There is another anecdote of Cromwell, connected with this melancholy event, which Hume, and most other historians, have given as true; that while the execution was going on, Cromwell, Ireton, and Harrison, (some say Ireton and Harrison,) were engaged in prayer with Fairfax, to keep him in ignorance of it till all was over. This piece of knavish hypocrisy has been told so frequently, that it is generally considered a fact. To say nothing of the ridiculous supposition, that Fairfax did not know the day, nay, even the *hour*, of the royal execution, when all the world knew it; such a childish proceeding, on the part of Cromwell and his friends, is too absurd to be entertained for a moment. If, however, any wish for evidence, they will find it in the report of the ambassadors of Holland, to their government, in which they declare, that about twelve o'clock, on the day of the execution, they had an interview with Fairfax, to persuade him, at the last moment, to grant a reprieve if nothing more; and departed with the hope, that they had suc-

* The executioner was also masked, and dressed in the guise of a sailor.

ceeded: but, on entering the street, they saw that all the preparations for the catastrophe were made, and the king was expected every moment to appear.* In a few minutes he *did* appear, and ascended the scaffold; so that standard historians, in adopting the slander, make out that Cromwell and his friends were hypocritically praying with Fairfax, to conceal the approaching death of the king from him, at the same time the commissioners from Holland were urging him to make no delay to interpose his power to stay the execution. But, considering all the circumstances in the case—that the death of the king was compared to *the crucifixion of Christ*; also, that at the restoration, the greatest libelers of Cromwell were the most liberally rewarded—it is not so strange that these false statements have crept into history. The wonder is, that more plausible and more damning ones have not been invented. When malice, hate, and selfishness, not only unrestrained, but fostered into hugest vigor, by a rotten government, can lay no heavier charges on an enemy, than those brought against Cromwell, his character must be pure, straightforward, and open to an astonishing degree. We venture to say, no other man ever stood in his position, and escaped so lightly.

There seems good ground for believing that he went to see the king's body after it was deposited in the coffin. Bowtell, a private soldier, who was on guard at the time, says, that Cromwell endeavored to remove the lid with his staff; but, not succeeding, took his (the

* Vide Appendix XV., to Guizot's English Revolution.

soldier's) sword, and with the hilt forced it open, and gazed long and steadily on the corpse. Then, as if speaking to himself, murmured in solemn accents, "*This was a well-constituted frame, and promised a long life.*" Such a scene would be worthy the pencil of the most gifted painter. The stern republican, gazing fixedly on the body of his dead king! What strange thoughts swept over his soul, as he contemplated the lifeless form in which so lately lay embodied the sovereign power of England. The past, with its turbulent battle-fields and wild commotions, rushed over his memory, while fathomless abysses opened in the untried future. Through the blood of thousands of men—of nobles, of priests, and last of all, of the king himself—he had waded heavily onward; and now, what was the next step before him? Return was hopeless. On he must, at all hazards. *With* the tide, if still forward—sternly breasting it, if reflux, his course was clear; but the end, alas! *that* was veiled in darkness. Perhaps, like the severed trunk before him, he would yet be thus gazed on by his enemies.*

The king's death sent a thrill of horror over the world. It was a new page opened in its history, which every one trembled to read. At *that* time, mere am-

* Bowtell testifies that he interrupted Cromwell in the midst of his reflections, as he gazed on the king, asking him what government they were to have. "*The same that there was,*" he replied; and still contemplated the lifeless body. Whether Cromwell was a man to brook in those circumstances, so rude an interruption from a private soldier, or, in such a mood, was likely to be interrupted by one who knew his character, I leave others to judge.

bitious men would not have dared to commit such an act—it needed higher motives—a strong, religious enthusiasm, ever proclaiming trumpet-tongued, that it was the will of God, and crying, “Woe to him that shrinks in the day of evil!” •

The death of Charles has been almost universally laid at the door of Cromwell, yet, for no other reason that we can see, except, that he eventually mounted to his place. He had less to do with it than almost any other man in the Independent party. Indeed, he seemed to have forecast such an event and struggled manfully to prevent it. He knew, two years before, that the ultra republicans in the army were bent on a republic and would be satisfied with nothing less than one. It was this knowledge which, as before remarked, prompted him to negotiate with the king, and cling to the hope that he would concede to the proposals made him, and establish the government so seriously threatened with total overthrow, until he well nigh lost his hold on the army for ever. He stood up against this terrible under-current of democracy, which was bearing everything to chaos, till he like to have gone down himself in the flood. And, when the second civil war broke out, he was glad to get away from the strife of factions and again meet the enemy in the field. He had but little time while in Wales, or fighting with the Scotch at Preston, to attend to matters around parliament. Every step for its overthrow, and to bring the king to trial, had been taken during his absence. On his return, he saw at once how matters stood—the

crisis had come, and he must act. He threw his influence with his friends and the army, and if he had done otherwise he would have been ten times more a traitor and hypocrite than his enemies endeavor to make him out. True, he found his party violent, but what had made them so? Things had been pushed to extremities, but who had pushed them? Not he—not his friends, but his enemies, by being content with nothing less than his and their destruction. Even Bishop Burnet declares that, "Ireton was the person who drove it on (the death of the king), for Cromwell was all the while in some suspense about it. Ireton had the spirit and temper of a Cassius in him, he stuck at nothing that might have turned England to a Commonwealth." He might have added, that the *army drove it on*, fully resolved on punishing the "chief delinquent," as they termed him. It was this that made Cromwell declare in parliament that he would have regarded the man who proposed the deposition of the king as the greatest traitor and rebel in the world; "but since the providence of God had cast this upon them, he could not but submit to providence, though he was not yet prepared to give his advice." The irresistible force of circumstances he construed into a providence. Besides the cavaliers and Presbyterians left him no choice—he must either surrender his army, and his principles, or seize the power they so unjustly wielded. Slandered, while absent; undermined, when in the very act of saving his country at the risk of his own life, he was *compelled* to turn at bay, and nobly

defending himself, endeavor to force his assailants to moderation and justice. Failing in this, he fell in wrath upon them, and *his* was not a hand to strike twice. His history was that of the army and of the Independent leaders in parliament, so that he is only one among a multitude responsible for the death of the king.

But *was the party, itself*, of which he was only a member, guilty of so great a wrong? "*Regicide!*" is an ugly epithet, but it sounds much worse, we imagine, in Europe than in this country. The doctrine that "the king can do no wrong," has no adherents here, and is fast getting obsolete in the civilized world. It is curious to hear the outcry made when a prince of the blood falls; while a thousand men, each better and nobler than he, can be slain and no surprise expressed. Thus, the murder of the Duc D'Enghien horrified Christendom, and loaded Bonaparte with opprobrium; while the attempts to assassinate the latter by the Bourbons shocked no one's sensibilities. *His* murder would have been a thing of course, and the perpetrator, doubtless, received a rich reward. So, the execution of Charles, who accounted the rights of his people as nothing, was a damning act; but had he hung Cromwell, his superior both in virtue and intellect, high as Haman, it would have excited the horror of none of these royalist writers. Now, we cannot sympathise in these distinctions—we think, that *a whole army* of such men as Charles I. or II. had better die than *one* Cromwell.

The trial and condemnation of the king, every one will admit, were acts of violence, and done against all

precedent, and in contempt of all recognised judicial forms. But, it is not to be expected, that revolutionary acts, will be constitutional ones. The question of right and wrong, is to be settled farther back—*was the revolution itself justifiable?* If the oppression and injustice were so great, as to demand the resistance of the people, then the character of all after acts is to be determined by the *necessities* of the case, and not by constitutions or judicial forms. The very term revolution pre-supposes the overthrow of these, and the institution of new powers, and new authority, in their places. If the revolution is justifiable, then everything necessary to secure the object for which it was set in motion, is justifiable. Mark, we say “*necessary;*” not all that is *esteemed* so. The overthrow of thrones—kings sent fugitive over the world—the destruction of feudal systems, may seem daring and terrible to loyalty; but they are matters of course. When once it is settled that a revolution is based on the eternal principles of truth and justice, and demands nothing but the inalienable rights of man, then its authority is paramount to all other. Now, we claim all this for the English revolution. First, reformation was sought, and in a legal way—through parliament.* The guarantees and rights demanded, were perfectly just and proper; and if they had been graciously granted, no violence would have followed. Lords and commons united, and appealed to the constitution and laws of England. Charles, false, treacherous, and oppressive, resisted

* A slight recapitulation here, seems necessary.

their claims—insulted and oppressed the representatives of the people, while in discharge of their sacred duties. Frequent dissolutions, and eleven years of arbitrary rule, were borne with patience, until, at last, the king resorted to arms to carry out his tyrannical purposes. Then, parliament must either retract its principles, forgo its claims, and the members prove false to their oath, and to the people of England, or defend their rights by arms. Thus, reformation passed into revolution, or, rather, was *forced* into it by the obdurate king. The struggle, once commenced, there was no retreating—one or the other must yield. The king would not; and so the war went on, until his ruin was completed. The former could, at any time, have quenched the flame of civil war, and restored peace by surrendering his foolish prerogatives, and acknowledging himself responsible to his subjects; but the *parliament could* not retract, except by proving recreant to the constitution of England, and the liberty of the people. So that, up to the overthrow of Charles, there can be but one opinion among those who believe in the sovereignty of the people, where lay the rights of the quarrel.

It is clear, then, that a king who could not be trusted, and would not be just, should be disposed of. Death, or deposition and exile; these were the two alternatives. The latter, undoubtedly, would have been preferable, and perhaps as safe; for royalty was not extinguished by clipping off one of the branches; while the hardihood of the act gave a character of despera-

tion to the revolution, calculated to shake the affection of those who had hitherto defended it. Still we cannot see anything so very criminal in it; nor discern the force of the nice distinction men make between cutting off the king's head with an axe, or taking him out of the world with a cannon-ball. These very leaders who sat in judgment on their monarch had often met him in battle, and piled the dead around his person. They had been called by the supreme government to bend their strength against him on the tented field, and had sought him through the doubtful fight; and thus through long years of civil war been regicides in the eye of the law. That they should think it no greater wrong to cut off his head than to fire upon him in the open field, ought not to seem so strange. Besides, if a private individual, from mere personal ambition, had trampled on constitutional rights; on parliament; on the people; and deluged the realm in blood, as Charles had done, merely to sustain his royal prerogative; not a tear would have been shed over his grave. So much do outward circumstances affect our perceptions of justice.

But, on the other hand, Charles was the lawful king of England, and looked upon the violence of his subjects as unnatural and unjustifiable rebellion. He was not a tyrant, like Nero, scorning the happiness and welfare of his people, and intent only on the gratification of his selfish passions. He had done what he supposed to be right and proper: for, to him, the preservation of the royal dignity and power was more important than the

liberties of the people. He was not a traitor; he was not a debased and sensual man, like the son who succeeded him; still we cannot but turn with contempt from his character. Always under the influence of weak minds, he violated his solemn promise, and signed the death-warrant of the only really able minister he ever possessed, the Earl of Strafford; and fixed a lasting stain on his honor. Weak and irresolute, he, nevertheless, committed many foolish and rash acts; and possessed all the duplicity necessary to constitute an unprincipled statesman, without the shrewdness indispensable to success. False to his friends, and false to his enemies, his own counselors blushed at his hollow-heartedness. Says Clarendon, in a letter to Nicolas, "Mr. Secretary, these stratagems have given me more sad hours than all the misfortunes in war which have befallen the king; and look like God's anger towards us." He carried his deceit to such an extent, that, in time, nobody would trust him. He is sometimes called a religious man, and claimed as a martyr to Episcopacy; yet there was more superstition mingled with his religion than with that of Cromwell. He would give £500 to a conjurer, to be informed where he should be safest; and was more alarmed by the falling of the head of his cane, on his trial, than by the stern aspect of his judges. His love for Episcopacy grew out of his love of monarchy, of which he regarded it a chief support; indeed, to use his own expression, "*stronger than that of the army.*" Yet he went to Scotland, and attended Presbyterian meetings; and listened respectfully to the long harangues of Presbyterian

divines, in order to show in what high esteem he held their forms of religion: he even confirmed the Scotch declaration, that to govern the church by archbishops and bishops, was contrary to the word of God. We also find him making large promises to the Irish, equivalent to establishing Papacy in Ireland. Indeed, he went so far in his last treaty with the Presbyterians at Newport, that he consented to abolish archbishops, deacons, prebends, and canons, and submit to the Presbyterian form of church government, for three years. And even then, nothing was to be restored to these bishops but the power of ordination; and that to be used in connexion with the advice of the Presbytery. Finally, he consented to renounce the Book of Common Prayer, asking only the liberty of using some other liturgy in his own chapel.* These were the concessions declared by parliament to be sufficient for the basis of a settlement of the nation; and nothing but the violence of the army prevented them from being acted upon. Charles, therefore, would have been compelled to sanction what his defenders would consider, now, a betrayal of the church; or acknowledge himself perjured in the sight of the world. The summary manner in which a third party disposed both of king and parliament, alone saved him from making this exhibition of himself. Now, standing by the church; and now, yielding to the demands of the bigoted Presbyterians; and again exciting the hopes of the Catholics; he furnishes the most pitiable spectacle of a man

* Vide Hume.

without faith, and a king without a conscience, we have ever witnessed. Those who claim such a champion forget all the king *would* have done, had not death cut short his career. Sympathy, rather than principle, has converted him into a martyr. A martyr he indeed died—not to the church, but to the love of arbitrary power. Yet withal, he was a *weak* rather than a *bad* man; and excites our contempt, more than hatred. He wrought his own ruin; and forced the republicans to every act they committed against him, but the last. That was impolitic and wrong: but who can expect years of exasperation to end, in the moment of triumph, in moderate justice? Sad and melancholy as was the king's fate, it was not without its lesson. That, together with the execution of Louis XVI., has stood, and still stands, as a perpetual warning to monarchs who would trample on the rights of their subjects. *The scaffold of Charles I. and the guillotine of Louis XVI. are the ghosts which at this day frighten the despots of Europe from their oppressions.*

CHAPTER IX.

CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND—FROM 1649 TO MAY, 1650.

Establishment of a Republic—Milton Chosen Secretary of the Executive Council—The Levellers—Cromwell Appointed to Command the Expedition to Ireland—Insurrection Quelled by Him—Pomp and Splendor of His Departure—Marriage of His Son Richard—Arrives at Dublin—Cruelties of the Irish—Storming and Massacre of Drogheda—Of Wexford—History of His Movements—Recalled to Resist the Scotch Invasion—Character of the Campaign—Defence of Cromwell—Final Settlement of Ireland.*

THE dispersion of parliament by the army, and the execution of the king, rendered any compromise of the republicans with the royalists, impossible. The revolution could no longer stand still, and *negotiate*—it must go *forward* or *downward*. Heretofore, men's minds had been too much engaged in the struggle, to forecast clearly what the state of things would be, when these mighty obstacles in the way of progress should be removed. But now, as the smoke of the conflict cleared away, they saw what had been done:—royalty had disappeared—a republic become inevitable, while Cromwell, as chief of the army, was the actual ruler of England.

Immediate action was, therefore, necessary; and, on the very day the king's execution took place, the commons resumed their sittings, and voted that the post

should be delayed till the next day morning, and the trumpets, in the meantime, be sounded through London, declaring those traitors who should proclaim Charles II., or any other person, king of England. The House of Lords also met, and sent a message to the commons, proposing to consult with them upon a plan of government. They however, paid no attention to the message or the messengers; and allowed the latter to stand unheeded, at the door, until wearied out, they returned to the lords. Message after message was sent, until, at length, about a week after (on the 6th of February), the peers of England succeeded in attracting the notice of their haughty rivals. It was moved and carried, "That the House of Peers was useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished; and that an act be brought in for that purpose." The lords received this decision while in session; and after having heard prayers, and disposed of a rectory, adjourned to next morning: but, they never met again, till Charles II. ascended the throne.

The next day, "kingship" was abolished, by a deliberate vote; and immediately afterwards, in accordance with the motion of Marten, the king's statues, at the Royal Exchange, and other places, were torn down; and the day following, an inscription placed on their pedestals—"Exit tyrannus regum ultimus"—"*The tyrant, the last of the kings, is gone;*" and beneath it, "*Anno libertatis Anglicæ restitutæ primo. Anno Domini, 1648-9.*"

The government of England was then settled on the

basis of a republic, and the decree sent abroad over Europe. Marten next introduced a bill for the sale of the royal property—lands, houses, regalia, furniture, jewels, paintings, &c. France, Spain, Sweden, and the Spanish Netherlands, purchased most of them. On the 9th, the courts of law were arranged, the great seal broken, and the new one substituted. The next step was still more important, viz., the formation of an executive-council, to take the place of the king. It was composed of forty members, who were to hold their places for a year. Among them, we find the names of Bradshaw, Fairfax, Cromwell, Marten, Ludlow, White-locke, and others, who had been leaders in the last great movements. Bradshaw was made president; and *John Milton*, his kinsman, chosen secretary for foreign languages. The poet and the scholar, thus became a part of the republic of England.

The first step was to settle the religious government. This was done by retaining the Presbyterian form, after depriving it of all *temporal* power. In a spirit of true charity, the episcopal clergy were allowed a portion of the tithes, and some toleration was shown towards the Papists.

It was no slight task which these severe republicans had taken upon themselves. A commonwealth, torn by internal feuds, distracted by conflicting theories, and filled with discontented men, was not easily to be kept steady and firm by persons without the sanction of regal authority, or the reverence rendered to legitimate power.

True, such men as Cromwell, Ireton, Vane, and

Marten, commanded respect as well as fear; but the elements around them were too wild and stormy, to subside at a breath. Soon disturbances arose among the levellers and radicals, to whom a republican government was not liberty enough, and who wished a sort of community-system, or a return to a state of absolute freedom. Lilburn—restless, jacobinical—living in a semi-frenzied state, and unable to keep his tongue or pen still, brought out pamphlets, called “England’s New Chains Discovered,” that is, its new government; and “*The Hunting of the Foxes from Triploe Heath to Whitehall, by Five Small Beagles;*” or the chasing of Cromwell, and his coadjutors, from their grand rendezvous, previous to the first march of the army on London, to their assumption of the government by these insignificant levellers. He, however, soon found it was no fox he had to deal with, and that “England’s chains” were, indeed, heavy.

The great danger was from this radical party, which embraced all the strange sects which now made England like a foaming cauldron. They first denounced the king, and then, when the parliament, with whom they acted, usurped his place, denounced parliament, helping Cromwell to curb it;—and, now, when the latter attempted to wield the power they had put in his hands, they turned fiercely on him. Like the French Jacobins, there was no limit to the liberty, or, rather, no bounds to the license they demanded.

At this time, too, there sprung up a literary war. The hurricane had passed, and men began to discuss

the events which had transpired. The royalists sent forth "Royal Sighs;" and, weeping over the death of the king, called on all good men to weep with them. Milton, on the other hand, opened his batteries—"Iconoclaste, the Breaker of Images," followed by "Biting Sarcasms on Salmatius for His Defence of the King," exhibited both the spirit of the times and the almost fierce republicanism of the poet.

In the meantime, however, the new government moved steadily forward. Duke Hamilton, who was so terribly beaten at Preston; the gay Earl of Holland; the stout Lord Capel, the first who rose in parliament to complain of grievances, were condemned to death.

Opposition being thus overawed, and the Commonwealth settling into permanent shape, public attention was naturally directed to distracted Ireland. Ever since the dreadful massacre of 1641, a perpetual war had been carried on between the Protestants and Catholics. This, Charles, while alive, had fostered by throwing the weight of his influence on the side of the Catholics. The parliament, between its struggle with the English cavaliers and the Scotch Presbyterians, had use for all its troops, and could not succor to any great extent the oppressed brethren of Ireland; but now it was resolved to end the murderous war, and press to the lips of the Papists the cup of trembling they had so long made the Protestants drink to the dregs. Ormond, who still acted as the king's lieutenant-general there, had proclaimed Charles II. king, and the prince was about to start for Dublin

An army was, therefore, immediately voted for Ireland; and when the commander-in-chief came to be selected, all eyes were turned on Cromwell, and he was unanimously chosen. He professed some surprise at his nomination; and addressing the House of Commons spoke of his great unworthiness and inability to undertake such a charge. Whitelocke says, he delayed his answer two weeks, and requested that two officers might be selected from each corps to meet him at Whitehall in prayer. He finally consented to accept the appointment, though the motive which prompted him to do so, he said, was the "*great difficulty* which appeared in the expedition." Those who charge Cromwell with ambition and hypocrisy, would do well to explain the motives which induced him to take command of this war. The government in which he was the chief man had just become settled, and he had but to remain and manage his part well to secure the entire power. Military renown could not have influenced him, for he had nothing to gain, but everything to lose, in this war with a semi-barbarous people. He had reached the highest eminence as a military leader; and the subjugation of the insurgents, who would never meet him in fair field-fight, could not add to his fame, while defeat would peril all he had gained, and hurl him at once from the elevation he occupied. Nothing, that we can see, but the good of his country, and the welfare of Protestantism, urged him to this undertaking.

No sooner was his resolution taken than he began to make his preparations with that energy and wisdom

which distinguished all his acts. He demanded at once, 12,000 horse and foot, £100,000 ready money, an ample supply of provisions and ammunition, and that Ireton should accompany him as second in command. His title was to be Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland.

On the 20th of April, the council of the whole army met to decide by lot what regiments should constitute this army of twelve thousand, destined for so hazardous a service. After spending some time in prayer, tickets were placed in a hat, and drawn out by a child. The officers of the twenty-eight regiments on whom the lot fell, rejoiced that they were once more to follow their great leader to the field of battle; but many of the soldiers murmured. Besides, the radicalism of Lilburn and his friends had pervaded a portion of the army, and a week after the meeting of the council of officers, a mutiny broke out in a troop of Whalley's regiment quartered at Bishopgate. Cromwell and Fairfax immediately hastened thither, and arrested fifteen of the ring-leaders, five of whom were condemned, and one shot.

A week from this time, on the 1st of May, Richard Cromwell was finally married. The negotiations spoken of before, were so protracted and delayed, that the parties never reached a settlement until this late period.

On Wednesday, the 9th, Cromwell reviewed his troops in Hyde Park, and saw signs of discontent, which he strove to allay by argument and reason.

Three days after, Lilburn and his friends were locked up in the Tower. Immediately the flames of rebellion burst forth in several shires, and at head-quarters. First, in Oxfordshire, a party of two hundred took the field, demanding more perfect freedom, and the liberation of Lilburn and his friends—then one of a thousand at Salisbury. Cromwell's far-reaching mind had anticipated this, and he had, therefore, caused the ringleaders to be shut up in the Tower, so that they could not harangue the men as they did in the first mutiny. Immediately on the reception of this news, he and Fairfax started off. They travelled all Sunday; and the mutineers hearing of their approach, fled northward. But these resolute generals followed swiftly after—riding on Monday, near fifty miles. The fugitives, by swimming a river, at length reached Burford, where, deeming themselves secure, they turned out their horses to feed, and laid down to rest. But at midnight, Oliver, with his fierce riders, burst into the town, and seized nearly the whole of them. A court-martial was called on the spot, and several were tried and condemned. Cornet Thompson, brother to Capt. Thompson the ringleader, was first shot, repenting, but too late, his crime. Two corporals followed, defying their foes to the last. The fourth, Cornet Dean, asked pardon and was spared, and the execution was stayed. Cromwell then addressed the remaining mutineers on the turpitude of their conduct. They confessed their guilt with tears, and soon after joined their regiments, and marched cheerfully for Ireland. Captain Thompson himself was, in a few days

hunted down, and shot while refusing to yield; and the insurrection brought to an end. Like a thunderbolt, "shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches," Oliver smote this incipient rebellion to the heart, and gave the frenzied radicals to understand what kind of a master they had elected over themselves. Returning through Oxford, he and Fairfax were there received with great eclat. Dinners were given by the magistrates and people, while the college conferred honors on them and their officers. The commons passed a vote of thanks, and a day of general thanksgiving was appointed.

Having thus summarily settled affairs in the army, Cromwell prepared to leave for Ireland. The 10th of July was appointed for his departure, and hence, that day was set apart for fasting and prayer, by the officers. He and his friends assembled at Whitehall, where three ministers solemnly invoked the blessing of God on his banner. After they had finished, Cromwell, Goff, and Harrison, in their turn, expounded the Scriptures, and preached as well as if the hands of the presbytery had been laid upon them. Not an oath was heard among the officers—prayer, and the singing of psalms, occupied the day; for they were going forth, like the army of Israel, to smite, under God, the enemies of His Church.

This strange preparation for a campaign being ended, Cromwell, about five o'clock in the evening, in the pomp that became a lord-general, and the Commonwealth of England, took his departure. In a splendid

coach, drawn by six light grey steeds—beautiful Flanders' mares—surrounded by his life-guard of eighty young men, all commanders or esquires, in rich uniform, and followed by a crowd of coaches, he started for Windsor, on his way to Bristol. Never was a nobler life-guard seen, than this band of youth, who, cased in shining armor, and mounted on noble steeds, galloped after the carriage of Oliver. His colors were white; and, as they shook in the breeze, a hundred trumpets gave forth their loudest blast, till the city reeled under the joyful din. As the splendid cortége swept on through the streets of London, long and deafening shouts rolled heavenward, drowning even the clangor of the trumpets. "Now have at you, my Lord Ormond, you will have men of gallantry to encounter, who, to overcome, will be honor sufficient, and to be beaten by them will be no great blemish to their reputation—if you say, "Cæsar or nothing," they say, "a republic or nothing."*

On the fourth day after his departure, he arrived at Bristol, where he was received with great pomp and ceremony. While here, notwithstanding the pressure of business, he found time to write an affectionate letter to the father of Richard's wife, with whom the young couple were then staying. In it, he speaks in the kindest terms, of his new daughter-in-law, saying, that he expects she will write him often; and asks the father to counsel his son, saying, "*I wish he may be*

* Vide Whitelocke and the Mod. Int., a newspaper of the day; as quoted in the "British Statesmen."

serious—the times require it.” Richard, and his mother, joined him afterwards, and remained till near the time of his departure. While he lay at Milford Haven, on board the ship John, he wrote, also, to his daughter Dorothy, in the same simple, affectionate strain which characterized all his letters to his children. Thus did this strange man, terrible as death, and unrelenting as doom, in the presence of the enemy, unbend to those he loved, and pour forth all those tender feelings which made him so kind a parent. These striking contrasts “remind us” (as Macaulay says of Milton’s poetry) “of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy land, are embosomed in its most rugged elevations. *The roses and the myrtle bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche.*”

While waiting for a fair wind, Cromwell received good news from Dublin. Ormond, in the course of the past year, had driven Monk out of Ireland, and subdued nearly three-fourths of the entire island. Derry, in the North, and Dublin the capital, still held out; though he besieged the latter place with 19,000 men, while 10,000 more were marching to re-inforce him. General Jones, parliamentary major-general, occupied the city, at this time, with only a little over 5,000 troops. But many of these being re-inforcements lately sent by Cromwell, he ventured to make a bold sally; and falling on this overwhelming force, rolled it back in disorder, and drove it, broken and shattered to pieces, in wild flight before him. Two thousand

five hundred prisoners, and four thousand slain, were the fruits of this astonishing victory.

This was a good omen to Cromwell; and when he arrived in Dublin (the 15th of August), he was welcomed with salvos of cannon, and loud acclamations, from the assembled thousands. The people blocked his carriage; and, pausing in their midst, he addressed them kindly, promising—Providence assisting him—to deliver them from oppression. The crowd answered with shouts, saying, “We will live and die with you.”

He remained here two weeks, to allow his men to recruit, and to arrange the plan of the campaign.

It is impossible to give any adequate idea of the condition of Ireland, at this period, or, of the feeling that prevailed in England towards the Irish Papists. This unfortunate island, which seems to have been reserved as the chosen stage on which every form and degree of human suffering might be exhibited; had been, for years, a prey to the most bitter feuds, between the Catholics and Protestants. But, at this time, the Catholics and royalist Presbyterians had all united, under Ormond, to put Charles II. on the throne. Never, before, had the opposition been so powerful, nor the territory to be reclaimed by the parliament, so extensive.

That one may see with what kind of spirit Oliver and his enthusiastic Puritans entered on this contest, and obtain, also, some insight into the reasons why they smote with such terrible vengeance, we will quote a passage, as given by d’Aubigne, from Sir J. Temple’s

Irish Rebellion: "The Catholics burnt the houses of the Protestants, turned them out naked in the midst of winter, and drove them like herds of swine before them. If ashamed of their nudity, and desirous of seeking shelter from the rigor of a remarkably severe season, these unhappy wretches took refuge in a barn, and concealed themselves under the straw, the rebels instantly set fire to it, and burned them alive. At other times, they were bound, without clothing, to be drowned in rivers; and if, on the road, they did not move quick enough, they were urged forward at the point of the pike. When they reached the river, or the sea, they were precipitated into it in bands of several hundreds, which is, doubtless, an exaggeration. If these poor wretches rose to the surface of the water, men were stationed along the brink, to plunge them in again with the butts of their muskets, or to fire at, and kill them. Husbands were cut to pieces in presence of their wives; wives and virgins were abused in the sight of their nearest relations; and infants of seven or eight years were hung before the eyes of their parents. Nay, the Irish even went so far, as to teach their own children to strip and kill the children of the English, and dash out their brains against the stones. Numbers of Protestants were buried alive—as many as seventy in one trench. An Irish priest, named MacOdeghan, captured forty or fifty Protestants, and persuaded them to abjure their religion, on a promise of quarter. After their abjuration, he asked them if they believed that Jesus Christ was bodily present in the host, and that the pope

was the head of the church? And, on their replying in the affirmative, he said, “‘Now, then, you are in a very good faith;’ and, for fear they should relapse into heresy, cut all their throats.” If there be no exaggeration in this account, the effect of gathering into one mass the evils and the violence scattered over so many years, has the same effect as if there were. Still, after making all due allowance, what a frightful picture does this present of the state of Ireland; and with what a fierce spirit of retaliation, must such acts of cruelty have filled the enthusiastic Puritans, already too intolerant! With this statement before him, one may imagine why Cromwell entered so ferociously on his work.

STORMING OF DROGHEDA.

Everything being ready, Cromwell put a portion of his army, some 4,000 men, in motion towards Drogheda; into which Ormond had thrown three thousand of his choicest troops. Behind thick walls, defended by strong entrenchments and abundance of heavy artillery, the latter thought he could keep at bay any force that might be sent against him.

Oliver appeared before the place on the 3d of September, and immediately began to land his heavy siege guns and erect his batteries. In six days, everything being completed, he hoisted the red flag, and opened his fire. All that day he rained his shot upon the walls and towers with but little effect. The next morning

the fire was commenced with renewed vigor from two batteries, which were planted within point-blank range of the east and south walls. All day long it was a continued peal of thunder around the town; and before night the thick mason-work began to crumble, and huge gaps to appear, through which resolute men might storm. The besieged, however, did not witness the gradual progress made by the enemy without putting forth every effort to render it useless. Where the walls began to give way strong intrenchments were thrown up, from behind which a terrible flank fire could be thrown on the columns that might clear the breaches. But Cromwell no sooner saw "*two reasonable good breaches*" made, than he formed the storming parties; and at five o'clock the trumpets sounded the assault, and a thousand desperate men sprung forward. In an instant every gun that could be brought to bear upon them opened its fire, and it rained a horrible tempest on the head of the column. But pressing in the track of their daring leaders, they pushed furiously on—shouting, through the murderous fire—and gallantly mounted the breach and entered it. But met by the strong intrenchments, and swept by the steady fire of the enemy behind them and from within a church that flanked the entrance; they hesitated, wavered, and finally staggered backward through the breach, leaving it filled with the dead. Undismayed, Cromwell formed a second column of attack, and kindling their enthusiasm by his fiery words, again sent them forward. Gallantly advancing they poured through the rent walls, and

charged desperately on those bloody intrenchments, but in vain:—shattered, and broken, and scourged into madness by the tremendous volleys, they also, recoiled.

All the lion in Cromwell was now roused as he saw his favorite troops the second time borne back, disheartened and disorderly, from the walls. What! be beaten at the outset, and not only suffer a shameful defeat, but give the enemy the great moral power which a victory then obtained always confers? No; he who had thus far gained every battle he fought, was not to let the tide of his fortunes turn here, especially when the hosts of the Lord were marshalled against those of Belial. Forgetting the lord-general in the fiery captain, he rallied his men the third time, and with his countenance lighted up with that fearful expression it always wore in battle, he placed himself at their head, and pointing forward with his sword, summoned them to follow. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the soldiers when they found Cromwell at their head: shoulder to shoulder, they crowded joyfully to the breach, and rushing through it in one wild torrent, swept those strong intrenchments, like the breath of the destroying angel. Making good their position there and in the church, so as to command the entrance, the cavalry was ordered up. The trumpets sounded, and over the broken wall and over the dead bodies the fearless Ironsides plunged forward, and forming in the streets drove everything before them. A portion of the garrison retreated into the Mill-Mount, a fortification perched on a high hill and thoroughly defended by strong works and heavy pali-

sades. But nothing could now stay the excited troops, and beating down the palisades—climbing over the walls—they made their way into the centre of the fort, hewing down all who obstructed their passage. Then commenced one of the most terrible scenes of war. Roused by the resistance he had met with, Cromwell ordered his troops to give no quarter to those who were found with arms in their hands. All that night the work of death went on. Nothing was heard but the volleys of musketry—the fierce gallop of horsemen—the clash of weapons, and shouts and shrieks of men. The prayer for mercy was of no avail; and like reapers in some harvest field, the Puritan host swept through the streets of Drogheda, slaying on the right hand and on the left. Before the morning sun rose on the smoking town, *two thousand* had passed from the scene of slaughter to another world. Heaps of corpses blocked the way, and the blood flowed in rills through the streets. Nor did this end the work of destruction. About a hundred of the garrison fled into another part of the town, and took refuge in the steeple of St. Peter's Church. Cromwell summoned them to surrender, and they refusing, he ordered the steeple to be fired, and in a short time the lofty spire was wrapped in flames. The shrieks and cries of the burning multitude within were enough to move the hardest heart, but no mercy was extended. The wretched inmates expired in the most excruciating agony; and at length the steeple of the church crumbled above them, burying them in one common ruin.

Thus ended the second day's slaughter. The third morning, two other strong towers, into which the remaining fugitives had fled, were summoned to yield, but a refusal being sent, and shots fired on the soldiery, they were closely invested. Over a hundred in one tower finally surrendered, when every officer was knocked on the head, and every tenth soldier slain. The rest, together with those of the other tower, to whom mercy was shown, were shipped to the Barbadoes as slaves;—only thirty escaped this dreadful massacre; and but one officer lived to tell the tale to the Irish army:—even the friars fell before the fury of the soldiers.

We have sketched only the outlines of this revolting scene, which lasted several days; for the horrid details would freeze the blood; but thus much we felt bound to say, so as not to cover up, in any way, so great an enormity. Cromwell himself attempts no disguise, and in writing to the government an account of it, he says, after speaking of carrying the intrenchments: “Being thus entered, *we refused them quarter*, having the day before summoned the town. *I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives.* Those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes.” He concludes this singular declaration with “I wish that all honest men may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom, indeed, the praise of this mercy belongs.” What a shocking expression this is to wind up a massacre with. The Lord, we opine, did not thank him for the compliment; and would much rather prefer “the un

worthy instrument" should take all "the glory" to himself. His chaplain, Hugh Peters, took the same view of it, and went to the chief church, where he solemnly offered up thanks to God for the slaughter of his enemies. Parliament also decreed that a day of thanksgiving should be kept in honor of this great mercy.

The fate of Drogheda struck the Irish people with dread. The day of vengeance had arrived; and the atrocities they had practiced on the helpless Protestants were now to be visited upon their own heads. Cromwell—resolved to bring the Irish war to a speedy termination, followed up this victory by those rapid movements which distinguished his last campaign in England. The neighboring towns of Dundalk and Trim surrendered without the least resistance;—the garrison of the latter, in their hasty flight, leaving all their artillery behind them.

He then returned to Dublin, but after resting there a few days, started southward. About fourteen miles from the city, he came upon a garrison stationed in Carrick, or Killencarrick, who fled at his approach. Leaving a company to defend the place, he pressed forward, and marching through a desolate country, came to the river Doro and the strongly-fortified castle of Arcklow, the ancient seat of the family of Ormond. Struck with terror, the garrison fled without attempting a defence, and Cromwell pursued his triumphant march. At Limerick, on his way to Wexford, he found another strong castle and garrison; but the soldiers, having fired the

town, fled. The castle of Ferns fell next, without a blow; and after it, Enniscarthy, where there were a strong castle and the largest monastery of Franciscan friars in all Ireland. Leaving small garrisons to hold these places, he kept on, until, on the 3d of October, the walls of the rich and strong town of Wexford arose before him.

STORMING OF WEXFORD.

On the other side of the river lay Ormond, with over three thousand troops; but they marched away, leaving it to the tender mercies of the Puritan army. Oliver immediately sent a summons to the governor to surrender. The latter, in reply, asked till the next day at twelve o'clock, to confer with the major and the officers, proposing, in the meantime, a cessation of arms. Cromwell replied, that he would expect his answer the next day at twelve o'clock; but, in the meantime, should keep busy. His answer was laconic enough; and, his reasons for carrying on hostilities during the conference, were best known to himself. He says, "*Because our tents are not so good covering as your houses, and for other reasons, I cannot agree to a cessation.*" Acting on this declaration, he sent General Jones, with a body of horse and foot, to take a fort at the mouth of the harbor; which was speedily done, by the dragoons alone—the governor fleeing in a boat to a frigate lying within cannon shot of the shore. Some seamen of the parliamentary fleet, having entered the fort soon after the

dragoons took possession of it, turned seven cannon which had been left behind, on the frigate, in such a well-directed fire, that she soon struck her colors. Another vessel, not knowing what had happened, coming to her help, was also captured.

In the meantime, a reinforcement of five hundred infantry having been thrown into the town, the governor concluded not to send any reply to Cromwell; whereupon the latter planted his batteries against the castle standing outside the walls, on the north-east side of the place, and began to play upon it with "the whole strength of his artillery." After a hundred shot had been thrown, "the governor's stomach came down;" and, notwithstanding there was a rampart of earth within the walls, fifteen feet thick, on which cannonballs could have no effect, and nearly a hundred guns lined the works, he offered to surrender. But the terms did not at all suit Cromwell, who called them "abominable;" and prepared to carry the place by storm. The castle, however—fair terms being given it—surrendered, without farther resistance; and the soldiers, rushing into it with shouts, hoisted their flag on the summit. The troops who manned the walls of the town, no sooner heard the loud huzzas of the republican soldiers, and saw them crowding the top of the castle, than they fled within the ramparts. Taking advantage of this sudden panic, the officers hastily formed storming parties, who, with ladders in their hands, rushed furiously on the walls, and climbing over them, poured into the streets. When they reached the mar-

ket-place, they found the enemy drawn up in firm order who received them with a volley, and, for awhile, stoutly held their ground. But nothing could resist the infuriated soldiery—rushing resolutely on the levelled pikes, they broke the ranks in pieces, and then began the work of slaughter. Three hundred succeeded in reaching two boats, into which they leaped, and pushed from shore; but, the boats being overladen, sank with all on board. The scenes of Drogheda were here enacted over again; and men, women, and children, fell in indiscriminate slaughter. *Two thousand corpses lay piled in the streets and market-place.*

Wexford was a wealthy and prosperous place; and hence furnished a rich booty to the soldiers. Among the spoils which fell into the hands of the republicans were three ships of war—two of twenty, and one of thirty guns—besides several trading vessels. The conduct of the soldiers in this storm, was ferocious and cruel in the extreme, but, a single paragraph in Cromwell's despatch goes far to palliate, if not excuse, it; and shows in what a spirit of vengeance, they fell on the inhabitants. In speaking of two cases of cruelty which had formerly occurred there, he says, "About seven or eight score of poor Protestants, were, by them, (the papists,) put into an old vessel; which being, as some say, bulged by them, the vessel sunk, and they were all presently drowned in the harbor." "The other instance was thus—they put divers poor Protestants into a chapel, where they were famished to death." "It is on this account," he declares, "that God, by an unex-

pected Providence in His righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them.”

Leaving Wexford under the command of Colonel Cooke he marched against Ross on the 17th of October, situated on the river Barrow, and garrisoned by a thousand men. He sat down before it with only three cannon, and summoned it to surrender. In the meanwhile, as was his invariable custom, he began to plant his batteries, and make preparation for a storm. Ormond was on the other side of the river, and sent over a re-inforcement of fifteen hundred men.

But, it made no difference to Cromwell, whether it was fifteen hundred, or five thousand; he had determined Ross should fall; and, on the 14th, opened his battery. This brought a reply from the governor, who offered to capitulate, provided the lord-general would grant him favorable terms. The latter replied, that he might march away with his troops, with drums beating and colors flying;—and that the property and lives of the inhabitants should be protected. This was written amid the roar of cannon, which, notwithstanding the request of the governor, that hostilities should cease while negotiations were pending, kept thundering on the walls. Oliver had no time to spare; and would admit of no cessation of arms. “Surrender!” was his constant demand, enforcing it, in the meantime, with his artillery.

Thus, while the governor was pondering on the conditions offered him, a fearful breach had been opened

in the walls; and a storming party was already in column, waiting for the signal to rush to the assault.

The governor, seeing how matters stood, sent word that he would surrender the place, on the terms proposed, provided he was allowed to take with him the artillery and ammunition; and the inhabitants who chose to leave were permitted to carry away themselves and goods; "and those who stayed, have liberty of conscience." Cromwell replied, that he could take with him whatever he brought there—nothing more; and the people who chose to go, might carry away their goods, and have time to do it in. "*But,*" he added, "*as for that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But, if by liberty of conscience you mean a liberty to exercise the mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, where the parliament of England have power, that will not be allowed of.*" Plain dealing enough, and language clearly understood. "You may believe what you choose; I do not trouble myself about other men's consciences; but where my banner waves, no mass shall be said. Sooner than permit it, I will storm your strongholds, and crowd your streets with the dead." Strong Protestantism this, and not likely to be moved much by argument.

He sent the whole account to parliament, that they might "*see how God pulled down strong stomachs.*" One cannot but be struck with the strange contrast

between Cromwell's correspondence with the governors of Irish towns, and with parliament. To the latter, his letters are more like religious epistles than military despatches; while, to the former, he says nothing of "providence," makes no exhortations, but writes with the abruptness and sternness of Cæsar. There are no mystic allusions—no prolix sentences. He expresses himself in the fewest words possible, and with a sternness that startles the reader.

Five or six hundred of the garrison being Englishmen, they joined his standard—an example afterwards followed by other places; so that he constantly recruited his army from the enemy. Cork and Youghall soon surrendered to his officers; and the reduction of Ireland went bravely on. General Blake, now Admiral Blake, was co-operating with the land forces, and had already taken several prizes.

Cromwell's despatch gives a full account of his various successes, which he ascribes entirely to Providence. "It pleased God" to raise an adverse wind, which terminated in good. "It pleased God," that they had, on another occasion, two demi-cannon, with which they raked a man-of-war, and two prizes, so that they were compelled to surrender. "It pleased God to give the men courage"—indeed, Providence wrought everything. "It was the Lord only;" so that "the instruments were very inconsiderable throughout." It, however seemed to occur to him, that parliament might take him too literally, and leave Providence, who had done so much, to do the rest, and send him no recruits;

and, remembering, too, as the French general did, that Providence was very apt to favor the strong battalions, he added, by way of caution, "Give me leave, in conclusion, humbly to offer what, in my judgment, I conceive to be for your service. *We desire recruits. It is not good to follow providences*"—that is, you must not have so much faith, as to forget the "strong battalions." "Faith, without works, is dead," was his motto; and while he ascribed his success to God, he made use of all the means in his power.

At the close of this terrible campaign, pestilence, following in the track of famine and war, swept over the country and entered the army; so that, as Cromwell said, the soldiers became "more fitted for the hospital than the open field." The gallant Jones and Horton both fell victims to it, and scarcely "one officer of forty" escaped. He himself was cast on a sick bed in Ross, but soon was on his feet again. This single man, on whose life such great destinies hung, exposed himself like the meanest soldier in the deadly breach, and walked amid the same pestilence which cut down thousands by his side, unslain. A stray bullet, an adventurous pike, and the Commonwealth of England would have been an air bubble which the first touch breaks.

From Ross he marched on Waterford, which, after investing some time, he abandoned, and went into winter quarters. Various measures of his under officers marked the close of his operations;—for himself, as soon as his troops were comfortably settled, he made the tour of his garrisons, and prepared for an early opening

of the spring campaign. He also attended to civil matters—a court of justice was established in Dublin and Munster, over which Ireton was placed by parliament as grand judge.

His despatches, dated Cork, Dec. 19th, giving an account of his last measures and his settlement in winter quarters, reached parliament on the 8th of January, and were no sooner read than a vote was passed recalling him to England. Charles II. had formed a coalition with the Scotch—or rather, being less scrupulous than his father, had yielded all to their demands, on condition they should place him on the throne. A second invasion was threatened, and it behooved parliament to have Cromwell at home.

In the meantime, the lord-general did not wait for spring to open before he commenced operations. No sooner were his men recruited, and re-inforcements from England received, than he took the field; and, though the weather was cold, on the 24th of January put his troops in motion. It is not our intention to go into all the details of this sickening war—enough has been already given to show in what manner it was carried on, and illustrate the chief actors in it.

The plan of the campaign soon developed itself—Col. Reynolds, at the head of a large body of horse and dragoons and two thousand foot, marched into Kilkenny followed by Ireton with a strong reserve, while Cromwell took his way towards the counties of Limerick and Tipperary, determined to penetrate into the very heart of the enemy's country. Two days after he left

Youghal, he took the castle of Kilkenny, on the borders of Limerick, and, soon after, Clogheen. Raghill Castle and old Castletown also surrendered, when he moved toward Fethard, beyond the Suir. After a terrible march, rendered worse by a storm of wind and rain, he arrived, at night, before this strongly walled place. His troops, drenched to their skins, cold and hungry, could find no place of shelter, except an old abbey, into which they crawled to escape the tempestuous weather.

The main army was not yet up, and this was merely an advance-guard of a few hundred, with which he had marched so boldly into the midst of the enemy. But neither the smallness of his force, nor the stormy night, nor the state of his troops, could induce him to delay a moment before it; and soon his trumpet was heard amid the pauses of the storm, summoning the town to surrender. The garrison shot at the trumpeter, and for an hour refused to answer the call, saying, that "it was not a time of night to send a summons." But Cromwell would listen to no excuse, and the indignant governor was compelled to sit up all night and settle the treaty, by which, next morning, the place was given up.

He then started for Callan, where he met Col. Reynolds, who had also been successful. The colonel was sent with his regiment to sieze Knocktofer; while Cromwell, with the remaining forces, returned to Fethard and Cashel. Cahir Castle, perched like an eagle upon a rock, and which formerly cost the Earl of Essex a siege of eight weeks to subdue, yielded at once.

The Castle of Kiltinon, of Golden Bridge, of Dundrum, fell in rapid succession, and garrisons were so distributed over the country, that the enemy could not obtain subsistence, and fell, detachment after detachment, into the hands of the republicans.

In Limerick, Col. Henry Cromwell and Lord Broghil* drove the enemy out of the country into Kilkenny. Cromwell, hearing of it, marched thither, with his accustomed rapidity, and prostrating everything in his passage, formed a junction with Col. Hewson, who had arrived from Dublin. He then proceeded to invest a strong castle near Gowran, commanded by Col. Hammond, "who was a principal actor in the Kentish insurrection, and did manage Lord Capel's business at his trial" (to little purpose it seemed), and ordered him to surrender. The valiant colonel sent a haughty refusal, upon which Cromwell planted his artillery and began to play upon him. The clatter of balls about his ears, and the crumbling of walls, brought the colonel to his senses, and he beat a parley, offering to treat. But the former, having once offered him fairly, refused—saying, that he would promise nothing but the safety of the soldiers—the surrender of the officers must be *unconditional*. Hammond accepted the terms, and the soldiers were saved: but he and all his officers, except

* It is said that Broghil, formerly an enemy of Cromwell, being detected in a conspiracy, was compelled to choose between the scaffold and the army of the Commonwealth. But it is doubtful whether Cromwell would have entrusted such an important command to a friend thus obtained. He was, however, a faithful and efficient officer.

one, were inhumanly shot, and the Catholic chaplain hung outside the walls.

He next marched to the "city of Kilkenny," where he arrived on the 22d of March. Two days after, his battery of "three guns began to play," and after a hundred shot, or so, made a breach, which their fiery leader thought "*stormable*" and rushed into it. But the garrison had cast up works, and palisaded them, which commanded the breach so completely that the assaulting column recoiled in confusion. But Col. Ewer with a thousand men having made a lodgement in another portion of the city and a town on the farther side of the river being occupied by a detachment of republican troops, the place, after some severe fighting, surrendered.

In the meantime, his subordinate officers, operating against smaller places in the neighborhood, were equally successful; and "they continued to grow upon their enemy, as the Lord blessed them."

The letter of recall, sent the 8th of January, did not reach Oliver, it appears, till the 22d of March. Whether he managed so as to secure its detention till he could finish his work in Ireland, or not, it is impossible to say, but it seems very strange that a government despatch should be two months and a half going from London to Ireland.

STORM OF CLOMMEL.

Hugh O'Neil commanded here with a strong garrison under him; and undismayed by the vengeance which

had fallen on other towns, made a gallant defence. Cromwell, as heretofore, immediately planted his batteries, and as soon as a breach was made, ordered the storm. But the enemy had erected double intrenchments and cross works within, which were flanked in turn by houses; so that after the breach was passed, the peril had but just commenced. The enthusiastic republicans crowded, however, into the ragged opening made by the cannon, and falling with a terrible shout on the net-work of defences within, attempted to carry them by an overwhelming charge. But, met by a solid ridge of steel points, and mowed down by the rapid volleys, they could not advance. Yet, disdaining to fly, they sunk, rank after rank, in their footsteps, "each stepping where his comrade fell"—and thus for four mortal hours, stood breast to breast with their foes, receiving the flashes of the muskets in their very faces. Never before was a storm so resolutely pressed—nothing could resist it—and at length, as night drew on, the enemy gave way and fled, and a parley was sounded. The garrison had left the town, but the next morning Oliver pursued them and killed over two hundred men.

This was the last of his battles in Ireland, and handing over his command to Ireton, he returned to Dublin, where the ship *President* was waiting for him. Having hastily arranged some civil matters, and given his instructions—he, in the latter part of May, stepped on board and set sail for England.

We will not describe the manner in which Ireton, brave and relentless as his father-in-law, completed the

subjugation of the country. The same system was carried out until Ireland lay completely prostrate, and was compelled to receive whatever her master chose to bestow.

REVIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Cromwell's campaign lasted but nine months in all, yet in that time, he had accomplished more than England had ever before been able to do in as many years. With a soul of fire and a will of iron, he moved with his cannon like some awful impersonation of wrath, from city to city and town to town. He admitted no delay—the moment the head of his column appeared before the walls, his trumpet was heard summoning the garrison to surrender. He did not even wait for an answer, but commenced planting his guns; and thundered on their fastnesses, even while negotiations were going on. No sooner did his shot open a breach, than he stormed through. One wild protracted wail swelling to heaven—streets cumbered with corpses and rippling with blood, and his work was done and his fierce columns again in motion.

The rapidity of his marches, and the suddenness of his onsets, imparted still more terror to his movements, and the blast of his bugle before the walls of a town sounded, to the terrified inhabitants within, like the peal of the last trumpet. Lips grew pale and hearts stopped beating, at the mention of his name. To us, he does not in this campaign seem to be Cromwell, but some wrathful

spirit from the other world, sent on a commission of vengeance. Defying the pestilence that walked through his army at "noon-day"—with gaunt famine in his rear—mercy asleep in his breast, and slaughter written in terrific lines on his corrugated brow; he moves over the land, crushing cities, and castles, and walled towns under his feet, as if they were but the playthings of an hour.

DEFENCE OF CROMWELL IN THIS CAMPAIGN.

Much effort has been made by the friends of Cromwell, to palliate the atrocities of this war. But the excuses offered, viz., that he had only a short time, in which to effect the subjugation of the country—that his army was rapidly wasting away by sickness—that it was the quickest method of ending hostilities, &c., are utterly worthless; and, if we supposed that they were the motives which governed him, we should have no faith in him as a Christian—no love for him, as a man. Mr. Carlyle seems to think the plan an excellent one, inasmuch as it prevented the effusion of blood. Yes; but supposing Cromwell had not always been victorious, and the Irish had retaliated on him the bloody warfare he adopted, what kind of a campaign would this have been? A succession of mutual massacres such as the world never beheld. This "doing evil that good may come," and making "the ends justify the means," is considered, in our times, rather doubtful morality.

What right had Cromwell to make the Irish an ex

ception to his ordinary mode of warfare? Why did he not impose the same conditions on the English and Scotch towns that he invested? What if he had butchered the inhabitants of Bristol, because they put him to the trouble of storming it? In what respect were they different from Drogheda and Wexford? The simple truth is, his conduct of the Irish war was savage and ferocious—unworthy of a civilized man, much more of a Christian, and will rest a spot on his name to the end of time. In sacking cities, massacres will sometimes occur, when a long and bloody resistance has so exasperated the soldiers, that all discipline is lost. Thus, during the peninsular war, in the time of Napoleon; in the sacking of St. Sebastian by the English, and the storming of Oporto by the French, the inhabitants were slaughtered; but the officers took no part in it—nay, exposed their lives in endeavoring to arrest the violence. But here we have a Puritan commander, who prays before going to battle, sings psalms in the midst of the fight, and writes pastoral letters to parliament, not permitting, but ordering, massacres to be committed.

Mr. Carlyle not only refuses to condemn such an uncivilized mode of warfare, but stigmatizes those who have some objections to it, as “rose-water surgeons.” But, to make light of those atrocities, which, to this day, are remembered as the “Curse of Cromwell,” is carrying “hero-worship” a little too far. Should we unfold the horror and cruelty; depict, in full, and accurately, the sufferings and cold-blooded massacres

connected with this Irish war, the stern face of Oliver would ever after appear streaked with blood.

We have thus spoken as condemnatory of his conduct towards the Irish, as if he had butchered the inhabitants in brutal ferocity or fiendish hate, because we wish not in any way to sanction the view which Carlyle takes. But though there can be no apology for such a mode of warfare, there may be for the man. The character is indicated more by the *motive* than by the act. Now, we do not see the least inconsistency in Cromwell's conduct from first to last. The very simplicity with which he gives his own account of the affair, shows that he imagines himself to be acting right. He makes no apology—offers no excuses—throws in no palliation; but tells the naked facts, as if it were impossible to doubt his sincerity. These barbarous cruelties, instead of furnishing any contradictions to his character, illustrate it. They prove our former statement, that he was acting under a kind of hallucination, and conceived himself a special agent of God, to destroy His foes and establish His Church. He fought battles precisely on the principles the Israelites did when they struggled to keep possession of the land of Canaan. The Old Testament was constantly in his mouth, and he killed men as coolly as Joshua. The Scotch and English being Protestants, he regarded them as Judah might Dan or Manasseh in a civil war; while the Irish Papists he considered as Amalakites or Moabites, who were to be destroyed as enemies of the Lord. This is evident from the language he uses

in his despatches to parliament. After stating what he has done in perfect candor and fairness, knowing that it will stand registered against him to the end of time, he says: "I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future; *which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret.*" Nor is it strange that he should have entertained these erroneous views. When we remember that the Protestants solemnly believed themselves to be the true church and the Papists heathen; how the former had been massacred; and also the peculiar views of the Puritans respecting "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," we cannot wonder that Cromwell regarded himself as commissioned to avenge the slaughter of the saints, whose bones lay bleaching on the moors of Ireland. Justice and judgment were the only mottoes on his sword; and he verily believed himself to be executing both.

If he had not been borne up by some such lofty sentiment as this, it is very doubtful whether he could have saved England from tyranny first, and from a war of factions afterwards. To such a man there is no wavering of purpose—no confusion of thought. The complicated motives and fears which distract the mere political leader he knows nothing of. With one grand object in view, he presses steadily towards it—erring, it may be, in his means, but not in his motives. To make

no allowance for the expectations or impressions that guide one, and judge him by his acts alone, would be to condemn all the great warriors of the Old Testament as cut-throats. We have no doubt Cromwell considered himself as much commissioned by the Lord as ever David did. As he took no glory to himself from his victories, so he felt no blame in the slaughters that preceded them. It was the work of the Lord, from first to last; and he gave him all the glory, not doubting that he took all the responsibility. It is true, he had no right to this impression, for he had received no revelation from God. The warriors of Israel obtained their commission from Heaven, through its own appointed medium; and hence, their bloody wars were no more nor less than divine justice. But Cromwell had received no such commission in his Irish massacres, and to believe that he had, argued a want of moral sense which mars very much the excellency of his character. Still, it was an error of the intellect rather than of the heart; and sprung from that very belief without which he could not have succeeded. Indeed, when we take into consideration the bitter animosity that existed between the Puritans and Papists, and the pious horror with which the former regarded the latter, especially after the protracted massacres in Ireland, it seems an error *inseparable* from his belief. Under the same circumstances—surrounded by the same influences, and carried away by the same enthusiasm, who of us would have acted differently?

Those who attempt to sustain the stale charge of hy-

hypocrisy, from his conduct in this campaign, would do well to explain why he affected no concealment—offered no explanations. A hypocrite, methinks, who knew himself to be playing the villain, would take some pains to cover up his actions—at least, not be, himself, the most faithful historian of them. It is true, that his language and his actions, present, at times, a striking contrast; and some key is necessary to unlock the mystery which surrounds them; for, certainly, there is a mystery. But this key is not *hypocrisy*. To say that he used his religion as a cloak with which to cover up his violent acts, involves a still greater inconsistency than the one it seeks to explain. It is much more rational to suppose, that he was under the influence of a certain religious fanaticism—a wrong idea of his mission, than to assert that he intentionally and blasphemously used the name of God to conceal his deep-laid ambition. To say that he snatched a few moments, from his fierce battles, to write to his children, bidding them fear God, and keep his commandments—or to his intimate friends, giving them a minute account of his spiritual experience, solely because he wished to play the hypocrite, or, in other words, to serve the devil without any provocation, is carrying prejudice beyond the bounds of reason. The speeches and letters of a man, both public and private, through a series of years, must reveal his character, if anything will. But, we have nearly two hundred letters, written in various periods of his life, to persons of every description, even to his wife and children, in all the frankness of pa-

rental affection; and yet, no inconsistency in his character is seen. Those who term him a hypocrite, will, perhaps, explain this fact—one, we imagine, wholly *un-*explainable on the ground they take. Before the idea of power had dawned on his mind, or he had even dreamed a letter of his would be seen, except by his family, he utters the same religious phrases, indulges in the same religious sentiments, which, repeated in public, bring upon him the charge of cant, hypocrisy, and design.

Much has been said of the unjust manner in which Ireland was finally settled. Confiscations were, doubtless, extensive and heavy—indeed, poor Ireland has always been confiscated to death. It has made no difference, whether fighting for her king or against him, she was sure to be confiscated. Clarendon states, and Villemain has adopted the ridiculous error, that all the Irish Catholics were driven into Connaught, and shut up there on pain of death, if they attempted to leave. One would think that the idea of crowding all Catholic Ireland into one province, was so preposterous in itself, that nobody would give the statement credence for a moment.

Without entering into details, the outline of the plan of settlement was this: First, all the ringleaders who had been engaged in the massacre of 1641, were, on conviction, to be put to death, or banished as the court should decree. Second, those *not* engaged in the massacre, but had borne arms against parliament, were to forfeit two-thirds of their estates,

and be banished during the pleasure of parliament, or receive the value of the remaining third in land in Connaught; while those who, choosing to remain neutral, had refused to take up arms *for* the commonwealth, were to forfeit one-third or one-fifth of their estates, and remain in quiet possession of the remainder. These severe enactments, however, affected only the upper classes, while “all husbandmen, ploughmen, laborers, artificers, and others of the mean sort, *were to be asked no questions, and to receive no punishment.*” The design of parliament, in putting these severe conditions on Ireland, was, no doubt, to give the preponderance to the Protestants, who succeeded to the confiscated estates.

These heavy enactments were rigorously carried out, and the flower of the kingdom fled into foreign lands, and took refuge in foreign service. The performance of Catholic ceremonies was made a capital offence, and the priests were hunted down like common felons. “*Priest-hunting became a favorite field sport,*” says a certain writer. This is, doubtless, a gross exaggeration; but the persecution of the Papists was rigorous in the extreme. Still, Ireland flourished under this yoke of iron, as it never had done before—public order was restored—the laws were respected—industry revived and, in the language of Clarendon, “all this was done and settled, within less than two years, to that degree of perfection, that there were many buildings raised for beauty as well as use—orderly and regular plantations of trees, and fences, and enclosures, raised throughout

the kingdom—purchases made by one from the other, at very valuable rates—adjoinures made upon marriages, and all other conveyances and settlements existed, as in a kingdom of peace, within itself, wherein no doubt could be made of the solidity of titles.” Such was the result of the settlement made by the Puritan commonwealth.

To show that Cromwell was not peculiar in his treatment of Ireland, we would refer the reader to the administrations of the two Charles's, who preceded and came after him—to the bill of rights, called “Graces,” on the promise of granting which, Charles I. received money to the amount of a half a million of dollars, and then broke his royal word—and last of all to the terrible administration of Strafford, which ended in a rebellion. This, of course, produced confiscation; and, in *ten days*, “bills of indictment, for high treason, were found against *all the Catholic nobility and gentry in the counties of Meath, Wicklow, and Dublin, and three hundred gentlemen in the county of Kildare.* These are but a small portion of the tender mercies of Charles I., the blessed martyr. Charles II., when he ascended the throne, instead of reversing the settlement made by the commonwealth, *established* it. These things are mentioned, to show that the cruel course pursued by parliament, towards the Irish, was not an exception, but the carrying out of a general rule. This makes a vast difference—if the confiscations and persecutions under the Puritans stood by themselves, distinct and separate monuments of oppression, as their enemies imply, a strong case might

be made out against their character. But when we remember they carried out a system which had precedents enough to make it constitutional, we pass the crime from sects over to the *nation*. The administration of Strafford, able though it is granted to have been, was one of the most unjust under which the Irish ever suffered. The truth is, Ireland has ever been regarded as so much common plunder, by England. From the twelfth century till now, she has, with scarcely one protracted interval, suffered under the yoke of her haughty mistress; and it is not just to select out one period in order to stab republicanism. We have read history of modern civilization pretty thoroughly, and yet, we know of no examples of violated faith, broken treaties, corruption, bribery, violence, and oppression, compared to those which the history of the English and Irish connexion presents.

If the Commonwealth had lasted, Ireland would have been a Protestant kingdom, and her subsequent misfortunes avoided.

CHAPTER X.

INVASION OF SCOTLAND. 1650—1651.

Cromwell Lands in England—His Reception—Accepts Command of the Army Destined for Scotland—Charles II.—His Base Conduct—Cromwell Marches North—Enters Scotland—Strives in Vain to Provoke Lesley to Give Battle—Lambert Wounded—Movements Around Edinburgh—Battle of Dunbar—Cromwell Invests Edinburgh Castle—Marches to Glasgow—Interviews with a Scotch Minister—Outflanks the Scotch at Stirling, and Compels Them to Evacuate the Place—The Scotch Invade England—Pursued by Cromwell—Battle of Worcester—Review of Cromwell's Career.

CROMWELL had a stormy passage across the channel—quite in keeping with the life he had led for the last nine months—but, at length, arrived safely at Bristol. No sooner were his colors seen flying from the mast, than the town was in an uproar; and, amid the firing of cannon, and shouts of the populace, he once more set foot on the shore of England. His journey to London was one triumphal march, and when he reached Hyde Park the city shook to the acclamations of the multitude and the roar of guns. After resting a few days, he took his seat in parliament, and was welcomed by a vote of thanks, accompanied by a highly eulogistic speech from Speaker Lenthall. Cromwell replied, giving a full account of affairs in Ireland, and the plan he had marked out for Ireton.

Ireland being thus disposed of, it became the Commonwealth to turn its attention to other enemies who threatened its existence. France, domineering at sea, plundered English merchantmen—some of the remote colonial possessions were in revolt; while Scilly, Jersey, and the Isle of Man, refusing to acknowledge the government, carried on a piratical war against English commerce. But the *chief* danger, and that which demanded immediate attention, was the attitude of Scotland. The mad attempt of Montrose, who had landed from the Continent, and endeavored to overthrow the kirk party, Scotch, parliamentary army, and all; had proved a failure, and the unfortunate nobleman been hung on a gallows thirty feet high, and his body divided into four quarters, been stuck up over the gates of the four chief towns in the kingdom. Charles II. who was at the bottom of the movement, then attempted to make a treaty with the Scotch, and commissioners were sent from Edinburgh to Breda, in the Netherlands, to confer with him. This dissolute, unprincipled, youth—with none of the virtues, and all the deceit and faithlessness of his father, finding no other means left him to obtain the crown, acceded to the hard conditions imposed upon him, and set sail in seven Dutch ships for Scotland. Before he landed he signed the Scotch covenant, by which he bound himself to root out the Episcopal Church: he was then entertained with long sermons and prayers, which he bore like a martyr. As he passed Aberdeen, on his way to Edinburgh, he saw one of the limbs of Montrose still hanging, blackened and weather-beaten, over the gate.

He eventually crowned his hypocrisy and baseness by signing a declaration, in which he gave thanks to God for his timely conversion; expressed his deep sorrow at his father's wickedness, and horror of his mother's idolatry; and swore eternal hostility to popery in every part of his realm. To sink this contemptible prince, whose beastly crimes afterwards made England a bye-word among the nations of Europe, still deeper in disgrace, the Scotch, before crowning him, required him to undergo a public humiliation, and in the presence of the people repeat his abhorrence of his father's, grandfather's, and mother's acts; and perjure himself by solemnly avowing, that he sought the throne solely for the advancement of religion. He took the covenant three times with this terrible oath: "*By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth forever, I will observe and keep all that is contained therein.*"

It was on account of these movements that parliament recalled Cromwell from Ireland. After some discussion respecting the course to be adopted, it was resolved not to permit the enemy, as heretofore, to cross the border, and lay waste the kingdom; but to take the initial themselves, and invade Scotland. Fairfax, on account of some Presbyterian scruples, or, more probably, at the instigation of his wife, refused to receive the command, and Cromwell, after vainly attempting to persuade him to change his mind, at length, reluctantly, accepted it himself. Not yet rested from his severe Irish campaign, he, nevertheless, would not decline, and

again summoned his energies for war. Before departing, he took Ludlow into a private room, and discoursed with him on matters in Ireland—on the ungodly character of English lawyers and law, and finally passed into a lengthy exposition of the hundred-and-tenth psalm, “The Lord at thy right-hand, *shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath*; he shall judge among the heathen; he shall fill the places with dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many countries, &c. ;” a prophecy which he set about fulfilling in a way most likely to secure its accomplishment.

With his accustomed rapidity of movement, he, three days after his appointment, (June 28th,) was on his way to the North, whither the troops were already marching. Processions, acclamations, and salvos of cannon, attended his passage. At York, they gave him a grand dinner; at Darnton, the artillery saluted him as he swept past, and at Newcastle, a magnificent reception was prepared. Lambert, as major-general, Whalley, Overton, Pride, and the renowned and afterwards infamous Monk, were the chief officers who accompanied him. At Newcastle, they had a solemn meeting for conference and prayer; and the lord-general prayed and talked more like a parson than a military chieftain, with his band of heroes.

Having arranged everything, he at length set out for Berwick, the place of rendezvous; and on the 20th of July, reviewed the troops on Haggerston moor. *Five thousand four hundred and fifteen* cavalry, noble steeds and brave riders as ever rushed to the shock; ten thou-

sand two hundred and forty-nine foot, and a splendid train of artillery, consisting of *six hundred and ninety*; in all, over sixteen thousand well appointed men constituted this immortal army. Oliver rode slowly along their glittering ranks; and his eye took a prouder look, as he thought of the might and terror with which they could be hurled on the foe. That night, they encamped on the banks of the Tweed; and the inhabitants frightened at the sudden appearance, kindled their beacon fires, and leaving their homes, fled northward. This army had been reported to them as a collection of monsters, whose cruelty spared neither age nor sex; and hence their sudden flight.

Ten days after the rendezvous, Cromwell drew his forces forward to a place from which this Scotch territory was in full view. Halting them there, he pointed to the scene of their future labors, and exhorted them to be faithful and brave, and God would smile on their efforts. A deafening shout rolled through the ranks, and then the line of march was resumed. That night, the army quartered in Scotland, at Mordington. Cromwell here issued a proclamation forbidding any one, on pain of death, to plunder or offer violence to the peaceful inhabitants of the country, through which they should pass. He, also, in order to keep his forces compact, ordered that no soldier, without special license, should venture at any time more than a half a mile from the main army. A proclamation was also issued to the Scotch people, giving the lie to slanders that had

been promulgated by the Scotch clergy and parliament against the English troops.

On Thursday, the 25th, the army began to advance, and the next day, reached Dunbar, and found the transports laden with provisions, in the harbor. It then moved to Haddington, within twelve miles of Edinburgh, and encamped. On Sunday, hearing that the Scotch were advancing to give battle, Cromwell, early in the morning, ordered the drums to beat to arms, and quickly arrayed his troops. Rapidly forming, the cavalry went clattering forward, followed close by the eager columns, as they hurried on to get possession of Gladston Moor, before the enemy. But the report proving false, Oliver sent forward Lambert and Whalley with fourteen hundred horse, to Musselburgh, to reconnoitre; while he followed with the main body. These commanders soon came upon the Scotch army, 24,000 strong, firmly entrenched between Edinburgh and Leith; while nearly their whole line was raked by the guns of the latter place. Cromwell, on discerning the strength of the position, wisely resolved not to hazard an attack.

Notwithstanding his superiority of numbers, old Lesley, the commander-in-chief, would not offer battle in the open field:—he knew Oliver too well—he had fought by his side at Marston Moor, and seen the wild work his Ironsides made, when given fair charging-ground; and he lay snug behind his works. The latter, however, moved up his cannon within long range, and also took King Arthur's Hill, which stood within a

mile of Edinburgh, and overlooked the city and the enemy. Nothing else was attempted that day; while, to discourage the soldiers still more, a heavy rain storm set in, and continued all night, drenching them to the skin. Most of them had nothing but the damp earth to rest upon; yet, they never murmured, hoping for a battle next day. But, in the morning, Cromwell gave the orders to retreat to their encampment at Musselburgh.

While the army was executing this order, and steadily falling back, the Scotch made a sally upon the rear-guard, and threw it into confusion. But a large body of horse, galloping to the rescue, they were quickly repulsed. Lesley, however, sending out heavy re-inforcements, they rallied, and returned to the charge; and, for awhile, it was a close and hot contest. But Lambert and Whalley, who commanded the rear—enraged at their first repulse, now poured their enthusiastic troops to the charge, with such impetuosity, that the enemy, after a short, but desperate struggle, broke, and fled. The blood of the republicans was now fairly up, and pressing after the flying foe, they charged to the very trenches. Among the foremost—leading on their troops, and fighting like common soldiers, rode Lambert and Whalley, their swords drinking blood at every step. At length, Lambert's horse, struck by two balls, plunged forward, and fell dead. Immediately two lances pierced the prostrate rider—one pinning his arm to the earth, and the other entering his body—and he was made prisoner. This would have been a sad day for Oliver, had not one of his own lieutenants, see-

ing the danger of the major-general, dashed resolutely forward, and, at the peril of his own life, gallantly rescued him. Whalley, who saw the general fall, shouted to his men to charge; and, falling, like an overturned cliff, with his entire regiment, on the victorious enemy, broke them into fragments, and sent them in terror behind their works.

This ended the day's fight; and Cromwell was allowed to draw off his army, without farther molestation—bearing his wounded major-general with him. He encamped, that night, at Musselburgh; and the weary and wet soldiers lay down to rest. But, between three and four o'clock in the morning, they were aroused by the hurried beat of drums, the cry of "To arms!" and the tramp of charging squadrons. Major-Generals Montgomery and Strahan, hoping to take the republicans by surprise, had suddenly fallen, with fifteen hundred horse, on the camp; and driving in the guards, broken a regiment of horse which Cromwell had ordered to hold itself in readiness, in case of an attack. But it was no easy matter to send a panic through this disciplined host; and, though in the darkness and confusion they supposed the whole Scotch army was upon them, they rallied with the utmost precision and steadiness; and charging the enemy in turn, routed them—pursuing and slaying the fugitives even to the gates of Edinburgh. Several inferior officers were killed and taken prisoners; and Strahan himself, had to foot it into the town, to escape being taken.

We have spoken of the proclamation Cromwell issued

at Berwick, to the people of Scotland. The general assembly answered it, with a long counter declaration; to which a reply was sent, drawn up, doubtless, by some of the chaplains in the army. Cromwell accompanied this with a letter of his own, to the general assembly, in which he gave them some very useful hints; and wound up by advising them to read “the twenty-eighth of Isaiah, from the fifth to the fifteenth verse.” The thirteenth and fourteenth verses are as follows: “But the word of the Lord was unto them, precept upon precept—precept upon precept; line upon line—line upon line; here a little and there a little, that they might go and fall backward, and be broken, and snared, and taken. Wherefore, hear the word of the Lord, ye scornful men, that rule this people which is in Jerusalem.” We suspect he meant to have them read from the fifth to the fifteenth *inclusive*—the last being more pat than all the rest, as applied to the bargain and agreement they had just made with Charles II. “Because ye have said, we have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement, when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us; for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehoods have we hid ourselves.” The Presbyterian divines, doubtless, found this rather “strong meat,” and not designed for “babes and sucklings.”

Two days after the date of this letter, Cromwell marched his army through the storm, back to Dunbar, to get supplies from his ships. The Scots, supposing it to be a retreat, had a day of solemn thanksgiving and

rejoicing, over their great deliverance. But the presence of his advance-guard at Musselburgh again on the 12th, checked their premature joy.

Finding it useless to attempt to drive Lesley out of his entrenchments by occupying in front of him, he now removed to Pentland Hills, so as to cut off his supplies, and thus provoke him to battle. In the meantime, another declaration was received from the kirk and states, repelling Cromwell's insinuations and quietly charging him with falsehood. Oliver replied, making good his first assertions. This correspondence was carried on by him for the sake of enlightening the honest portion of the Presbyterian party, and to induce them to reject the league with Charles.

He lay two weeks longer around Edinburgh—marching now on this side, now on that, using every means to tempt Lesley out of his intrenchments, but in vain. On the 14th of August, he stormed a small garrison within a mile and a half of the city and in sight of the whole Scotch army, and took it. A week after this, Lesley sent some officers to him to hold a conference about the aspersion he had cast upon them saying, they were “afraid to come out of their trenches and holes and fight like men who had a good cause.” Cromwell was glad to find that his taunts had told, and hoped to bring matters to some point—for the next morning the Scotch army drew off towards Stirling. He immediately put his troops in motion, but when he came in front of the enemy, he saw that they had placed a wide bog between them and him. Provoked by this decep-

tion, he commenced a tremendous cannonade over the morass, which he kept up all day. The Scotch answered, till the Pentland Hills and old Edinburgh Castle shook with the heavy explosions. Capt. Hodgson's company were at prayers, when a cannon-ball came singing past them, just (according to the gallant captain) as they reached the word "Amen;" but, we suspect, the word "Amen" was uttered just as the cannon-ball went singing past. Oliver taught his men to pray *before* and *after* the battle, but not *in* it. At Marston Moor, an officer whom he ordered to charge began to pray, when he pressed a cocked pistol to his temple, and bade him stop praying and charge at once, or he would blow his brains out. He acted on the maxim, "there is a time for all things."

Several were killed in this skirmish, on both sides; but Cromwell seeing no benefit resulting from so distant firing, withdrew his troops, and encamped that night, in a tempest of wind and rain, within a mile of Edinburgh.

Lesley, finding that the republican army had become sadly reduced by sickness, now attempted to play on Oliver the game he had been so long practising on *him*, and cut off his supplies, by interposing between him and his shipping. But the latter, getting wind of it, "fired his huts that Saturday night," and began his march towards Dunbar, where his ships lay. Lesley hung threateningly on his rear, and several skirmishes took place between separate detachments of horse—but the Scotch dared not risk a close engagement All

that day, Sunday, the sick and wasted army fell steadily back, until, at length, it drew up in front of Dunbar, resolved to make a stand there by the ships. In the meantime, Lesley's columns gathered in a thick cloud upon Doon Hill, that overlooked it. Cromwell's troops had perished so fast, that out of the noble army he led over the borders only eleven thousand now remained fit for service.

BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

The spot on which Oliver drew up his little army, was a small, narrow, tongue of land, running out into the Frith of Forth—high and bleak near where it joined the mainland, and overlooking, on either side, the restless ocean. The town of Dunbar was behind him—a single mansion, Brocksmouth House, faced his extreme left—else there was not a covering on the desolate expanse, save one hut, into which the cannon were carried to shelter them from the rain, which fell in torrents.

On this bleak and narrow peninsula, only a mile and a half wide at its base, behold the white tents of Cromwell's army! In front of him, landward, is a desolate, unpassable moor, with a low ridge of hills beyond, on which stands the Scotch army, twenty-three thousand strong. At the base of these runs a small streamlet, forty feet wide and almost as many deep; furnishing only two passes over which troops can march. Cromwell's ships are in the offing, his now last remaining resource: the lion is at length caught, and the prey deemed secure.

On the second of September, Oliver looks forth from the desolate heath, on which his army is drawn up in order of battle; and, lo! what a sight meets his gaze. Behind him is the sea, swept by a strong wind; and before him, blocking him in from shore to shore, a chosen army outnumbering his own two to one. The white tents, that are sprinkled over this low peninsula, rock to and fro in the storm of sleet and hail; and darkness and gloom hang over the Puritan host. This strip of land is all that he has left in Scotland, while a powerful army stands ready to sweep him into the sea. But it is in circumstances like these that his character shines forth with greatest splendor. Though his overthrow seems certain, he exhibits no discouragement or fear, for, "*he was a strong man in the dark perils of war; in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all others.*" A letter he writes to the governor of Newcastle, on the eve of this battle, is so characteristic, and, withal, so sublime, that we give it entire.

To Sir Arthur Haselrig, Governor of Newcastle; these

"DEAR SIR—We are upon an engagement very difficult. The enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Coppers-path, through which we cannot get without a miracle. He lieth so upon the hills, that we know not how to come that way, without great difficulty; and our lying here daily, consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

"I perceive your forces are not in a condition for present relief. *Wherefore, whatever comes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all good people. If your forces*

had been in readiness to have fallen on the back of Coppers-path, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for good. Our spirits are comfortable, praised be the Lord—though our present condition be as it is. And, indeed, we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.

“Indeed, do you get together what force you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. *I would not make it public, lest danger should accrue thereby.* You know what use to make thereof. Let me hear from you.

“I rest your servant,

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”

Nobly said. Indeed, it will be a miracle if he escapes; yet, calm and self-sustained, he waits the issue. “Whatever becomes of him,” he is still anxious for the cause in which he is struggling. Forgetting himself, in the nobleness of his great heart, he says; “Let me fall in silence—let not the news of my danger bring discouragement on our friends—God’s will be done.”

At four o’clock that evening, as he was watching the enemy’s movements through his glass, he saw that the Scotch commander was bringing down the whole army from the hill to the brook at its base, to be ready next day to commence the assault. In this movement his quick eye detected an error, which, like Bonaparte, he determined to avail himself of.

Lesley, in executing his manœuvre, had packed his main body into a narrow space, where it could not easily deploy; while the entire right wing stretched out

into the plain. Cromwell saw, that if he could rout this wing, and roll it back in disorder on the unwieldy mass, before it could draw up in order of battle in the open ground, victory would be sure. That night, therefore, his twelve thousand men were placed in battle array, with nothing white about them to show conspicuous in the dusky twilight, and with orders, as soon as the morning dawned, to fall on the enemy. All night long, the drenched army stood, without a tent to cover them, in the cold storm; while the moan of the sea, as it rolled heavily on the beach, seemed chanting a requiem beforehand, for the dead that should cumber the field. But, amid the shriek of the blast, and the steady roar of the waves, the voice of prayer was heard along the lines; and many a brave heart, that before another night should beat no more, poured forth its earnest supplications to the God of battle.

Towards morning, the clouds broke away, and the moon shone dimly down on the silent host. Cromwell, who had been intently watching the enemy's motions, now saw a column moving down the southern pass; and lifting up his arm, exclaimed, "the Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" The trumpets then sounded the charge—the artillery opened their fire, while louder than all rang the shout, "*The Lord of Hosts! the Lord of Hosts!*" as infantry and cavalry poured in one wild torrent together on the enemy. The first division of the foot recoiled; when Cromwell ordered up his own regiment, which, with levelled pikes, pressed sternly forward amid the carnage, bearing

down all opposition. At that moment, the cavalry came thundering on: the Scotch paused in terror; the next moment the clattering tempest was upon them. Over the brook and over the hostile ranks they went, trampling down the steady battalions like grass beneath their feet, and bearing three thousand souls to the next world, in their fierce passage. In the midst of this terrible charge, on which Cromwell's eye rested with the deepest anxiety, the sun rose over the naked hills, and, struggling through the mist that was gently moving away from the battle-field, sent his level beams athwart the commingled hosts.

So did the sun rise on Napoleon at Borodino, as he stood and surveyed the field on which two hundred and sixty thousand men were moving to battle, and the sublime expression burst from his lips, "Behold the Sun of Austerlitz!" But Cromwell, carried away by a higher sentiment than glory, gave vent to his emotions in sublimer language. As the blazing fire-ball rolled slowly into view and poured its light over the scene, he burst forth, "LET GOD ARISE, *and let his enemies be scattered!*" Aye, and they were scattered. The right wing, broken and disordered, was rolled in a confused mass upon the main body of the army; and the panic spreading, those twenty thousand men became a cloud of fugitives, sweeping hither and thither over the field. At the base of Doon Hill, on which the enemy had been encamped, Cromwell ordered a general halt: and while the horse could be rallied for the chase, bade the army sing the hundred and seventeenth Psalm. "Hundred and seven-

teenth Psalm, at the foot of Doon Hill; there we uplift it to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky." As the mighty anthem died away on the field, the shout of battle was again heard; and the fierce cavalry drove amid the broken ranks, riding down the fugitives and sabring them without mercy, till the ground was covered with the dead.

Three thousand were slain; and ten thousand taken prisoners; while fifteen thousand stand of arms; two hundred stands of colors, and twenty-seven cannon; remained as spoils to the victors. It was an utter rout of the Scotch: the whole country around became covered with a disorderly multitude, through which the steady squadrons of the republicans galloped without resistance.

Cromwell never appeared to better advantage than on this occasion. He had been forced to remain inactive, while his army dwindled rapidly away; and at last made a stand where the chances were all against him. But these adverse events had only excited him to greater efforts; and in the midst of the battle, those who saw him say he appeared like one inspired. He was now fifty-one years of age; but his life of excitement, exposure, and toil, had made heavy demands on his iron constitution. The rich and clustering hair of youth had fallen away, and thin grey locks but partially covered his wrinkled temples and expansive forehead. What between religious enthusiasm—the intense thought and anxiety to which the perilous posi-

* Vide Carlyle.

tion of himself and country made him a constant prey ; and his unparalleled physical labors ; reckless exposures to all elements and seasons ; his hardy frame began to yield ; and we find him, the next day after the battle, writing to his wife, saying, "I have been, in my inward man, marvellously supported ; though, *I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel the infirmities of age stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease !*" Now that the strain of the last six weeks is off, he feels how overtasked he has been ; and the reaction of mind and body remind him that the vigor and elasticity of youth are departing. The stern, knit brow has relaxed, and the flashing eye lost its fire ; and with a shade of melancholy subduing his strong features, he looks over the battle-field, and thinks of his own mortality.

Immediately after the action, he issued a proclamation, by beat of drum, granting permission to the inhabitants to come and carry off the dead, and remove and help the wounded. Five thousand persons were turned loose on the spot, as they encumbered the army ; while three thousand more were marched southward ; and at Morpeth, Newcastle, Durham, and by the wayside, died in crowds from the cruel treatment they received.

At the same time, he despatched Lambert, with seven regiments, to take Leith and Edinburgh, both of which opened their gates, though the castle of the latter, perched on its impregnable cliff, refused to come to terms. He, himself, soon followed, with his whole army, and invested the castle. In the meantime, he

sent word to the governor, (Dundas,) that the ministers should have free permission to return to the city, and preach unmolested. The clergy sent back a sulky answer—refusing to take advantage of the permission, declaring, that his persecutions towards the ministers of Christ had been personal, since his unjust invasion and, that they were “resolved to reserve themselves for better times; and, to wait upon Him who hath hidder his face for awhile, from the sons of Jacob.” To this Oliver returned a sharp and pungent reply, telling them that if they had their “master’s service in their eye,” as they pretended, they would not have refused his offer. but gladly availed themselves of it, to preach the Gospel;—that he had never persecuted, nor interfered with any minister, while pursuing his proper vocation, for which he entertained the highest respect. But, “when ministers pretend to a glorious reformation, and lay the foundations thereof, in getting to themselves worldly power, and can make worldly mixtures, to accomplish the same, (such as their late agreement with the king,) and hope to carry on their design, they may know that the Sion promised, will not be built of such untempered mortar. As for the unjust invasion they mention, *time was when an army of Scotland came into England, not called by the supreme authority.*”* “And although,” he says, “they comfort themselves with being *sons of Jacob*, from whom *God hath hid his face for a time*,” he tells them it is no wonder they are chastened, when they will not recognize His hand in the vengeance so

* Vide Carlyle’s Letters and Speeches of Cromwell, p. 480.

often visited on the house of Stuart.* “The Scotch clergy,” says Carlyle, wittily, “*never got such a reprimand since they first took ordination.*”

A long correspondence was afterwards carried on—ended on the part of Cromwell, by proposing four tough queries, which the Scotch theologians found it difficult to answer. They are given at length in Carlyle, who thus comments on them: “You can consider that, my friends; and think, on the whole, what kind of course you are probably getting into—steering towards a kingdom of Jesus Christ, with *Charles Stuart, and Mrs. Barlow† at the helm.*”

The remaining troops of the enemy—Charles at their head—rallied in Stirling; and thither Cromwell marched on the 14th, and drew up before the town. Finding the place, however, too strongly fortified to hazard an attack, he marched back again, and set down in earnest before the castle of Edinburgh. On the 29th he began his mines, determined to blow rock and all into the air.

Notwithstanding the victory of Dunbar, and the danger which now threatened Scotland, the most bitter factions divided the State. The chief of these were the “*king and kirk party,*” with Charles at its head, entrenched at Stirling;—the party *against* the king, called “*Remonstrators,*” commanded by Ker and Strahan, holding chiefly the West; and the *purely*

* Vide Appendix. No. IV.

† One of the notorious women with whom Charles began his dissolute career.

“*king party*,” under Middleton, who roamed the Highlands.

Hearing, while before Edinburgh Castle, that Ker and Strahan were mustering in force, threatening to march on the town itself, Cromwell, with nine regiments, departed hastily for Glasgow, which he entered without opposition. A leg of the unfortunate Montrose hung blackening in the sun, over the gates, as he passed through. Here he remained two days. It is said that he sent for Gillespie, principal of the college, and chief ecclesiastical dignitary, in those parts; and after some conversation, prayed with him—the lord-general taking occasion in the course of his prayer to give a pretty full and clear exposition of his theological views. On Sunday he went to church, and heard the clergyman (the Rev. Zachary Boyd, or as others state, James Durham, once in the army,) abuse him roundly, as an enemy of God and the true faith. Thurloe, incensed at his audacity, wished to pull him out of the pulpit by the ears, but Cromwell told him to sit still—that he was one fool, and the minister another. After service, he asked the choleric divine to dinner, and entertained him generously. When dinner was over, he requested him to lead in prayer, which he did, followed by Cromwell. This season of religious conversation and prayer, seemed to have wrought a wonderful change in the Rev. Zachary Boyd’s views, which was made most apparent in the prelections of the worthy man on the next Sunday. It is said, though we know not with how much truth, that Cromwell prayed *three hours*.

If so, no wonder the minister was converted; for, such astonishing gifts and graces, but few even of the stiff Covenanters possessed.

Returning to Edinburgh, Oliver pressed the siege of the castle, and soon succeeded in running his subterranean galleries to the rock on which it stood. The work, then, became slow and tedious.

In the meantime, Lambert and Whalley had been sent out towards Glasgow, to watch the movements of Ker and Strahan. The former was surprised, while lying at Hamilton Town, by the enemy, who broke in upon him about four o'clock in the morning, with fifteen hundred horse. Lambert, however, succeeded in rallying his men; and routed the assailants, chasing them for miles out of the town. This was the end of the party of "Remonstrators,"—Ker being dangerously wounded, and Strahan after awhile joining the republicans.

Cromwell, in the meantime, finding how tedious and slow the mining operations were becoming, raised a mount near the castle, and in spite of the fire from the latter, planted four mortars, and six heavy guns upon it; and summoned Dundas to surrender. The latter replied, that he wished first to confer with "the committee of estates." Oliver, knowing well what reply the committee would give, refused permission, and opened his fire. Dundas then requested to be allowed a conference with the provosts of Aberdeen and Edinburgh, which was granted. But these functionaries would give no advice, telling him he must take the whole responsibility on himself. The latter finally resolved to

hold out to the last; and having despatched this resolution to Cromwell, flung out the red flag of defiance over the battlements, and opened his heavy guns. Oliver replied with a rapid and well-directed fire. The old castle trembled under the heavy shot that smote its walls; but, still more, under the explosion of its own artillery, which made it seem like a volcano there on the cliff, spouting forth flame and smoke. After keeping up this hurly burly for awhile, Dundas imagined he had done his whole duty, and beat a parley. Negotiations were opened, and the valiant governor, obtaining honorable terms, surrendered the castle to Cromwell, who immediately entered it in triumph.*

The army now went into winter-quarters, and nothing of note happened till spring:—the reduction of several small garrisons on the shores of the Firth, being the only military expeditions attempted. Parliament sent an artist to Edinburgh, to take Oliver's portrait for a medal which was to be struck in commemoration of the victory at Dunbar. The latter thought this a very ridiculous move, and proposed that the victory should be commemorated by "a gratuity to the army;" and if they would have a medal, put parliament on one side, "and on the other an army, with this inscription over the head of it—'*The Lord of Hosts,*' which was our word that day."

The king was crowned in January, and the forces immediately began to muster from every part of Scotland. Cromwell, who was, in reality, master of the

* 24th of December.

whole country south of the Forth; saw all these preparations, and laid down the plan of his future campaign. Fenwick and Syles were ordered to reduce Hume Castle; while he, with the main army, on the 4th of February, 1651, took up the line of march for Stirling, where the enemy still lay entrenched. Fenwick accomplished his mission, despite the conceited commander, who, in reply to his summons to surrender, sent the following answer:

“I, William of the Wastle,
Am now in my castle;
A’ awe the dogs in the town,
Shan’t gar me gang down.”*

The republican colonel, as the quaint writer referred to says, gave “heroic verse for his resolute rhymes;” and opening a breach in his walls, made him “gang down on his own terms.”

The march of Cromwell to Stirling, was not so successful. A fierce snow and hail storm set in, which impeded his march, and so exhausted the soldiers, that after arriving at Kilayth, he was compelled to turn back. He took a severe cold in this expedition, which ended in the ague, and, for awhile, seriously threatened his life. The army was filled with consternation, while the Scotch gave way to the most extravagant hopes. They verily believed, that God had finally heard their prayers, and was about to take away their chief enemy. He had three relapses, and was not completely restored

* Vide Perfect Politician, of 1650.

till the first of July. Parliament, alarmed at his protracted illness, sent two eminent physicians, Doctors Wright and Bates, to attend him; and soon after passed a vote, giving him permission to return home, until his health should be re-established. But Cromwell's great strength of constitution at length prevailed over his disease.

Re-inforcements and supplies, in the meantime, had arrived, and he took the field with a fresh and vigorous army. On the 16th of April, there was a grand muster of the troops at Musselburgh, and the general rode out to review them. No sooner was that well-known form seen advancing along the lines, than they rent the heavens with shouts: and as they looked on his pale face, so changed since they last saw it, "*God save the lord-general!*" shook the field.

That afternoon, the army was put in motion for Glasgow, where it arrived on Saturday. Cromwell remained here two days; when hearing that the king was bestirring himself, he returned to Edinburgh. This effort caused a relapse; and was the occasion of the physicians being sent by parliament.

On the 25th of June, however, he was again in the saddle, and his army pitched their tents on the Pentland Hills. They presented a splendid spectacle there in the spring sunlight—"the towering tents of the superior officers," with banners floating above them, standing amid the countless huts of the inferior soldiers, like the "pinnacles in a well-built city, over the humble cottages."

While they lay thus encamped on the heights, their general gave a splendid dinner to the officers, many of whose wives—and among them Lady Lambert, graced the festival.

On the 2d of July, the army was again put in motion towards Stirling, hoping the enemy would give battle. But the Scotch were in no hurry to measure their strength a second time with the victors of Dunbar, and remained behind their impregnable works. Thus marching and counter-marching, without accomplishing anything, Cromwell became impatient, and, at length, resolved to take Calendar House—a garrison in full view of the enemy—and, if possible, provoke them to defend it. On the 15th of July, he opened his batteries, and having made a breach, stormed, and took it. Finding this had no effect, he planned a bolder movement—to cross over and seize Fife, and thus out-flanking the Scotch, cut off their supplies. This brought on a fierce battle between Overton and the garrison of Fife. Re-inforcements were sent in all haste to the latter; but Lambert coming up at the same time, to the help of Overton, the enemy were completely routed, with the loss of nearly two thousand slain, and a large number of prisoners. The fort of Inchgarvie, hitherto deemed impregnable, next fell. Burntisland followed—of still greater account, from its having a fine harbor, in which the ships with supplies, could ride. Cromwell then marched on Johnston—a place commanding the pass of Stirling, through which all the supplies from the Highlands came—and took it.

The strong defences of Stirling, by this flank movement, were uncovered; and the Scotch leaders saw that they must risk a battle on somewhat equal terms, or evacuate the place. In these desperate circumstances, it was boldly resolved "to carry the war into Africa;" and marching straight for England, endeavor to rouse the loyalty of the country. Full sixteen thousand strong, the army crossed the borders, near Carlisle, on the 6th of August, and pressed rapidly southward. So sudden and unexpected was this movement, that it filled England with consternation, and parliament itself with alarm. Cromwell, too, was taken by surprise at this exhibition of energy and daring in an army that had hitherto evinced so much hesitation and want of confidence. Comprehending, however, at once, the full extent of the danger, he immediately wrote to parliament not to be alarmed, as he would soon overtake, and vanquish the enemy; and, in the meantime, hurried off an express to Harrison, already on the borders, to impede the king's march as much as possible. Lambert was also despatched in hot haste, with five regiments of horse and dragoons, to fall on the enemy's rear, and harass him into delays.

Scotland was still unsettled, and demanded the presence and management of Cromwell; but hastily adopting such measures as would secure what was already won, he left six thousand men under Lieutenant-General Monk; and taking only ten regiments and eight cannon with him, set off in full pursuit. Pressing his enthusiastic troops to the top of their

speed, he crossed the Tyne, only six days after Charles. The Scotch army, steering southward through Lancashire, was bravely met at Warrington Bridge by Harrison; but bearing down all resistance by its overwhelming numbers, it swept steadily on. At length, however, the leaders growing disheartened at the coldness of the towns through which they passed, and the steady refusal of every garrison to surrender; resolved to leave the London road, and turn aside to Worcester.

All this time, like a dark resistless storm, Cromwell came thundering on their rear; while the sound of rising arms was heard on every side. In a short time, 40,000 militia were raised for the defence of the nation. He, however, did not wait for these new levies to arrive, but re-inforcing himself as he best could, collected, by extraordinary efforts, 30,000 men, and swept swiftly down on Worcester.

BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

The town of Worcester, well fortified, lay upon the eastern side of the Severn; while opposite to it, and connected with it by a bridge, were strong works, heavily garrisoned; so that the place could not easily be approached from either bank. These outposts were on a tongue of land made by the river Team, which empties into the Severn just below them; so that in advancing upon Worcester from that side, one must first cross the Team, then carry the works before he

could pass the Severn by the bridge which connected the two banks.

Cromwell came down along the bank on which the town stood, where the defences, strong by nature, had been by art rendered almost impregnable. Hurrying on with his advanced guard, he arrived at night before the place, five days in advance of the main army. He found all the bridges broken down—every boat removed—new defences thrown up, and preparations made for a stern resistance; while in the long lines of fires, that streaked the heights, and threw a ruddy glare on the heavens, he saw what a formidable force was there, ready to repel his assaults.

But on the very night of his arrival, Lambert crossed over the Severn at Upton, a few miles below Worcester; and assailing Massey drove him from his post, and occupied it himself. The bridge had been destroyed; but Lambert's men, dismounting from their horses, crawled silently across on a single piece of timber, which stretched from arch to arch; and forming on the opposite shore, took the enemy by surprise, and repaired the bridge.

Cromwell, in the meantime, pushed his reconnoissances on every side; and by Tuesday night, September 2d, when Fleetwood, with the main army, arrived, had his plans all matured. He would not wait for reinforcements, nor till the troops could rest from their long and wearisome marches: for the next day was the 3d of September—the anniversary of the glorious battle of Dunbar, and his *fortunate day*;—and so he pushed

Fleetwood, that night, over the bridge which Lambert had repaired. At day-light, this gallant officer began to advance; and marching up opposite Worcester, prepared to attack the works connected with it by the Severn bridge. But the river Team arrested his progress, and he was compelled to halt and build a bridge of boats across it. Between him and Cromwell in full view on the opposite bank, lay this small stream, together with the narrow tongue of land formed by its junction with the Severn, and the Severn itself. The arrangement was, to have Fleetwood attack these outposts, and endeavor to force his way across the Severn bridge into Worcester; while Cromwell, on his side of the river, should fall on Fort Royal, and storm the town. It was, however, of the utmost importance to restore the communication between the portions of his army now broken by the Severn; so that each could help the other, in case of need. So while Fleetwood was throwing a bridge of boats across the Team, Cromwell threw another—the extremities of the two separated only by the tongue of land formed by the junction of the rivers—over the Severn, to the same point. All day long, the sound of the hammer and the heavy fall of timber, were heard on the banks; while the towers and cathedrals of Worcester were crowded with spectators, watching the terrific preparations. There, too, stood the youthful king, surrounded by his officers, and speaking in anxious tones of the coming struggle.

At length, late in the afternoon, the bridges were completed, and Fleetwood, from his side, marched over

the Team, to attack the works of St. John. Cromwell, hurrying everything on with the utmost despatch, had chafed like a lion in the toils, as the sun of his fortunate day declined; and hence, no sooner saw his bridge complete, than he spurred upon it at the head of his column, and was the first man across. The Scotch officers, from the top of the cathedral, saw the dark masses upon the opposite side of the town move upon their works, and immediately despatched a strong re-inforcement across to their support.

In the meantime, the scene of carnage had commenced. Amid the roar of cannon and shouts of defiance, Fleetwood had charged, like fire, on the strong defences of the Scotch and, driving them from hedge to hedge, threatened to carry everything before him. In the tumult of the fight, he did not hear the clattering squadrons that were hurrying over the bridge to the relief of the enemy, and was pushing his slight advantage gallantly when these fresh troops burst upon him. He bore up nobly against the overwhelming numbers, and for awhile successfully breasted the torrent; but, gradually overpowered, he gave ground, and was rolling heavily back towards the Team, when Cromwell, who saw his danger, hurried battalion after battalion, with astonishing rapidity, over *his* bridge of boats, which rushing with shouts to the attack restored the tide of battle. The king and his officers, from their elevated position, had a bird's eye view of the whole scene, and hence could take advantage of every change. No sooner, therefore, did they see what heavy forces Cromwell was

taking over to the assistance of Fleetwood, than they resolved to sally out, and fall on those left behind before help could be rendered. In a moment, the trumpets sounded, and the excited columns began to pour forth. But Oliver, whom no surprise could find unprepared, was already back amid his men, and, cheering them by his presence and his voice, waited the attack. The onset of the Scotch was tremendous—despair lent them energy, and discharging their pieces in the very faces of the republicans, they rushed on them with levelled pikes, and the conflict became close and bloody. Cromwell, finding his troops beginning to shake, forgot he was lord-general, and with his sword flashing over his head, and his eye glancing fire, galloped where the shot fell thickest. His rough voice was heard above the tumult, as, carried away by that strange excitement which mastered him at Dunbar, he cheered on his men. Hour after hour, they stood under the murderous fire, and charged desperately on the stands of pikes, but not an inch did the resolute Scotch yield. At length the republicans gave way—many of them being raw recruits—and the bleeding line swung disorderly back. In this dreadful crisis, Cromwell dashed up to his own favorite regiment, which he had held in reserve, and led them on in person. With the terrible shout, that rolled so ominously over the fields of Dunbar, “THE LORD OF HOSTS! THE LORD OF HOSTS!” this veteran regiment closed sternly around their beloved chieftain, and in one, dark, resistless wave, swept full on the victorious enemy. The panic-stricken

Scotch, arrested in their onward course, borne back, trampled under foot, and broken into fragments, before that astonishing charge, turned and fled into the town. The excited republicans followed after, and swarming around Fort Royal, summoned it to surrender. The commander refusing, "it was carried, in all the wild triumph of victory, by a furious storm." And fifteen hundred men swept, as by a sudden tempest, into the world of spirits. The guns were then turned upon the enemy, and the cannon-balls went ploughing through the shattered and flying ranks with frightful effect.

Fleetwood, too, victorious on his side, had driven the enemy from their position, and pursuing them over the bridge, entered the town:—then the sacking and slaughter commenced. The clatter of flying cavalry—incessant volleys of musketry—the close struggle between victorious and despairing men—the shouts and shrieks, the groans of women, children, and combatants, combined to make the night hideous, and the last battle of Cromwell one of the most fearful of his life.

At length, the strife ceased; and streets strewed with wrecks of the fight, rivulets of blood welling from underneath heaps of corpses; and pale and mangled men, scattered on every side, crying piteously for water, attested how fierce and sanguinary the struggle had been. It is said, that after all was over, as Cromwell stood and gazed on the scene in the starlight, he burst into a boisterous laugh. The excitement had been too great for his weak and over-wrought system; and he was almost wild with excitement. No wonder—arising from

a sick bed, he had been strung to the greatest efforts, and wrought to the highest pitch of feeling; and then, without the least repose, fought one of the most desperate battles of his life, in which victory, for a long time, wavered to and fro.

But this burst of passion soon subsided; and returning to his tent at ten o'clock, he sat down, as he himself says, "weary, and scarce able to write," and sent his despatch to parliament. He declared that "the dimensions of this mercy were above his thoughts." Indeed," said he, "it is, for aught *I know*, a *crowning mercy*." It proved such to him; for it put the three kingdoms under his control. The Scotch army was utterly shivered—scarce three thousand of it ever being heard of again. To swell, if possible, this triumph; two days before, Monk had stormed Dundee, and carried it with great slaughter.

When the news reached London, the population was thrown into paroxysms of joy. On the Sabbath, Cromwell's despatches were read in all the pulpits; and the low "hallelujahs," and deep "amens," that rolled from Puritan breasts, evinced the uncontrollable emotions that mastered them.

Oliver remained a few days after the battle, to give orders respecting the prisoners, among whom were many nobles*—some of whose heads were destined to

* Seven earls, and others of inferior rank; two major-generals; nineteen colonels; seventeen lieutenant-generals, and other officers in proportion. The Duke of Hamilton had his leg broken, and died on the fourth day.

the block—and level the walls of the town to the ground, and fill up the ditches; then started for London, where he arrived on the 12th, amid discharges of cannon and acclamations that shook the city to its foundations. The lord-mayor feasted him; and parliament voted him thanks, and emoluments to the amount of £4000 per annum. The transition from such sudden danger into complete security, intoxicated the people; and Cromwell stood on the pinnacle of power.

In Scotland, the work of entire subjugation was completed by Monk, who, by his energy and discipline, succeeded in securing order and peace, such as the government had sought in vain to attain.

The battle of Worcester finished Cromwell's military career. From that time forward he was to be supreme ruler in England. His last battle had been fought—his last victory won; and it only remained to gather up the fruits of his toil.

At this point, it is natural to pause, and look back on his career.

From 1642, when the first battle of Edgehill was fought, to the battle of Worcester, 1651, were years of trouble and uncertainty. During this period of toil and of victory, Cromwell moves before us like some resistless power, crushing everything that would stay its progress. Simple, austere, and decided, he maintains his ascendancy over the army; and, with the Psalms of David on his lips, and the sword of war in his hand, sweeps over his victorious battle-fields, like a leader of the host of Israel. Never cast down by reverses, or dismayed

by danger, he meets every crisis with the coolness and self-possession of a great mind.

Whether fighting with the Scots against the king, or beleaguering Edinburgh with his little army—whether quelling rebellion in different parts of the realm, or bending his vast energies against his monarch in a pitched battle, he rises before us the same determined, self-collected, and resolute man. Whether bowed in fasting and prayer before God, or trampling down the ranks of the enemy, under the hoofs of his cavalry—whether lost in a strange enthusiasm over a Psalm of David, or standing alone—the rock around which the waves of the revolution finally calmed themselves to rest, or sank in fruitless rage—he exhibits the same lofty purpose and upright heart. Dismayed by no obstacle, disheartened by no reverses, he leans in solemn faith on the arm of the God of battles and of truth. Without the feverish anxiety which belongs to ambition, or the dread of defeat that accompanies love of glory, he is impelled onward by a feeling of duty, and loses himself in the noble cause for which he is struggling. Acting under the eye of heaven, with his thoughts fixed on that dread judgment where he must render up a faithful record of his deeds, he vacillates only when he doubts what is right, and fears only when a pure God rises before him.

Nothing but noble motives could have drawn him, at his age, into the career he followed. The fervor and enthusiasm of youth had fled, and he had reached an age when the call of ambition begins to sound faint

and doubtful. A sober, religious farmer, he girded on the sword when *forty-three* years of age: and taking his oldest son, who bore his name, entered the field, where anything but glory seemed to be the promised reward. That beloved son he saw fall before the blow of the foeman; and though he had a wife and family to bind him to life, he seemed to be unconscious he had a life to lose. By his bold and decided action, his rapid movement, his rigid discipline, and boiling courage, he triumphed over the most overwhelming obstacles, performed prodigies of valor, and filled the world with the renown of his deeds; and yet, he refused all praise to himself, referring everything to the goodness of God. Yet, there was no blind credulity in this reliance on heaven—no sluggish dependence; for he strained every nerve, and employed every means, as if all rested on himself. He trusted both in God and his own great soul. That he carried his ideas of special Providence too far, few of the present day will doubt. He thought the glorious era, when the Israelites marched behind the pillar of fire and of cloud, and were guided in every step by the direct interposition of heaven, might be restored.

No one who has studied his character deeply, can doubt that he contemplated establishing a kind of theocracy, in which the nation should be a pure church, and God its Head. That so thorough a practical man should have nourished so visionary a theory, seems strange enough; but the truth is, notwithstanding his stern, rugged, and unpoetic nature, Cromwell had a

touch of superstition about him, which his matter of fact character and practical life could not remove. This did not turn him into a wild fanatic, or drive him into monkish habits or gloom; nor even fetter the free action of his mental powers; it only gave them a religious direction. He thus became an enthusiast, and startled men with those sudden inspirations that sometimes flash forth from the soul of genius, like foreshadowings of future events. He saw farther than the other great men of his time, and alone was capable of conducting the revolution to the goal it reached. As a military man, he showed no extraordinary depth of combination, and introduced no improvements in military science: yet he beat the best generals of the kingdom, fought successfully against the most overwhelming numbers, and gained every battle he fought.

It is idle to speak of such a man as a mere creature of circumstances. Facts are better than theories—and the power of Cromwell obtained; the success that attended every effort, and the steady hand with which he held all the raging elements of the revolution in check, prove him to have possessed a character of amazing strength, even though it exhibited no single extraordinary quality. Sudden and great success may attend a weak mind in certain favorable circumstances. but in a long protracted and complicated struggle, the strong man alone wins. The plebeian, who in England under *any* circumstances, can bring successfully to his feet, king, parliament, and people—quietly and firmly seat himself down

on the throne of the British empire—wield its vast destinies, control its amazing energies, and after years of experience die in peace and power, leaving a flourishing commonwealth to his successor—must possess a grasp of thought and power seldom found in a single soul.

There is no difficulty in analyzing the career of Cromwell. Divided into two parts, military and civil, it exhibits his character and motives clear as noonday. He commenced as captain of a troop, and gradually fought his way up to commander-in-chief of the army. With a tenacity of will that nothing could shake, and courage that nothing could resist; simple and frank in his manners, given to no excesses, and claiming no share of the plunder, he soon gained such influence over the soldiers, that they would follow him into any danger. In short, the success which attended all his efforts made him necessary to the army; so that after the self-denying ordinance was passed, he was retained by special command, month after month, until finally no one thought of removing him.

With perfect command over himself and his followers in the heat of battle—carried away by no victory—beguiled into no pursuit; he always stopped at the right place, and with wonderful self-possession and skill, rallied his men and poured them afresh on the enemy. The severe discipline, to which he subjected his soldiers, placed them at his control in the midst of the wildest confusion. This, doubtless, was one great cause of his success.

His civil and political life, up to the battle of Wor-

cester, was more or less merged into that of others, and was also simply a struggle against the oppression and injustice of those in power. Almost constantly in the field, all his attention and thought were given to the army.

But his battles are now over, and he turns and concentrates all his power on civil matters, and hereafter we are to contemplate him solely as a statesman.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER TO THE PROTECTORATE—1651 TO 1653.

Cromwell Moves that Parliament Fix a Day for Its Dissolution—The Rump Parliament—Cromwell's Course Defended—Death of Ireton—Malice of Cromwell's Biographers—Navigation Act—War with the Dutch—Victories of Blake—Attempt of Parliament to Crush the Army and Cromwell—Treachery of Members—Dispersion of Parliament by Cromwell and His Musketeers—Defence of the Measure—Barebones' Parliament—Its Extraordinary Character—Dissolves Itself—The Dutch Sue for Peace—Cromwell Proclaimed LORD PROTECTOR.

FROM the battle of Worcester, to the dissolution of the rump parliament, April, 1653, Cromwell's part in the history of the commonwealth, lies obscure. One of his first steps, on taking his seat in the House of Commons, was to move that the act of oblivion to political offenders, long since proposed, should become a law; and accordingly, an amnesty was granted to all previous to 1648. But many of those taken in the last victory, and among them Count Derby, were executed.* He next moved, that parliament should fix a day for its own dissolution; which, after much severe debate, it was decided should be the 13th of November, 1654, or three years from that time.

* Vide Carlyle.

This parliament, which had received the nick-names of "fag-end," and "rump parliament," from its being composed of the remnants of the long parliament, was looked upon with general dissatisfaction. Reduced to a hundred, or a hundred and twenty-one members, not even half of whom took any part in its business, it constituted a government wholly unequal to the exigencies of the times, though it numbered among its members some extraordinary men—such as the younger Vane and Henry Marten. Yet, they were not strictly the representatives of the people—they were a sort of provisional government, whose existence and power were needed only while immediate danger threatened the Commonwealth. But, as that danger was now over, the first thought of every man was—and prudence dictated that it should be—a new and fair representation of the kingdom, to decide in general congress, on what principles the government and nation should be settled. Cromwell, with his usual sagacity, saw that nothing else would do; and hence, he moved that immediate action be taken on the subject—hoping that a parliament which had made itself so renowned abroad, and so terrible at home, would name an early day for its dissolution. In this he was disappointed, as he was doomed to be in every measure he brought forward to prevent evil, which none but himself seemed able to foresee. He would have saved the former parliament, by inducing it to be just to the army; and the kingdom from anarchy, by prevailing on the king to be reasonable; and had failed in both: and now, the first use he made of

his great influence was, to urge a measure which, if it had been properly carried out, would have erected an effectual barrier against his ascent to supreme power:—yet, strange as it may seem, this has been adduced as another proof of his insincerity. Nothing was plainer to him than that this parliament would never do for England; and he wished to supply a substitute, before the wants of the kingdom, and the whole people, should call on *him* to be that substitute. If, therefore, he had *opposed*, instead of introduced, this motion, there would have been good ground for suspicion of secret ambition.

But the rump parliament had become intoxicated with the love of power, and resolved to exercise it at least three years longer; and Oliver looked sadly on, to see what would come of it glad—his enemies, destitute alike of honor and truth, say—because it would more effectually disgrace itself in the eyes of the nation. Like the wolf in the fable, they will have him in the wrong at any rate. If he had proposed that the parliament should sit indefinitely, they would have declared it revealed the ambitious hypocrite, who wished its rottenness and inefficiency to become so apparent, that the people would gladly have it broken up, even at the pike's point. But he was the first to propose a dissolution; and they now assert, that he neither hoped nor expected it to take place. Do what he will, there is some selfish design lurking at the bottom, which it is the duty of the historian to guess at, and then declare his guess to be a fact. If he does nothing, or is away, the same sinister

design is the cause of his silence or absence. There is one consolation, however—his most venomous foes have not dared to assail his private character, if we except Voltaire, whose effort has only brought contempt on himself.

The next month (the 8th of December) the noble Ireton died in Ireland. Carrying out the plan of his father-in-law, he rapidly subjugated the whole island; but, on the reduction of Limerick, he was seized with inflammatory fever, and after an illness of ten days, rested from his severe labors. This blow fell heavily on Cromwell, who tenderly loved his upright, high-minded, and gallant son-in-law. He had stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the hard-fought battle, and witnessed his integrity in the hall of council; and with more than ordinary pride, given him his daughter for a bride. A pure patriot—incorruptible, fearless, and resolute, he was a strong man in those perilous times, and a firm support to Cromwell. It is true, as old White-locke says, "he was very stiff in his ways and purposes;" and, probably, had more influence over his father-in-law, than any other man. He had all his iron will; and wielded the pen as well as the sword. Bred a lawyer, he understood better than most of the republican leaders, the affairs of state, and "was exceedingly forward as to the business of the Commonwealth."

After the battle of Worcester, parliament voted not only £4000 per annum to Cromwell, but also £2000 to Ireton, and other sums to Monk, Whalley, Okey, and Alured. (Ireton was the only man who refused to re-

ceive his portion.) A stern republican he looked with Spartan contempt on the pomp and luxuries with which others were pleased, and wrote to parliament that "he did not wish their gifts, that they had many just debts, which he desired they would pay before they made any such presents; that he had no need of their land, and, therefore, would not have it; and should be better pleased to see them doing the service of the nation, than so liberal in disposing of the public treasure."* Every one is compelled to acknowledge the purity of Ireton's intentions, and his integrity of character. But he clung faithfully to Cromwell; and so his enemies unblushingly declare, without the shadow of proof, that if he had lived he would have opposed his ambitious father-in-law. To perfect this singular logic, they go a step farther, and assert that Cromwell was glad to hear of his son-in-law's death. Making their own mean suspicions the basis of their argument, they draw conclusions more dishonorable to themselves than to the man they would traduce. Yet Villemain puts it down as a fact, and even Forster has incorporated it in his "Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England." If the latter had paused a moment to think, he could not have been guilty of an act of such base injustice. To accuse a father, and such a father as Cromwell, of rejoicing that a son-in-law, who had ever been true as steel to his fortunes—the bravest heart of all that surrounded him—was dead, even though it broke his daughter's heart, because there was a chance that he

* Vide Ludlow's Memoirs.

might, at some future time, stand in the way of his ambition, is one of the meanest and falsest accusations that unblushing hatred ever uttered. When malice or prejudice can descend so low, we are not surprised to find one man* who boldly charges Cromwell with *being a coward*. A more affectionate parent than he never lived—all his letters breathe the fondest love. From the perilous edge of battle—in the midst of the weary march, or bustle of preparation—from the field of the dead, he wrote to his wife and children, inquiring after all their little household affairs, and caring for all their troubles, as if the welfare of a nation were not resting on his heart.

Ireton's body was brought over from Ireland, and the most imposing ceremonies decreed in its honor. Lambert was appointed lord-deputy in his place, but did not go—rumor said, because Widow Ireton did not wish to give place to the handsome Lady Lambert, her rival. Fleetwood was finally sent, and being a widower, in process of time married the former.

While Cromwell was endeavoring to make parliament settle on some plan for the future government of the nation—assembling, again and again, the principal statesmen to discuss the question at his house, and giving as his own fixed opinion, that one with something of a monarchical power in it was to be preferred—the government had got into difficulty with the Dutch, Scotland, and Ireland, and the islands of Scilly, Jersey, &c.; which formerly caused so much trouble, had been

* Crawford, who is defended by Holles.

reduced to submission, while Portugal, alarmed at the danger it had provoked by sheltering Prince Rupert, had acknowledged its error, and promised amendment. But the United Provinces, which had always sympathized with the royal family, and protected its members, now jealous of the growing power of a sister republic, hesitated not to commit aggressive acts. Dr. Dorislaus, formerly sent out as ambassador, had been assassinated and no satisfaction given. Oliver St. John went next, to propose a settlement of difficulties, but was treated with so much insult that he returned indignant, and immediately set on foot measures of retaliation, and caused the celebrated Navigation Act, prohibiting the importation of goods into England, except in English vessels, to be passed.* Holland claimed supremacy of the seas, and made immense profits in the carrying trade at which this Act struck a death-blow. Hence, when it was received there, "it changed," says a quaint writer of that period, "the constitution of that people from a phlegmatic to a perfect sanguine complexion." Negotiations followed, but were broken off by the commencement of hostilities at sea. Van Tromp, at the head of the Dutch fleet, and Blake, the English admiral—who, though he did not begin his military life till fifty years of age, was now the first naval officer in the world—came in collision, at Dover, about a mere matter of etiquette, and after a fierce fight parted—the Dutch having much the worst of it.

Sir George Asycough, also, with forty ships, attacked

* October 9th, 1651.

the famous De Ruyter with fifty, but after a severe engagement was compelled to let his antagonist, with his convoy of merchantmen, go his way. In October, another battle was fought, between Blake and Tromp, on the coast of Kent, in which the Dutch were roughly handled. The next month, however, Blake was sadly beaten by his antagonist, who had been re-inforced with De Ruyter's fleet. Tromp was so elated by the victory, that he nailed a broom to his mast, to intimate that he would sweep the English fleet from the sea. But in February of the next year, Blake, with a fleet of eighty sail, assisted by Dean and Monk—who having finished their fighting on land had been transferred to the sea—came up with the Dutch fleet of seventy-six sail off Portland, and immediately engaged it. The battle lasted three days, during which time there were such a cannonading and uproar as are seldom heard on the deep. Nearly 2000 men were slain on either side, and 1500 Dutch prisoners taken. The English claimed the victory; though Tromp made a skilful retreat, and saved most of his ships.

From this time onward, fortune constantly declared against the Dutch: their merchantmen were captured; their commerce destroyed; their pride humbled; and they at last compelled to sue for peace.

In the meantime, events were hastening to a crisis in parliament. Every day it separated farther and farther from Cromwell, until, at length, they occupied the ground of direct hostility to each other. The former, like their predecessors the Presbyterians, resolved to get rid of the

army, so that they might safely attack Cromwell; and hence introduced resolutions for its reduction. The latter, however, easily penetrated their designs, and resolved to thwart them—peacefully, if he could, by persuasion and argument—and for this purpose held conference after conference with the leading members. These producing no effect, a petition was presented from the officers of the army, praying, first, that measures might be taken for the propagation of the gospel, and encouragement of godly ministers. 2d. That the administration of the law might be regulated, so that justice could be secured. 3d. That profane and unworthy persons be removed from places of trust. 4th. That the abuses of the excise be corrected. 5th. That those who had loaned money on the public faith be paid. 6th and 7th. That the soldiers might be paid their arrears, and the treaties made with the enemy fulfilled. 8th. That the yearly revenues of the State should be placed in the treasury, and a yearly report rendered. The 9th specification struck at monopolies, pluralities, &c. The 10th, at public beggary, and vagabondism in general. The 12th, and the last, had reference to a new parliament and the manner of electing it. This petition was referred to a committee, and then the bill for the dissolution of parliament came up.

This was in the autumn of 1652; and soon after (in November), a conversation is reported by Whitelocke to have occurred between him and Cromwell, in St. James's Park, in which the latter openly hinted at making himself king. Most writers of this period, give this

dialogue in full; but it seems strange any reasonable man can put faith in its correctness. It was written after the restoration, when the memory of this weak-headed, supple, and fawning minister, might well forget, or add, in order to escape punishment from Charles II. He makes out that he himself strongly urged on Cromwell to *call* Charles II. to the throne—a thing, he would as soon have cut off his head as done, if he suspected, as he affirms he did, the ambitious designs of the lord-general. If anything were wanting to render the whole dialogue ridiculous, it is the assertion that Cromwell, after this, treated him coolly, because he was *afraid of his opposition*. *Cromwell afraid of Whitelocke!* Poor Bulstrode must have reckoned largely on Charles Stuart's simplicity, to have supposed he would swallow this.

Oliver had, also, frequent consultations with his officers, respecting the course they should take; and, in the opening of the spring of 1653, it became evident that the result of the generalship of the two parties, would soon be made known. A bill had been introduced into parliament, settling the basis of a new representation—one clause of which made the Rump Parliament a part of the new. But, Oliver saw with his far-searching glance, that clean work must be made, and this war of factions ended; and so he opposed the bill. There were other features in it equally obnoxious;* at all events, there is sufficient evidence that it was not intended to secure the welfare of England, but the overthrow of Cromwell. For three years they

* The bill was never preserved.

had been urged, in vain, to fix the day of their own dissolution, and settle the mode of representation; and now, all at once, they wished to hurry the bill through by stealth.

Cromwell has been accused of trickery and hypocrisy here; but, will those who do so, tell us what they think of the actions of parliament? Forster's long and explicit account of the causes leading to the breaking up of the Rump Parliament, is unworthy of credit; for he starts with the basis, that parliament was right and Cromwell wrong throughout; and hence, believes every word of his enemies, and denies the truth of all *his* declarations, unless they can be tortured into evidence against him.

BREAKING UP OF THE RUMP PARLIAMENT.

On the 19th of April, 1653, Cromwell held, in his house in Whitehall, his last conference with the members respecting the new bill under consideration. About twenty were present; and after long consultation, parted without having agreed upon anything. They promised, however, to meet him again, next morning, and consult farther. At the time appointed, he repaired to the reception-room, and waited their arrival. But not one of them came; though messenger after messenger arrived in breathless haste, announcing that the bill was being hurried through parliament, and would soon become a law. He could hardly believe it possible that those twenty members, constituting nearly

half of the House,* had deliberately lied to him, and were resolved, by treachery and fraud, to carry their measures. It was a dangerous experiment to endeavor to spring a mine under Cromwell. Kings, parliaments, and armies, had ever found it so; and it must go hard if this little Rump Parliament could venture safely upon it.

No sooner was he convinced the news was true, than he started for the House, taking Harrison, with a trusty company of soldiers, with him. Placing one portion of them at the door, another in the lobby, and about twenty or thirty, just without the chamber, he entered the House, and after pausing a moment on the threshold and surveying the members, advanced and took his seat. At this time, his hair was sprinkled with grey; which, together with the plain black clothes he wore, gave a venerable appearance to his countenance. Vane was speaking when he entered, urging, with all the eloquence he was master of, the necessity of immediate action on the bill. Cromwell listened with the deepest attention, until he closed his appeal; and then, as the Speaker was about to put the question, arose to reply. Calm and respectful, at first, he alluded to the great work that had been done, and gave them all honor for the part they had borne in it; but waxing warm as he proceeded, he began to speak also of their injustice, delays, strifes, and petty ambitions; hurling fiercely accusation after accusation, in their faces, till Wentworth rose, and making his voice heard, rebuked him for his language. "Come, come," broke forth Cromwell, "we have had enough of

* It consisted of fifty-three members on this day.

this. I will put an end to your prating." He had now fairly got on his battle face, and his large grey eyes seemed to emit fire, as he strode forth on the floor of the House; and clapping his hat on his head, and stamping the floor with his feet, poured forth a torrent of invective on the now thoroughly-alarmed parliament.

That speech is lost; but it scathed like fire. "You," said he to Vane, who interrupted him, "might have prevented this, but you are a juggler, and have not so much as common honesty. You are no parliament. I say, you are no parliament. You have sat too long already; you shall now give place to better men;" and turning to his officer, Harrison, he gave a brief word of command, as he would on the field of battle; and his brave musketeers, with shouldered pieces, marched sternly in. As he stood amid the weapons that had so often surrounded him on the field of death, he began to launch his thunderbolts on the right hand and on the left; and breaking over all ceremonies of speech, boldly named the crimes of which they were guilty; and closed up with "*Corrupt, unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of the gospel. How can you be a parliament for God's people? Depart, I say, and let us have done with you.*" And they went in hot haste, scourged by his tongue, as they fled. "You," said he to Chaloner, "are a drunkard." "You, Wentworth, an adulterer;" and as Marten passed, he asked, if a whore-master was fit to govern. To Vane, who continued to remonstrate, he exclaimed, "*Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!*" Then,

pointing to the Speaker, Lenthall, who still retained his seat, he bid Harrison help him down ; which he did. After all had departed, he took up the mace, and, looking at it a moment, said to the soldiers, "*Take away this bauble.*" He then tore the bill of dissolution, which had been under discussion, to pieces ; and ordering the doors to be locked, turned away in the midst of his guard, and repaired again to Whitehall.

Thus ended the rump parliament ; and England lay on Cromwell's shoulders. So did Bonaparte march into the council of five hundred, with his brave grenadiers at his back.

But no sooner was this summary dissolution effected, than Cromwell was heard to say, "*Its you who have forced me to this.* I have sought the Lord, night and day, that he would rather slay me, than put me upon the doing of this work." But it was done ; and when the first gust of passion had passed, he was himself again, and took the government on his brave heart as calmly, as if he were born a king.

This dissolution of parliament is called a despotic and tyrannical act ; and so it was. But, will any one tell us what other alternative was left. To suppose that argument and reason would triumph in that strife of factions and chaos of sentiments is absurd. The truth is, England needed some strong hand to steady her, and Cromwell's alone could do it. *Power* was needed to overawe the imbecile and ambitious spirits that were too ignorant to rule, and too selfish to be united. His measures were high-handed ; but we

cannot see what else could have been done, unless a Stuart had been called in. Besides, he must either consent to have all that for which he had periled his life, and struggled so long to save, thrown away by ambitious men, or resort to violence. The parliament pushed him to this point, by compelling him to act suddenly, or be tricked out of what he deemed to be essential to the welfare of the country. He had saved the nation again and again—indeed, not only laid the corner-stone, but the topmost block, of that glorious structure of liberty; and it was “not right, not honest,” to endeavor to trample him and the army into the dust. Moreover, the people (the entire mind of the nation) wanted something permanent, around which it could settle. The Rump Parliament imparted no confidence, and gave no security. Cromwell was the only man in England that could keep the revolution from going backward.

In great revolutions, the supreme power must finally always be lodged in the army, of which the successful leader is the representative. The strong arm of power is needed to mould the confused elements into form and permanent shape—discussion and conventions never, or seldom, can do it. True, Cromwell’s course was despotic; but the cause of freedom, and the ends of justice, demanded it. There *is* a difference between the despotic act that crushes liberty, and the one that quells lawless violence. The *forms* of justice must sometimes be disregarded to save its spirit.

At all events, there was no outcry against this act. The English people, who had not failed to speak out

boldly and plainly in every instance of arbitrary power, let this pass in silence, or spoke only to sanction it. The army and navy sent in their declarations that they would stand or fall by Cromwell; and all over the kingdom there were thanksgivings and rejoicings. We want no more conclusive evidence, that he acted in accordance with the wishes of the nation.

Yet, writers treat the matter as if this parliament was the real legitimate power of the realm, which he found standing in the way of his ambition; and so, in a haughty spirit of tyranny, trampled it down. It had the *form* of legality, and that was all—its continuance, while reduced to a few men, and against the interests and will of the nation, was, in fact, an usurpation. Not over forty men ruled England, who, hiding themselves under the name of parliament, because there was no authority but their own to dissolve them, usurped power to which they had no claim. After the king's death, instead of referring the government to the people, they assumed the supreme power, and created high courts of justice, and levied taxes without the consent of the nation—in short, constituted themselves an irresponsible oligarchy, and were bent on perpetuating their rule. Was there to be no end to this? or, could ten, or, perhaps, five men, constitute a parliament of England? We imagine that Cromwell's friends viewed the affair in a very different light from those who condemn him so unqualifiedly. Charles knew that the parliament *he* attempted to destroy, was the true and honest representative of England—Cromwell knew that the one *he*

exterminated, was not. Charles believed that the people would regard it as an outrage on themselves—Cromwell, that his act would meet with universal approbation. Charles's despotic act, was for the sole purpose of asserting his royal prerogatives—Cromwell's, to save England. It is laughable to hear those who declaim loudest against the death of the king as unconstitutional, pronounce Cromwell a despot for breaking up the parliament that created the very court which tried him. When this parliament condemns Charles, it is unworthy of respect—but when Oliver breaks it up, it is a noble, legislative body.

The same day on which he dissolved parliament, he took Lambert and Harrison with him, and proceeded to the council of State, (of which Bradshaw was still president,) and entering the chamber where they sat, said, "Gentlemen, if you are met here as private persons, you shall not be disturbed; but if, as a council of State, this is no place for you; and since you can't but know what was done at the House this morning, so take notice that the parliament is dissolved." Bradshaw replied, "We have heard what you did at the House in the morning; and before many hours, all England will hear it. But, you are mistaken to think that the parliament is dissolved; for no power under heaven can dissolve them, but themselves: therefore, take notice of that."* But they went with parliament; and a new council of State, composed of

* Vide Ludlow's Memoirs.

thirteen,* was formed, of which Cromwell was a member.

The next morning, the *Mercurius Politicus*, a government paper, with that prudence and caution which distinguishes government papers generally, had the following short and business-like notice of one of the most momentous events that ever occurred in England: "April 20th—The lord-general declared yesterday, in parliament, *divers* reasons whereof a present period should be put to the sitting of this parliament; and it was accordingly done, the Speaker and members all departing—the grounds of which proceeding will (it's probable) shortly be made public."† During the night, some one put the following placard on the door of the House of Commons, "*This house to let, unfurnished.*"‡

A declaration appeared in a few days, giving the reasons of the dissolution; but, if any one wishes to be convinced of the purity of Cromwell's motives, and the integrity in which he performed this arbitrary act, let him read the account of it in his speech before the parliament he soon after summoned. It is impossible for a candid mind to peruse this carefully, without *feeling*, however his reason may object, that he acted sincerely. Truth is stamped on every line of it; and though using no eloquence, he speaks from the heart, and "straight on," unburdening himself laboriously, yet fully.§

The summons which was issued six weeks after, to

* This number was preferred, because Christ and His apostles made thirteen.

† Vide Godwin. ‡ Foster's Statesmen. § Vide Appendix, No. V.

convoke the new parliament, was made out in the *name of Cromwell alone*, and sent to a hundred and forty persons, all of whom, with the exception of two, answered to the call, and assembled on the 4th of July, in the council chamber of Whitehall. This parliament, called the Barebones Parliament,* from the name

*“It would be scarcely necessary to refer to the numberless vulgar slanders and ridiculous fictions that have sprung out of this notorious name, but that it too well expresses the spirit in which the history of these times has (until of late) been written, to be altogether omitted. For example, one historian talks of ‘Praise-God Barebone’ having had two brothers, the Christian name of the first of whom was *Christ-came-into-the-world-to-save*; and of the second, *If-Christ-had-not-died-thou-hadst-been-damned*. He introduces his anecdote with the suspicious words, ‘*I have been informed that there were three brothers;*’ and adds, that ‘some people, tired of the long name of the younger brother, *are said to have omitted the former part of the sentence, and to have called him familiarly Damned Barebone.*’ Another writer, according to Mr. Goodwin, the Reverend James Brome, in a book of Travels over England, Scotland, and Wales, second edition, 1707, has endeavored to render the satire more complete, by giving the names of a ‘jury returned in the county of Sussex, in the late rebellious, troublesome times, as follows (p. 279): *Accepted Trevor, of Norsham; Redeemed Compton, of Battel; Faint-not Hewit, of Heathfield; Make-peace Heaton, of Hare; God-reward Smart, of Tisehurst; Stand-fast-on-high Stringer, of Crowhurst; Earth Adams, of Warbleton; Called Lower, of the same; Kill-sin Pimple, of Witham; Return Spelman, of Watling; Be-faithful Joiner, of Britling; Fly-debate Roberts, of the same; Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White, of Emer; More-fruit Fowler, of East Hodley; Hope-for Bending, of the same; Graceful Harding, of Lewes; Weep-not Billing, of the same; Meek Brewer, of Okeham.*’ It is really scarcely credible that this list should have been copied into Hume’s History of England: so it is, however, and Dr. Zachary Grey had previously given it the authority of his name, if his name had been capable of bearing author

of one of the members from London, "*Praise God Barbones*," was, certainly, a most extraordinary collection of men. The grounds on which they were selected, and the characters they bore, should for ever shield Cromwell from the charge of being governed, in all his acts, by selfish ambition. They prove, conclusively, our statement, that he was deceived respecting the government that might be adopted. He verily believed he was to restore the Israelitish theocracy, and that the reign of the saints was to begin on earth; and so did half of England. The members were selected from those named, at request of the council, by the *congregational churches* in the different counties. These churches were directed to return persons "faithful loving truth, fearing God, and hating covetousness;" and also qualified for the management of affairs of State. Never before did such a body of men assemble in the form of parliament. Able statesmen there were among them; but the greater part had evidently more religious enthusaism, than knowledge of civil matters, or taste for them.

Cromwell's opening address was a justification of the course he had taken, and all the reasons given, which will be found, as stated above, in the Appendix; and, though lengthy, will amply repay the perusal.

Having finished his address, which occupied more than an hour, he presented an instrument by which the
ity in matters which involved hatred to the Puritans. Unblinded by such hatred, these men would have been the first to see that this notable list was a mere piece of of *mauvaise plaisanterie*." Vide British Statesmen, page 538. Neal also quotes this seriously.

government was surrendered to parliament till the 3d of Nov., 1654. Three months previous to their dissolution, they were to choose persons to succeed them, who should occupy their place and authority for one year, and settle what the succeeding government should be. He thus formally resigned all power—not even reserving to himself a seat in their councils. He knew nothing, or scarcely nothing, personally of these members, and had no claims upon them. They were in no way creatures of his to whom he thus intrusted the power he is accused of tyrannically swaying. He knew them only to be God-fearing men, full of sincerity, and of incorruptible integrity. Will his enemies tell us why he gathered such a body of men together, or what *use* he expected to make of them in advancing his deep and dark designs? One would think he would have chosen more manageable tools, and placed about him those whom he knew, and who were sworn to his interests. An ambitious tyrant never selects those to co-operate with him whom he knows no bribery can corrupt, no threatenings awe, and no selfish motives turn from their integrity. Though many of them were of low origin, and fanatical in their views, they were straightforward and true—fearing nothing but the displeasure of God, and capable of being governed only by honest dealing. There were a few exceptions, but such was the character of the majority of this Barebones Parliament.

The next morning after Cromwell's address, they met, and spent the whole day, from eight till seven in the evening, in prayer and exhortation—a strange me-

thod for a parliament to adopt, and yet vastly better than that adopted by most of our legislatures of the present day to kill time. Having chosen Francis Rouse, provost of Eton, and famous for his revision of the Psalms, Speaker, they adjourned. The next day, they proceeded to business. A new council of State was soon after formed—or rather, eighteen members were added to the original thirteen, making, in all thirty-one. The day following this important movement, was spent in prayer and exhortation; and it was the custom every morning to open a prayer-meeting as soon as ten or a dozen members arrived, and keep it up until a quorum was assembled. Truly, they were “men fearing God.” An address to the people of England was voted, filled with noble sentiments, and high Christian hopes that the day of the complete triumph of religion had come, and the “glory of the Lord was about to be revealed.”

We will not specify all the acts of this extraordinary parliament; the most important were, one to abolish tithes; another, to provide for the support of a godly ministry; and a third, to do away with the Court of Chancery, in which some 23000 causes lay locked up.

At length, on the 2d of December a motion was made to appoint a travelling commission of Puritans to clear the church of all base and heretical ministers. The debate on this waxed high, and continued till the 10th, when parliament adjourned over to Monday. On Monday morning early, before all had arrived, a motion was made and carried that the parliament should

be dissolved. The Speaker, preceded by the mace and accompanied by his friends, then walked to Whitehall and formally surrendered to Cromwell the power with which he had been entrusted. The latter was surprised and deeply moved at this sudden result :—his enemies, however, say his emotion was entirely *feigned*, and that it was his work throughout. If he had shown signs of joy, it would have revealed his part in the matter—as he exhibited regret, it also proved his inward *delight*—at least it *must* have been so, as he was a hypocrite, and managing all the while after supreme power.

What a prophetic mind he must have possessed, and how clear to him all the dark future, from the outset, have appeared. He trifled with the king, designing to overthrow him—he purged parliament, and brought Charles to trial, while fighting furiously at Preston—exposed his life in Ireland, knowing he should succeed—returned from the conquest of Scotland, perfectly conscious that the Long Parliament would endeavor to be permanent—endeavored to end it peacefully, so that he could, with the more plausibility, break it up forcibly—summoned a new one, and all strangers and honest men, on purpose to have them prove their imbecility—put them under obligations to sit a year, and before they should separate provide for a new representation, because he wished to have them disperse without doing it—made plans, on purpose to have them baffled, and rejoiced in any change of events, because he had calculated them accurately—and eventually, in this tortuous way, reached the goal towards which he had ever

struggled, viz., supreme power. A man with such superhuman foresight, one would think, might arrive at his purpose in an easier and more direct manner. No greater illustration of human reason clouded and stultified by malice and prejudice, can be given, than a clear statement of the *facts* of the revolution placed beside the explanation of Cromwell's conduct by his enemies.

This Barebones Parliament sat a little over five months; and though it did not accomplish much; events from without conspired to give it a prominence abroad. The war with the Dutch was prosecuted with vigor and astonishing success. Blake and Monk rode triumphantly on the ocean. The great victory over the Dutch, mentioned some pages back, brought commissioners to England, who asked for a cessation of hostilities, while negotiations could be carried on. Oliver received them haughtily, and refused to grant their request—nay, insisted on all the conditions formerly demanded by St. John.

At length, however, a compromise was made, and the commissioners took their leave. But just two days previous to their departure (on the 29th of July), another terrible battle had been fought between the two fleets, near the coast of Holland. Monk carried his vessels into action, with the same desperation he was accustomed to lead his regiment to the breach. The fight lasted several days; but the Dutch fleet was finally dispersed, and Van Tromp slain. Monk and Blake were loaded with honors; and Cromwell, at a public

dinner given them on their return, hung chains of gold, and medals of honor, about their necks.

The next month (August), Whitelocke was despatched as ambassador-extraordinary, to her Christian majesty, Christina, the queen of Sweden. He was received with great honor, on account of the illustrious deeds of Oliver, whose stormy life, and great adventures, had filled her with admiration, which she took no pains to conceal. During the session of this parliament, also, Lilburn came back from his banishment, and was tried and acquitted.

Thus, with her enemies at home humbled; and triumphant on the deep, England needed only a steady government to rise to that rank, her people and position fitted her to take.

The Little Parliament, having voluntarily surrendered to Cromwell its powers; he, four days after its dispersion—having first consulted the Lord in prayer—proceeded with his friends, in great ceremony, to Westminster; and there, in presence of the lord-mayor and aldermen of London, the two commissioners of the great seal, the two councils of the State and army, was declared, “LORD-PROTECTOR of the Commonwealth of England, Ireland, and Scotland:” and took the oath. It was an imposing ceremony. Cromwell was dressed in a plain suit of “black velvet, with cloak of the same; and about his hat a broad band of gold.” “Does the reader see him? A rather likely figure, I think—stands some five feet ten, or more—a man of strong, solid stature, dignified mien, and portly military carriage—the expression of him,

valor and devout intelligence, energy, and delicacy, on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old gone April last; brown hair and moustaches are getting grey. A figure of sufficient impressiveness—not lovely to the man-milliner species, nor pretending to be so. Massive stature—big, massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect—wart above the right eyebrow—nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions—strict, yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also, if need were, of all fierceness and rigor: deep, lowering eyes, (call them grave, call them stern,) looking from under those craggy brows, as if in life-long sorrow, and yet, not thinking it sorrow—thinking it only labor and endeavor: on the whole, a right, noble, lion-face and hero-face, and to me royal enough.”*

“The instrument of government,” by which he was to be guided, contained forty-two articles, and was read by Lambert. This new constitution for England, provided, first, that “the supreme legislative authority, should be in one person and the people in parliament represented; and that person be Lord-Protector.” He was to be assisted by a council of State, consisting of not more than twenty-one, and not less than thirteen, persons. He was to have control of all the land and sea forces, grant commissions, bestow honors, &c., &c. He could not repeal, or alter any law, without the sanction of parliament, which should be assembled at least once in three years, and sit five months. This parliament was to be composed of four hundred mem

* Vide Carlyle, vol. ii., page 65.

bers; and the representation to be proportioned as near as possible to the taxation. Ireland and Scotland were allowed, each, thirty. It was to assemble September, 1654; and, in the interim, Cromwell and his council were to govern the State. When the result was announced to the people, shouts of "*Long live the PROTECTOR!*" rent the air; and he drove back in great pomp to Whitehall.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PROTECTORATE.

From December, 1653, to the Second Protectorate Parliament, September, 1657—Ordinances Issued by Cromwell—Henry Cromwell goes to Ireland—Character of the New Government—Peace Abroad—Respect Shown to the Protector—Sycophancy of Dr. South—Assembling of Parliament—Its Unjustifiable and Dangerous Proceedings—Noble Address of Cromwell—Submission of Parliament—Its Acts—Cromwell Thrown from His Carriage—Death of His Mother—The West Indian Expedition—Dissolution of Parliament—Cromwell's Arbitrary Course—The Major-Generals—Persecution of the Vaudois, and Noble Interference of Cromwell—Milton—Cromwell Champion of Protestantism—Assembling of the New Parliament.

BETWEEN the 16th of December, 1653, and the 3d of December, 1654, when the new parliament was to assemble, Cromwell and his council had permission to pass such ordinances as they might deem beneficial; and they made free use of it. *Sixty* were issued—the most important of which, in relation to civil matters, were those fixing the law of treason—arranging the revenue—providing for the union of the two kingdoms, Scotland and England—granting grace and oblivion to offenders—regulating the manner of choosing the Irish and Scotch members for the new parliament, and reforming the chancery.

But, there were two affecting the church, which ranked still higher—one, appointing, as grand commis-

sioners, thirty-eight, to try public preachers; and the other, instituting a similar commission in every county, for the ejection of "scandalous, ignorant, and inefficient ministers." The duties of the latter were distinctly marked out; and they commenced their work of purgation in a way that evinced the purity of their intentions. This leading measure shows the drift of Cromwell's mind, to which we have frequently alluded.

But, at this time, he was treading on dangerous ground—he had before incurred the hatred of both Presbyterians and royalists; and now, the title of Lord-Protector, drove away the more ardent republicans in the Independent party, who, hitherto, had clung faithfully to him. Harrison,* disappointed and angry, would not recognize his authority; and was, therefore, stripped of his rank, and sent into the country, with the injunction to be quiet. Anabaptists and levellers conspiring together, were arrested, and thrown into the Tower;—the command of the troops placed in the hands of those whom he could trust; while Monk was sent to Scotland, to quell the republican spirit in the army there. Henry Cromwell was ordered to Ireland, to superintend matters in that portion of the realm, and immediately imparted to every department of government a vigor to which it had long been a stranger.

The royalists, in the meantime, laid plots to murder the Protector: Charles, II., from his secure exile in

* This able, but visionary officer, has been sadly belied by historians.

Paris, issued a proclamation, offering a reward of £500 per annum, a colonel's rank in the army, "and other rewards suitable, to any one who would kill a certain base mechanical fellow, by name, Oliver Cromwell, who had, by most wicked and accursed means, traitorously usurped the throne:" but every attempt proved unsuccessful. The assassins were seized in their beds, and their plots divulged; for Cromwell had his spies and friends in every place. He comprehended the danger which surrounded him; and stood prepared to meet it, in whatever shape it might come. On the very morning the treaty with Portugal, which had been long under contemplation, was closed, the head of the ambassador's brother, who had killed an Englishman in the streets, rolled on the scaffold. In this stern manner did he treat his enemies both at home and abroad, and gave the world to understand what kind of a government he designed to administer. France, frightened into respect, courted his favor. Envoys and ambassadors from almost every court of Europe, flocked to England; and "all the kings of the earth prostrated themselves before this idol."

His family—his aged mother, and beloved daughters, (Lady Claypole, Mary, and Frances,) were now removed to Whitehall; and the Lord-Protector had a household about him that would not have disgraced any king.*

*"Cromwell had nine children—seven of whom, three sons and four daughters, came to maturity. Frances was the youngest daughter, and it was said that Charles II. wished to marry her, in order to recover his dominions; and a proposal to that effect was made to Crom-

He treated foreign ambassadors like an emperor; and the most finished courtiers quailed before the stern glance of his eye. The perfect ease with which he assumed his lofty station, and took upon himself the cares of the nation, proves him to have possessed a great soul. No fear, restlessness, or doubt, agitated him—nay, he acted as if he at last had found the place for which nature had designed him. He surveyed the disordered kingdom about him, and the strong powers abroad, who had hitherto defied the Commonwealth, as composedly as he was wont to view a battle-field; and laid his plans with a skill and clearness, and pushed them with a resolution which evince not only the statesman, but the great ruler. He would treat his old comrades with his accustomed familiarity; but turned haughtily to meet the reverence of a royal ambassador. He declared he would make the name of Englishman as great abroad, "*as ever that of a Roman had been;*" and he kept his word. He forced the Dutch into a treaty favorable to his own country, the consummation of which was announced by the firing of cannon, trumpets, bonfires, and illuminations. The two universities of Cambridge and Oxford vied with each other in crowning him with laurels; and such men as Doctors Cudworth, Owen, Zouch, Bathurst, Busby, and South,* sung his well, who rejected it, saying, 'No, it is impossible—he would never forgive me the death of his father.' He would sooner have married her to the meanest of his officers.

* To illustrate the fickleness of human praise, and, at the same time, show how little trust can be placed in the testimony of even distinguished men, who, in the restoration, sought the favor of court, we

praise in Latin verse; and last of all, Milton addressed him in noble prose. Denmark and Sweden also sought his alliance; and, at peace with the world, and honored at home, he, at once, placed England in the front rank of nations, and started her on that glorious career she has since run.

Thus passed the months between his elevation and the meeting of parliament on the 3d of September, give the following extracts from Dr. South's eulogistic poem on the Protector, and *not* eulogistic sermon delivered before Charles II. To the Lord-Protector, he wrote:

“ Tu dux pariter terræ domitorq; profundi.
 Componant laudes cuncta elementa tuas,
 Cui mens alta subest, pelagoq; profundior ipso
 Cujus fama sonat, quam procul unda sonat.

* * * *

Tu poteras solus motos componere fluctus,
 Solus Neptunum sub tua vincla dare.”

And yet, this Cromwell, who was both “king and conqueror of the elements,” “whose fame sounded far as the waves roared,” and “who alone was able to control the sea, and put Neptune in chains,” Dr. South afterwards, when preaching before Charles II., called a “*beggarly fellow*.” “Who,” said that zealous candidate for a bishoprick, “that had beheld such a *bankrupt, beggarly fellow* as Cromwell, first entering the Parliament House, *with a threadbare, torn coat, and a greasy hat (and, perhaps, neither of them paid for)*, could have suspected that, in the course of a few years, he should, by the murder of one king, and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king, but the changing of his hat into a crown?” “Odds fish, Lory!” exclaimed the laughing Charles, when he heard this from the divine, who had panegyricized the living Lord-Protector—“Odds fish, man! your chaplain must be a bishop. Put me in mind of him at the next vacancy.” Oh, glorious times for the church! Oh, golden age for the profligate and the slave!—Vide Forster's *British Statesmen*, page 406.

1654. The eventful day at length arrived, and more than three hundred assembled in the abbey of Westminster, and from thence proceeded to the House of Commons, where a message met them requesting their presence in the painted chamber. Thither they went, and, having assembled, were told by his highness, standing uncovered on a pedestal, that, it being Sunday, he could not then address them, but would meet them next morning in the abbey-church of Westminster.

That night, Cromwell must have felt some anxiety, as he thought of Haselrig, Scott, and others, whose faces had glowered on him from that assembly.

At ten o'clock, next morning, however, he proceeded in great state to the church, where a sermon was to be delivered. Two troops of Life Guards marched in front, and a large procession of officers and gentlemen on horseback, richly apparelled but bare-headed, succeeded—followed by pages and lackeys of the Protector, in rich liveries, who walked just in front of the State carriage. But all eyes were turned on Cromwell, as he approached—with Lambert in gorgeous costume, sitting by his side—dressed in a simple black suit, without ornament or show—“like a plain country gentleman.”

After service, he proceeded to the painted chamber, and opened parliament with a long speech. He commenced by reminding them of the great trusts committed to their charge—referred to the past, and spoke of both the outward and spiritual condition of the people—rebuked the Presbyterians, for fettering the consciences of

men—enlarged against the Fifth Monarchy doctrine, and dwelt long on foreign affairs. He then went on to enumerate some of the reforms that had been made, and concluded with an urgent exhortation to act wisely and harmoniously, “to which end they would have his prayers.”

The parliament chose Lenthall their Speaker, and appointed a day of fasting and prayer. This election was hotly contested, and foretold much trouble ahead.

Many clear-headed statesmen were in this body—some of whom had been members of the Long Parliament, and still smarted under the disgrace of their former ejection by Cromwell’s pikes.

The first question started by them was, “whether the House should acknowledge the government to be in the parliament and SINGLE PERSON.” This was discussed in committee of the whole, and the debate waxed fierce and high—lasting twelve hours. For four successive days a violent struggle was maintained by the two parties, without coming to a decision. Judge Matthew Hale went down to effect a compromise, to which parliament agreed; but Cromwell hurled it from him with scorn, and sending for the Lord Mayor, ordered the Hall to be closed, and troops to be stationed in various places in the city. By eight o’clock on the twelfth day of September, all was accomplished; and when the members, one after another, arrived at the House, they were forbidden to enter and were informed that the Protector would meet them in the painted chamber.

CROMWELL'S SPEECH.

Thither they repaired, and walked about in groups, discoursing on this sudden movement, until the Lord-Protector arrived. The two Houses at length being assembled and called to order, he arose and addressed them, in a speech—the most remarkable, perhaps, that ever fell from his lips. His strong nature was thoroughly aroused, and he launched, at once, into the question. He was not, as formerly, the Christian brother talking with them as friend with friend; nor the slumberous elephantine orator, rolling heavily on his way; but the Numidian lion, roused from his lair, and with flashing eyes confronting his presumptuous foes. “Gentlemen,” said he, “it is not long since I met you in this place, upon an occasion which gave much more content and comfort than this doth. That which I have to say to you now needs no preamble to let me into my discourse; *for the occasion of this meeting is plain enough.* I could have wished, with all my heart, there had been no cause for it. At that meeting, I acquainted you what the first rise was of this government, which hath called you hither, on the authority of which you come hither. Among other things I told you of then, I said you *were a free parliament, and so you are while you own the government and authority that called you hither,* for certainly that word implied a reciprocation or *implied nothing at all.*

He then called God to witness that he had not put him-

self in the place he occupied, but God and the people; and continued he, with sudden vehemence, "If my calling be from God, and my testimony from the people, *God, and the people shall take it from me, else I will not part with it.*" Subsiding from his high tone and passionate manner, he reviewed the past; declaring that after the battle of Worcester, he again and again solicited to be discharged from public duties, that he might retire to private life; and on being refused, had urged, as a member of parliament, that they should fix, for the welfare of the Commonwealth, a limit to their sittings. Failing in this, he broke them up; and so content were the people with the measure, that when they went, "*there was not so much as the barking of a dog*, or any general or visible repining at it." He then spoke of the Little Parliament which he called together, for the sole purpose of surrendering his power into their hands—and declared that their resignation was utterly unknown to him till accomplished. His hopes being thus defeated, he was induced, by the urgent appeals of others, to take upon himself the title of Lord-Protector: and an instrument placing the government in him and parliament, was adopted "in presence of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, Lord Mayor, and Aldermen of London, soldiers, gentlemen, and citizens"—nay, before all the world, and acknowledged by it, as well as the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Judges, and magistrates, and sheriffs, by taking their commissions from him, had recognized the constitutionality of the act. He then asked them if *they* had not come hither as members

of parliament, on writs *issued by himself* to the sheriffs of the different counties; and if the act of government *was not read at the place of election*, so that there could be no misunderstanding; and if the *people had not signed an indenture, with proviso that the persons so chosen should not have the power to alter the government, as now settled in one single person and a parliament.*”

“Thus,” said he, I have made good my second assertion, that I bear not witness to myself, *but that the good people of England and you all are my witnesses.*” The constitutionality of the government was plain; God and the people were the authority it claimed;—could Charles Stuart show a higher? There were a hundred battle-fields, on which God had been the arbiter; and there were the people with the indenture in their hands; and here are “*you,*” *members of parliament*, by your acknowledgment of my summons, witnesses of the legality of my Protectorate.” Thus he went on, telling them that now to disown the authority by which they sat, was contrary to all right, and perilled deeply the welfare of the nation.

He then touched upon the perpetuity of parliaments, liberty of conscience, the militia, finances; and wound up that part of his address by one of those sudden explosions so terrible to the beholder, and seldom witnessed except in the shock of battle. With his eyes flashing fire, and his rough voice pitched to its battle key, and rolling like heavy thunder through the chamber, he exclaimed: “And now, *the wilful throwing away of this government, such as it is—so owned of God*

—so witnessed to—so necessary to the welfare of this nation and posterity—I will SOONER BE ROLLED INTO MY GRAVE AND BURIED WITH INFAMY, than give my consent to it.” He was no longer the Puritan exhorter, or composed statesman, but the hero of Naseby, Marston Moor, Dunbar, and Worcester—the daring chieftain charging into the breach of Drogheda. Those who had never seen him in the midst of battle, had now a fair opportunity of witnessing the look and bearing so often spoken of as appalling and fearful. On every lineament of his massive features was written his unalterable determination; and as he bent his shaggy brows on the breathless and startled parliament, his whole aspect said, in language not to be misunderstood, “If you now close with me, it will be in a mortal struggle.” No temporizing Charles I. stood there, trembling before the storm he had raised; but one in whose bosom was a wilder storm than they had ever dreamed of. It was a sublime spectacle—that single plebeian, standing in presence of three hundred of the choicest men of England, and awing them by his more than imperial frown into silence and submission.

He closed this extraordinary speech by telling them it would have been full as honorable, had they recognized the authority which called them together, instead of treating it, as they had, with studied neglect, and then open defiance; and added—“Seeing the authority which called you is so little valued, and so much slighted—till some assurance is given and made known, that the fundamental interest shall be settled and approved,

according to the provisions in the writ of Return, and such a consent testified as will make it appear that the same is accepted, I have caused a stop to be put to your entrance into the Parliament House."

"*I am sorry—I am sorry,*" he exclaimed, as his feelings once more gained the mastery, "*I could be sorry to the death, that there is cause for this. But there is cause; and if things be not satisfied, which are reasonably demanded, I, for my part, will do that which becomes me, seeking counsel from God.*" If he can't have a reasonable parliament, he will fall back on God, and his conscience, and take counsel from them alone. "But," he tells them in conclusion, there is a "*thing*" they "*will find in the lobby of the House,*" the signing of which, will settle the matter between them.

The House then adjourned in confusion; and repairing to the Parliament House, found a parchment in the lobby, with an officer standing by to take signatures to it, which contained the following significant sentence: "*I do hereby freely promise and engage myself to be true and faithful to the Lord-Protector, and the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and shall not (according to the tenor of the indenture whereby I am returned to serve in this present parliament) propose or give my consent to alter the government, as it is settled in a single person and a parliament.*" Lenthall signed first, followed by about a hundred others; Bradshaw, Haselrig, Scot, and others, refused—muttering deep indignation against the Protector.

Gradually, most of the remainder came in, so that at the end of a month three hundred had taken the pledge, and the labors of parliament were resumed.

We will not stop here to defend this other arbitrary act of Cromwell; but say simply, in our opinion, if he had acted differently he would have been utterly unworthy of the place he occupied. Here was a government well established, which had secured peace and honor abroad, and respect and confidence at home, on whose strength and integrity all relied, suddenly assailed by members of parliament, who could have no other motive for their reckless attack than the gratification of personal malice and hate. They had the dishonesty to acknowledge the authority of Cromwell by assembling at his call, and then deny it after having come together. They were not only guilty of this inconsistency, but violated their solemn pledge, given to their constituents, without which they would not have been returned. They were false alike to the Protector, their oath, and the people who sent them. As this treachery on their part struck at no less than the peace of the three kingdoms, and threatened to involve them again in war and bloodshed, Cromwell would have been false to the promise he had given, if he had allowed them to go on and perfect the work of ruin in their blind passion. His act is called arbitrary, and compared to similar ones in the history of Charles I.; but the resemblance is in form only. Charles attempted by force to make the representatives of the people prove recreant to their pledges, their duty, and the constitution of England.

Cromwell used his power to make them *keep* their oath, and not betray the country they represented. Is there no difference then between their acts? Parliament undertook to subvert the government they had sworn to uphold, for, at least, one year, and Cromwell, very properly and very emphatically, told them, he would sooner be rolled into his grave, and buried with infamy, than allow it to be done.

Previous to the resumption of business, an occurrence took place which caused much talk; and well nigh changed the destiny of England. On the 20th of September, the Protector took it into his head to have a lunch in Hyde Park, under the trees, with his secretary, Thurloe, and a few other gentlemen. He had previously taken a drive, in a coach drawn by six beautiful grey Friesland horses, the present of the Duke of Oldenburgh. After the repast, he proposed to drive this fiery team himself, and so his Highness mounted the box, and started off. For awhile, he managed very well; but rousing the mettle of the high-blooded animals too far by the whip, they, at length, broke from his control, and dashed fiercely away. Cromwell was hurled from the box, and struck upon the pole, where he maintained his balance for some time; but at length he fell, and, his feet catching in the harness, was dragged violently over the gravelly path. But his shoe coming off, he was released from his perilous position, and left on the ground. In the struggle and concussion, a pistol *went off in his pocket*, which was the occasion of many rumors: one thing, however, was evident; that his Highness was a

soldier yet, and ready at any moment to fire a pistol in an assassin's face—a fact, doubtless, well considered by many who were plotting against his life.

The next month, November 16th, his aged mother, ninety-four years old, died. For a long time she had lived in perpetual alarm, lest the life of her son should be taken. Assassins haunted her declining days, and she was distressed if she did not see him, at least, once a day. When she saw death approaching, she sent for him, and, in tremulous accents, gave him her last benediction; "The Lord cause His face to shine upon you," said she; "and comfort you in all your adversities; and enable you to do great things for the glory of the Most High God, and to be a relief to His people. My dear son, *I leave my heart with thee. Good Night!*" and closing her eyes, she breathed forth her spirit to the God who gave it. Cromwell gazed a moment on her pallid features, and then burst into a flood of tears. What a picture does he, the Lord-Protector of England—the hero of so many battle-fields—the resolute, iron-willed man, present, weeping beside his aged mother. The whole scene reminds one of the parting interview between Washington and his venerable parent, at Fredericksburgh.*

The proceedings of this parliament are hardly worth recording. It first voted, that signing the pledge re-

* She said to him, "Go George, fulfil the high destinies which heaven appears to assign you; go, my son, and may heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always." Washington, overcome by her words, leaned his head on her aged shoulder and wept.

quired by Cromwell did not bind them to the whole instrument of government; and soon after, in a ridiculous affectation of independence, resolved that no one should be returned to that parliament without recognizing the government. They discussed also the Protectorate; whether it should be hereditary, or not; and voted that no one should be tolerated, who did not subscribe to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, which by committee were decided to exclude Deists, Socinians, Papists, Arians, Antinomians, Quakers, &c. Thus the parliament showed itself as bigoted as it was refractory. Meddling with everything which did not concern it; and touching nothing which the wants of the State demanded;—finding fault with taxes absolutely indispensable to meet the current expenditures; and refusing supplies, without which government could not be carried on; it unsettled rather than quieted the affairs of the nation.

A large armament was fitted out at this time, under Generals Venables and Penn, who were not to open their orders till they arrived at a certain latitude. Their destination was the West India islands, where they were to intercept the Spanish plate fleet, and to conquer Jamaica.

About this time, also, symptoms of discontent showed themselves in the army of Scotland, to which between two and three months' pay was due. The insurgents talked of deposing Monk, and appointing Overton commander; and then march into England and demand redress. The plottings of royalists were also felt in other

parts of the kingdom ; but the ever-vigilant eye and sudden stroke of Cromwell rendered every attempt powerless. Overton, and Ludlow, and Harrison, and Alured, at length became involved in disgrace.

On the 22d of January, 1655, this troublesome parliament received a summons to attend his Highness in the painted chamber, where, after a long speech and a sharp reprimand, he concluded, "I think it my duty to tell you that it is not for the profit of these nations, not for the common and public good for you to continue here any longer. And, therefore, *I do declare unto you, that I do dissolve this parliament.*"

Thus ended the first Protectorate parliament, much to their own astonishment ; for they did not expect a dissolution until the five months specified by law had expired ; and on this ground remonstrated. But Cromwell told them they had sat five *calendar* months, which was the way time was reckoned in the army ; and they departed, each to his home.

Oliver was now absolute monarch ; and although his dissolution of parliament was legal, it is evident he was willing to stretch a point to get rid of it. Forced, step by step, from the broad platform of liberty on which he had first planted his feet—goaded on to the assumption of supreme power—he seems like one whom an invisible fate is incessantly pushing forward against his own wishes. Afraid to trench on the liberties of the people ; still more afraid to let narrow sectarians, or pseudo-statesmen, ruin the kingdom ; he struggles on, hoping the next movement

will show that honesty and wisdom have at last met. From the moment he dissolved parliament, he knew that Presbyterians, republicans, and royalists, would all conspire against him, and his future life must be one stern battle. He could no longer rely on the virtue of men; he must, therefore, fall back on his power.

Here commences the worst part of his career. Compelled to play the despot, he did it effectually, and held the three kingdoms with a grasp of iron. Knowing that moderate measures would not answer, he set about his plans with a grimness and savageness that remind us of his Irish campaign. He first issued an ordinance in his own name, for the payment of old rates and taxes—a method somewhat after Charles I.—in order to supply present necessities.

But, while maturing his system of arbitrary rule, an insurrectionary plot was discovered, of which Major Wildman, an Anabaptist, was chief. Its ramifications were extensive and dangerous; but its timely discovery, and the arrest and imprisonment of Wildman, prevented any bad result. A month after, (March 11th,) there was a sudden rising of royalists in the city of Salisbury; and about two hundred men, with Sir Joseph Wagstaff, a royalist colonel, and Penruddock, a wealthy gentleman, at their head, seized the judges and the high-sheriff—it being assize time—and threatened to hang them. Proclaiming Charles II. king, they, after an ineffectual attempt to bring the city over, left in haste for Cornwall; but were overtaken by one of Cromwell's troops, and dispersed. Penruddock and

Grove were taken, seized, and beheaded; while the rest of the prisoners, or most of them, were sent as slaves to Barbadoes, where Oliver, for years, had been in the habit of despatching unruly subjects from the three kingdoms.

To meet all these conspiracies, control the hatred and enmity of royalists, Presbyterians, and fierce republicans, raise money, and sustain his foreign policy, demanded all the strength of character and sagacity which he possessed. A police system, never before equalled, was immediately established: Thurloe, Cromwell's secretary, had his spies in every regiment and town; and immense sums were annually expended to perfect and carry it out. To mark his enemies as distinctly as possible, he forbid all Episcopal clergymen, who had been deprived of their living, to teach schools, or instruct classes, or preach, or use the church service in public or private, (a measure borrowed from Laud,)—banished all cavaliers and Catholics twenty miles from London, and Catholic priests the kingdom. He established a strict censorship of the press—imprisoned many of the nobility, until they could give bail for their good behavior;—and thus, wrapping himself in his power, bade defiance to his enemies. He had at last drawn the sword, and thrown away the scabbard—resolved, since he could not conciliate, to overawe.

But money was needed for his troops, and for the expenditures of government; and so he issued an ordinance decimating all who had openly declared for the king—that is, compelled them to give a tenth of

their entire income to the State. He next divided England and Wales into twelve districts, over each of which he appointed a major-general to command the militia. The latter sub-divided into companies and troops, were quartered in the towns supposed to be the most disaffected; and a military despotism, as terrible in principle, if not in practice, as was ever invented, was fastened on England. These major-generals had almost unlimited powers; and from their conduct there was no appeal to a court of law—the Protector alone could right the wronged. To suppress tumults, ferret out, and disarm conspirators, see that the ordinance respecting disaffected and scandalous ministers, was obeyed—the law against drunkenness, profane swearing, and gambling, enforced, and to suppress horse racing, cock-fighting, theatres, &c., were some of the public duties they were required to perform, while they received secret instructions to assist in carrying out the decimation of the royalists. Fleetwood, whom Oliver's son Henry had succeeded in Ireland; Desborough, Lambert, Whalley, Goffe, Skippon, and others, were the officers appointed to this service. The only apology that can be made for this despotic course is, that it was the result of necessity, not love of power. He, himself, in speaking of the appointment of major-generals, afterwards, says, "But, if nothing should ever be done but what is according to law, the throat of the nation may be cut while we send for some to make a law. Therefore, it is a pitiful, beastly notion, to think, though it be for ordinary government, to live by law

and rule; yet, if a government, in extraordinary circumstances, go beyond the law, *even for self-preservation*, it is to be clamored at and blotted at." He openly declared to parliament, that nothing else would have answered against royalist plots; and so satisfied was he of the necessity and good effect of the measure, that "*if he had the same thing to do over again, he would do it.*"

We are bound to believe his solemn asseverations, in which he calls God to witness that he had not sought the power with which he had been invested. "I have learned too much of God," says he, "to dally with Him, and to be bold with Him in these things. I dare not be bold with Him, though I can be bold with men." But being invested with this power, he endeavored first to surrender it to the Little Parliament; and failing, received the title of Protector, and called a parliament to co-operate with him. Forced by their dishonest actions, either to abandon the settlement of the nation, which had been obtained with so much effort, or disperse them, he chose the latter course. Having, by this act, separated himself from all conciliation, he had either to crush his enemies, or be crushed. There was no compromise, and he knew it. He must choose to be a despot, or surrender England to anarchy—*there was no other course left him.*

In the second place, his tyranny was not exerted for base purposes, to enrich himself or feed his lusts; but, for the welfare of his country, and the protection of religion. The instruments he selected were not slaves, nor

unprincipled courtiers; but men of integrity and conscience. In the third place, his severity towards the royalists and Episcopalians, was not the result of bigotry, as in the case of Laud, but to save himself and the government. It was not with opposing views and sentiments that he waged war, but against assassins' knives, and bloody plots. His tyranny was adopted as a hedge to the government, and did not grow out of his love of power; for, while he was as severe as doom to those who plotted against *its* interests, he was magnanimous to his personal enemies, and forgave many a bloody attempt on his life. The difference between a despotism which is based on personal considerations, and is reckless of the common good, and that used as a defence against anarchy and evils worse than despotism, is all the difference between Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell. This judging by the *act* alone, and not by the spirit which prompted it, or the object to be secured, is the great and radical error the historians of both have fallen into. Thus, while we pronounce his whole conduct, during this period, as arbitrary in the extreme, and wrong, we look in vain for any other safe course which he could have pursued. We have never yet seen one pointed out by his enemies. Necessity, as he said, knows no law; and he felt the truth of the maxim deeply.

The military despotism established through the Major-Generals, was probably, from the character of the officers, the most just in its action that ever was organized. Yet in carrying out the details by subordinates, much wrong and oppression were suffered.

Among instances of these, we notice the arrest of the poet Cleveland; and the imprisonment of Jeremy Taylor, for his strong Episcopal notions.

While these internal regulations were being enforced, external affairs were prosperous. Scotland, though heavily taxed to support the army and government, and now and then showing symptoms of discontent in the Highlands, prospered as it had not done before for years. Religion flourished—the laws were respected, and the people content under the Protectorate. Henry Cromwell, as Lord-Deputy of Ireland, ruled that unhappy island with consummate ability, and evinced much of the talents of his father. The West India expedition was the only failure the Protector experienced. Generals Penn (the father of our own Quaker Penn) and Venables effected a landing at Hispaniola with some 10,000 troops, but were defeated. Re-embarking, they made a descent on Jamaica, and took it, though it proved, for the time, a barren capture. On their return, they were thrown into the Tower; for blunders were almost as bad as intentional crimes. in the eyes of the Protector

Cromwell, however, whose far-reaching mind foresaw the advantage of these islands in a commercial point of view, did not abandon the undertaking, but immediately fitted out a large armament under Montague, and also sent a letter to General Fortescue, who had been left in command of the island, sketching the plan he was to pursue in his military operations. We might as well mention here, also, that having determined to settle the

island with English, he afterwards ordered his son Henry, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, to despatch a thousand Irish girls there—as two hundred English maidens were once sent to Virginia, as wives for the colonists, valued at a certain quantity of tobacco per head. He also directed that the loose women of London should be seized and transported thither—and *twelve* hundred were thus shipped in three vessels. This, doubtless, was good policy, if designed to affect London; but we cannot exactly see its wisdom with regard to Jamaica, much less its morality.

Blake, who had been despatched with a fleet to the Mediterranean, to clear it of pirates, was more successful than Penn and Venables had been. The Deys of Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli were humbled, one after another—the Duke of Tuscany was compelled to make reparation for having allowed prizes, taken by Prince Rupert, to be sold in his harbors; while the Republic of Genoa sent an ambassador to thank the Protector for having driven the pirates from their seas. Cromwell also turned his attention to New England, and made the colonies do their part towards the subjugation of Jamaica. Thus was laid the foundation of the British possessions in the West Indies.

PERSECUTION OF THE VAUDOIS.

In June, of this year, came the news of the persecutions in the valley of Piedmont. Six Catholic regiments, three of which were Irish, were appointed to

drive the Vaudois from their homes in mid-winter. The cruelties, the inhuman barbarity, that marked the proceedings against the poor Protestants, are well known. "Villages were burned to the ground; men were hewn in pieces; children's brains dashed out against the rocks, and women impaled naked—a hundred and fifty females were beheaded, and their heads used in a game of bowls." When the news of the atrocities reached Cromwell, he burst into tears—they were the saints of God who thus suffered, and all his compassion was roused within him. On that day* he was to sign the treaty with France, which had for a long time been under contemplation; but he immediately refused, declaring that negociations should proceed no further until the king and Mazarin, the prime minister, would pledge themselves to assist him in saving the Vaudois Protestants. He gave £2000 from his private purse towards relieving their wants, and appointed Milton to write letters to the several European powers, invoking their aid. The noble bard entered with all the zeal and enthusiasm of his great master into the work. His sublime sonnet on the Vaudois will live for ever, a monument both to his genius and his religion.

Avenge, O, Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.
Forget not! in thy Book record their groans,

* The 3d of Jan., 1655.

Who were thy sheep, and, in their ancient fold,
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

A day of fasting and humiliation was appointed, and a collection ordered to be taken in all the churches. The contribution amounted to over £37,000, showing how deeply Protestant England was stirred by the persecution of the Piedmontese Christians. It is said that Cromwell, in a burst of passion, replied to some obstacles that were mentioned as interfering with his plans, that "he would sail his ships over the Alps, but that he would put a stop to the persecution."

Bordeaux, the French ambassador, complained of his refusal to sign the treaty—declaring that the King of France could not meddle with the administration of an internal State, and that the Duke of Savoy had as good a right to make laws for his Protestant, as he, the Protector, had for his Catholic, subjects. But Cromwell would not yield a jot until France had promised to put a stop to the cruelties practised on the Vaudois. Bordeaux, in anger, asked audience to take leave—still the former would not relent. War with France, nay, with the whole world, if necessary, he would wage, but this persecution of the children of God should cease.

The king of France at length yielded, and word was sent that the Duke of Savoy had granted an amnesty to the Vaudois, and restored their ancient rights. Mazarin, who, in fact, ruled France, had brought this about, for he stood in deadly fear of Cromwell. It is said that he always turned pale when he heard his name mentioned.

Oliver was the champion of Protestantism the world over, and he wished it so understood: he would defend it wherever his arm could reach. Not content with the efforts he had put forth for the Piedmontese, he sent a messenger to the Duke of Savoy, remonstrating against his conduct. He also took pains to let the Pope understand, that he knew him to be at the bottom of the unnatural persecution, and if he did not beware, he would see his ships in the harbor of Civita Vecchia, and hear the thunder of his cannon around the Vatican.

In all his treaties, he made the rights of the Protestants an indispensable article. He insisted that English merchants in Portugal should be allowed to worship God in their own way, and compelled France to respect the lives of the Huguenots. The latter called him "their only hope next to God." He sent a man named Stoupe, through all that kingdom, to inquire into their condition, resources, &c., and found that Mazarin had taken good care not to offend him on this point. The next year an emeute occurred at Nismes, between the Protestant and Catholic population, respecting the election of consul, or chief magistrate,

in which some of the latter were killed. The court immediately resolved to punish the Protestants severely, and pull down their temples. When this was known, they sent a petition to the king, praying to be forgiven, and at the same time despatched a messenger in haste to Cromwell, claiming his protection. The latter no sooner heard the messenger's account, than he bade him refresh himself, as he would take care of his business; and that very night sent an express to Lockhart, his ambassador at Paris, bidding him demand forgiveness for the Protestants of Nismes; and if refused, to leave the kingdom without delay. Mazarin shuffled and complained of the naughty and imperious course of the Protector, but, (as it was currently reported,) "he was more afraid of him than of the devil," and soon an order was on its way, promising the pardon of the offenders.

Thus the terror of his name became everywhere a shield for the persecuted Christians, and he was always remembered by them in their morning and evening dévotions.

This stern and decided interference of his, in behalf of the Vaudois, has given his biographers another occasion to charge him with hypocrisy. He burst into tears—hazarded a war with France—defied the Pope—gave away ten thousand dollars, and all to deceive his subjects. If he had shown no feeling, his enemies would have said with infinite zest, that his religious fervor disappeared so soon as he felt himself firmly seated in power. If he had blustered and remonstrated,

but risked nothing, they would have exclaimed, with pious horror, "behold his deceit!" As he took neither course, but endangered the peace he had so long striven to secure, and awakened the hostility of foreign nations—nay resolutely and stubbornly carried his point, and rescued the suffering Vaudois, his actions are termed, with the utmost *sang froid*, "*hypocritical pretence.*" It were desirable if English rulers of the present day would exhibit something of this hypocrisy. They will see Poland dismembered—Tahiti invaded by Catholics—Switzerland threatened with the legions of despots, and be content with a little bluster, a grave remonstrance or two, but never interpose their strength between the persecuted and the persecutors. Cromwell might have done the same; and if he had been as selfish and politic as modern sovereigns are, he *would*. He who can find nothing but heartlessness in this conduct, can detect treason in heaven. His prejudice would turn gold into dross, beauty into deformity, nay, truth itself into falsehood.

On the 23d of October appeared the declaration of war with Spain, growing out of its refusal to protect English traders in the West Indies, and allow English merchants to worship God in the Protestant form, together with its general hostility, as a Papal country, to his government. The close of this year (1655) was distinguished for the effort made by Cromwell to give foreign Jews permission to return to England, invested with the privilege of alien citizens. It proved unsuccessful; but yet, shows the liberality of feeling which character-

ized him, where danger to the State was not to be apprehended. A committee of trade was also formed, to take into consideration the commerce of the country, and adopt means for its advancement.

The opening of the next year (1656) was comparatively calm. Fiery republicans and hot-headed royalists could not remain entirely quiet; but the thorough police regulations, everywhere established, and the firm hand with which the Protector held the reins of government, kept them still, if not reconciled. Blake and Montague, at Cadiz, cruising in search of the enemy—negotiations with Portugal, or rather threats, which had taken their place—arrangements for the marriage of his daughters, Frances and Mary (the former to Rich, the latter to Lord Fauconberg)*—cor-

* Some writers say Faulconbridge. “There is a curious story related of Frances, the youngest and most beautiful of Cromwell’s daughters—the one whom the gossip of Europe had selected as the bride of Charles II. Jerry White, one of Oliver’s chaplains, aspired to her hand. This being told Cromwell, he ordered them to be watched, and one day caught the poor chaplain in Fanny’s apartment, on his knees before her. ‘What is the meaning of this posture,’ exclaimed Oliver. The chaplain with great presence of mind, replied, ‘May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady’s woman, and cannot prevail; I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me.’ Oliver, turning to the waiting-woman, said, ‘What is the meaning of this? He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such.’ She, desiring nothing more, replied with a low courtesy, ‘If Mr. White intends me that honor, I should not oppose him.’ Upon this Oliver said, ‘Well, call Goodwin; this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room.’ Jerry could not retreat. Goodwin came, and they were instantly married; the bride at the same time receiving £500 from the Protector

respondence with Henry Cromwell, deputy of Ireland—great efforts to secure the election of right members of parliament, which was to meet in September: these were the matters and objects which engrossed the mind of the Protector during the spring and summer. Meanwhile, the election was going on in various parts of the kingdom, characterized by the bitterest animosities. Cromwell needed supplies as well as Charles I., and also a parliament to vote them. But he resolved, at the same time, that it should not be so refractory as the latter had been; and he, therefore, arrested the most turbulent spirits, that were striving to have an opposition returned too strong for him. Vane, for his tract called the “Healing Question,” was sent to the Isle of Wight; Bradshaw, Ludlow, Rich, and Col. Okey, were put under arrest; Harrison sent into Pendennis Castle, and a strong hand laid on the active royalists. He did not ask these men to swear allegiance to his government—he required them only to be peaceable, and not endeavor to raise disturbance. They refusing to give any such promise, he deemed it necessary for the public safety, to confine them for awhile. Still a large opposition was returned, and among them Scot, Haselrig, and Ashley Cooper, the latter of whom had been jilted by Cromwell’s daughter. These and others the Protector and his council thought best to send home, which they did in a summary and rather extraordinary manner. They had the power to verify the returns of the elections; which they stretched to the power of exclusion of members.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM THE SECOND PROTECTORATE PARLIAMENT TO THE
DEATH OF CROMWELL, SEPT., 1656 TO SEPT., 1658.

Opening of Parliament—Members Rejected—Naylor and the Quakers—Victory of Blake and Montague—Sindercombe Conspiracy—Narrow Escape of Cromwell—Petition and Advice—Cromwell Offered the Crown—Conferences on the Subject—Finally Rejects It—Statements of His Enemies—Conspiracies—Marriage of His Two Daughters—Re-assembling of Parliament—Refuses to Acknowledge the New House Provided for in “Petitions and Advice”—Cromwell’s Speech—The Madness of Parliament Encourages Conspirators—Dissolved by Cromwell—His New Life Guard—Family afflictions—HIS LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH—His Character.

THE new parliament assembled on the 17th of Sept., and, after service, received the opening message of the Protector. He spoke, as was his wont, extempore; sometimes flashing up with excitement, and freeing his overwrought spirit in strong expressions, and then floundering heavily through a sea of thoughts.

He first took up the Spanish war—spoke of its origin and justice—then referred to the plots laid to assassinate him—denounced the Levellers and Fifth Monarchy men—defended the appointment of major-generals, with openness and earnestness—pressed on parliament the propriety of toleration of all Christian sects—recom-

mended public appropriations for the support of the gospel ministry, and urged reform in law, especially the criminal law, which made almost every offence a capital one. He then alluded to the state of finances, saying, there was great need of money to carry on the war abroad, and protect the government at home, and concluded by quoting the 85th Psalm, beginning, "Lord, Thou hast been very favorable to thy land—Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob, &c.," and tells them, if they will only "put their hearts" to the work, they need not be afraid "if Pope, Spaniard, devil, and all, set themselves against them;" but, can joyfully, triumphantly, "sing Luther's psalm, 'Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott'—God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in time of trouble—therefore, will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains thereof be carried into the sea * * * The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

The members then adjourned to the House, at the door of which they found soldiers ranked who refused admittance to all who had not received certificates from the council. Nearly a hundred, having refused to give their pledge to support the government, were denied certificates, and hence excluded from their seats. Loud outcries were made against this violation of the privilege of parliament—the hundred members appealed to the House, but were referred by it to the council, and finally were compelled to return to their constituents, content with having framed a masterly

appeal to the people of England, in which it was evident they had all the law on their side, while Cromwell could plead only necessity.

The parliament having chosen Widdrington Speaker, soon showed that the Protector had nothing to fear from their opposition. The war with Spain was upheld—Charles Stuart and his family pronounced destitute of all claims to the throne, and £400,000 voted for the use of government. In the meantime, the case of Naylor, the mad Quaker, was taken up, and consumed three months in its discussion, much to the annoyance of Cromwell, who endeavored to prevent the ridiculous and severe punishment awarded him.* Other sects, such as the Muggletonians, Unitarians, &c., came in for their share of persecution; which added to his displeasure, for, in the first place, he wished more

* The Quakers had recently sprung into existence as a sect; George Fox, the father of it, commenced his itinerant preaching against all ordained ministers; declaring that the “inward light” was the only guide in religion, in 1650; and it was not till two years after, that the Quakers met in separate assemblies. From this time on, they began to increase, and, for refusing to obey the magistrates, who would coerce their religious liberty, and interrupting the worship of other denominations, they were soon honored with a good deal of persecution. This James Naylor, formerly one of Lambert’s officers, was one of the most extravagant of the sect, and allowed himself to be accompanied into Bristol in a most extraordinary manner, and to receive the same honors as Jesus Christ did when he entered Jerusalem. For this, and similar blasphemies, he was condemned to the pillory, to have his tongue bored through with a hot iron, to be branded in the forehead, &c. Cromwell was opposed to these cruelties, and received even Fox himself with kindness, and told him, that if they could see each other oftener and discourse on spiritual things they would be nearer together.

toleration, and, in the second, felt that weightier matters deserved the consideration of members.

The system of major-generals was now, at his suggestion, abandoned—much to the joy of the people, on whom the quartering of the military fell heavy. About the same time, Blake and Montague attacked the Spanish fleet, in the bay of Santa Cruz; and though it was defended by a castle, and a strong line of forts, burned it to the water-edge. Captain Stayner led the van in this desperate attack, and was afterwards knighted for his gallantry. A short time previous, he had captured the celebrated plate-fleet that Penn and Venables were to intercept, and seized a large amount of money, which came very opportune to the exhausted treasury of Cromwell. Blake, not long after this, his last victory, was taken sick, and returned to England to die. He expired in sight of the country whose name he had made so terrible on the seas.

In January, of the year 1657, occurred the famous Sexby and Sindercombe conspiracies. Sexby, an Anabaptist colonel, had promised to assassinate Cromwell, for which he was to receive £1600 from Charles Stuart. Finding no opportunity to effect his purpose, he went to Flanders, to consult about the intended insurrection, which was to occur at the same time that the fleet of Spain, who was to invade England, should reach the coast. During his absence, Sindercombe, formerly a fierce republican, and brave officer, but who, having turned Leveller, and conspired against the government, was finally cashiered, took his place. He first attempted

to blow up Cromwell's carriage, as it was passing from Whitehall to Hampton Court; but, failing in this, resolved to set fire to Whitehall at night, and slay him in the general confusion that would follow. A hundred conspirators, supplied with fleet horses, were to aid him in this infernal attempt.

Everything being completed, on the night of the 8th of January, a basket of fierce combustible materials was placed in the building, and a slow match kindled, which, in half an hour, or at midnight, would reach it. But while the fire was gradually making its way to the fatal material, a sentinel on guard smelt the combustion, and gave the alarm, and the whole thing was discovered. Sindercombe was immediately seized, though he defended himself desperately. Thrown into prison, he saved the headsman the trouble of his execution, by taking poison—though some of the enemies of Cromwell have the audacity to intimate it was given by order of the latter.

Parliament, on hearing of the Protector's narrow escape, adjourned a week, till the affair could be sifted to the bottom; and when it again assembled, appointed a day of thanksgiving for the preservation of his Highness. The members went over in a body, to congratulate him on his wonderful deliverance. He, in return, on thanksgiving day, after hearing two sermons, entertained them with a princely dinner, and in the evening with rare instrumental and vocal music.

On the heels of this came the celebrated "Address and Remonstrance," presented by Alderman Pack, mem-

ber from London. The chief articles in this remonstrance, were, first, that Cromwell should assume the title of king, and be invested with the power to name his successor; second, that a parliament should be convoked, at least, once in three years; and consist of *two Houses*; third, that there should be no encroachments on privileges of parliament, and no members be excluded, except on judgment of the House. The fourth article related to qualifications of members; the fifth declared that the *new House* should consist of not less than forty, and not more than seventy, members; the sixth referred to the alteration of the laws; the seventh, to the revenue; eighth, to the privy council; ninth, to the great officers of State; tenth and eleventh, to religious toleration; and the other seven, to less important matters. All were passed without a division, except the one respecting the title of king, which occupied some days' debate; but was finally carried by a large majority. The bill then took the name of "Petition and Advice," and with the additional article, that *unless the Protector gave his consent to the whole, no part of it should be of force*, was presented to him in a flattering address, by the Speaker, Widdrington. To the surprise of parliament, he refused, at that time, to give his assent to it; and said, the questions involved required deliberation.

Previous to this, however, while the article respecting kingship was under debate, a hundred officers in the army presented themselves before him, begging him not to accept the proffered title. His answer to them was abrupt and severe. He exposed their miserable policy

and ridiculed their scruples—telling them that a short time since, when he was installed Protector, some of them presented him the instrument of government, with the title “king” *actually inserted*. *He then refused* to accept it; and now, although he “*loved the title, as a feather in the hat, as little as they did*,” yet it was strange they should boggle at it.” He spoke, also, of the other articles; especially the one authorizing the House of Lords—in short, gave them to understand they knew but little about the matter; and it did not become *them*, of all men, to make such a show of conscience.

We will not enter into a detailed account of the conferences, dialogues, &c., which this question occasioned. The chief reason assigned by parliament for insisting on it was, that the laws and constitution of England were adapted to the title “king;” and it would be necessary to make a thorough change in every department, to adapt them to “Protector.” Cromwell wished, exceedingly, to have some portions of the instrument adopted; and yet, they had so fettered him, that he must either accept, or reject the whole. This he complained of in a second interview; but still, gave a negative, though not the most decided. The House, however, adhered to its “Petition and Advice,” and appointed a committee of ninety-nine to confer with him. The chief argument used by the several speakers, in their interviews, was the one already mentioned;—that the title “king” was grounded in all the institutions of England; and the powers attached to it defined.

while Protector meant almost anything. The conference was broken up, by Cromwell telling them, that he would meet them on Monday, April 13th. At the time appointed, they came together, and his Highness made a very long and intricate speech, in which he endeavored to weigh fairly the arguments on both sides—winding up with the rather startling one against the article, that God seemed to have dealt so with the family of Stuart, “*that he blasted the very title.*”

The next ten days, the Protector was sick, and could not attend the committee; but on the third day, he received them, and listened to a long and tedious reply to his objections; the sum of which was, that the wish of parliament, and the welfare of the nation, ought to be binding.

On Monday, there was another session, and Cromwell spoke, declaring his willingness, in all proper ways, to be subservient to the representatives of the people: but it seemed to him that parliament was authority enough to make any title legal—he had his commission as general from it, and why not keep that of Protector. He wished only the peaceable settlement of the nation, and cared nothing for his own power. He acknowledged that he had “griped at the government of the nation without a legal consent; but that was done upon principles of necessity.” The time for such exercise of authority was past; and he wished parliament to settle the government on principles of *law* and *constitution*.

The next day, he let the question of kingship pass; and took up the other articles of the Petition in detail;

commenting upon them, and suggesting such alterations, as he thought beneficial.

The next two days, were spent by parliament in considering the corrections offered, and other matters of general interest to the State; but on May 1st, it again sent the committee to the Protector, to hear his decision on the kingship. His speech was briefer on this occasion than formerly; and after apologizing for troubling them so long, and complimenting them on their patriotic labors, and repeating the principle on which his objections were founded, he concluded by saying, "I am persuaded to return this answer to you: *that I cannot undertake this government with the title of king. And this is mine answer to this great and weighty matter.*" Thus was this protracted and annoying affair ended; and parliament adopted the remainder of the "Petition and Advice." Lambert, in the open and detetermined ground he took against the assumption of the title, showed so much spleen and hatred, that he was soon afterwards dismissed from office, though on a pension of £2000 per annum.

Much has been said about this conference on the kingly title; and Cromwell, as usual, charged with hypocrisy throughout. If he had accepted it, his ambition and former trickery would, of course, have been most apparent. Concealing his deep and selfish designs under the mask of religion and patriotism, until he felt power within his grasp, he then vaulted into the throne. Such would have been the reasoning, had he been made king. As he *refused*, however,

there is no other way to make the charge of hypocrisy and ambition stick to him, except by declaring that his *heart* was in the crown; and his fears alone kept his *hand* from it. So it makes no difference in his character, whether he accepted or refused—seized it forcibly, or received it as a gift from parliament—the same harsh judgment is pronounced upon him by his enemies. The welfare of the country did not enter the category at all; it was simply, a balancing between selfish fear and ambition. This man, who had risked his life in open war with the sovereign power of England, and a thousand times on the battle-field; who had placed his foot on the neck of a king; broken up parliament at the pike's point, and dissolved it by his imperial word; boldly assumed all the power the title of king could confer; laid his hand on the very chieftains who surrounded him at Naseby, Marston Moor, Dunbar, and Worcester, and quartered his troops in almost every town of England;—this man, who had performed the boldest acts ever planned by a human intellect or executed by a human arm, and, as asserted, solely for the purpose of getting a crown, *refused*, through *personal fear*, to take it when offered him, though urged upon him by the highest legislative body of the land. To such logic we must surrender our reason, and adopt its conclusions, if we would escape the heinous offence of upholding a “monster, a tyrant, and a hypocrite.”

But when the fog is cleared away from this insignificant affair, the simple truth is found to be that Cromwell and parliament both felt that the government

would be more firmly settled with a *king* than with a *protector*. The latter title was new, and seemed merely *provisional*, while the former was deeply rooted in men's hearts, and claimed, in spite of themselves, their reverence. The government, to the minds of all, seemed incomplete and unfixed, while the throne was vacant. It is not easy to change the current of a whole nation's feelings into a new channel, and cause an entire transfer of its reverence. On the other hand, to accept the title was simply to change the name, nothing more; for Cromwell was, in fact, king of Great Britain, and he knew it. He regarded it, as he said, "no more than a feather in a cap;" and was swayed entirely by motives of expediency. He demanded, and received, all the courtesies of manner and language from foreign monarchs, and all the reverence from foreign ambassadors due to a king: he wielded all the power at home and abroad, and stood higher in the admiration and respect of the world, than any crowned head in it. To suppose it was a matter of any personal consequence to him, whether he received the mere title, is absurd; and would make him as weak as some would make him criminal. That so great an idiot and so timid a man should have ruled England with such a strong hand and consummate ability, demands an explanation never yet vouchsafed.

The next month, June 26th, a new inauguration of the Protector took place. This was done in Westminster Hall—Cromwell standing at the upper end, in front of a magnificent chair of state, and the vast throng

before and below him. The Speaker advancing, presented him with a robe of purple, bound with ermine, a superb Bible, heavily gilt and embossed—and girding a sword to his side, placed a sceptre of gold in his hand. The oath was then administered, followed by a fervent prayer from the chaplain, invoking the blessing of heaven on the Protector, the parliament and people. Cromwell then rose from his knees, and sat down, with the French and Dutch ambassadors by his side; while near by him, on either hand, were the Earl of March and Lord Mayor of London, bearing the sword of state, and of the city. Behind him stood his numerous family, and the three lords of the council. For a moment all was still—but at a given signal the trumpets rang out their jubilee, the heralds proclaimed the title of Lord-Protector, and the assembled thousands shook the lofty building that enclosed them, with, “Long live the Lord-Protector!” “God save the Lord-Protector!” He then rose, and bowing to the ambassadors, walked in state to his carriage, and proceeded to Whitehall.

Parliament immediately adjourned for six months, to give him time to organize the upper House, provided for in the “Petition and Advice.”

During the autumn months that followed, the war with Spain was carried triumphantly forward, and England took rapid strides towards the maritime greatness she afterwards reached.

About the same time, another expedition was fitted out, under Reynolds and Montague, the former to com-

mand the land, and the latter the sea, forces, to operate against the Spanish power in the Netherlands. A league had been entered into with France, by which she was to furnish 20,000 men, and England 6,000 and a fleet; and the combined forces to march on Gravelines, Mardike and Dunkirk. France was to have Gravelines for her share, and England the other two towns, which being seaports, would give her great advantage in any difficulties with continental powers. Cromwell promptly performed his part of the contract; but the artful Mazarin endeavored to divert the expedition from the coast towns, to places inland. The Protector penetrated his policy at once, and gave him to understand, most distinctly, that he would have no double-dealing, which brought the wily Duke to a more strait-forward course, and Mardike was soon besieged, and in September, taken. The next month, the Spaniards, under the Duke of York, made a desperate attempt to recover it, but were repulsed with terrible loss. The combined armies then moved forward upon Dunkirk: the place, however, did not surrender till the next summer.

A remonstrance to the Grand Seignor, in August, for the unlawful seizure of an English ship—the weddings of his two daughters,* spoken of before—Frances, the youngest and most beautiful of his children, to Robert Rich, son of Lord Rich, and grandson of the Earl of Warwick, and Mary, to Lord Faulconbridge,† were the principal events between the prorogation of parliament,

* In November.

† Or Fauconberg.

in June, and its re-assembling, on the first of January, 1658.

The marriage festivities had scarcely subsided, before Cromwell was compelled to throw himself again into the conflicts which had already sapped the vigor of his life, and would, in a few months, place him in his grave.

Owing to his feeble health, he addressed only a short speech to parliament, leaving Nathaniel Fiennes to finish what he wished to say.

It required no prophet to foretell a stormy session to this parliament. The hundred members excluded last year, had been returned, and were burning to revenge themselves on the Protector.

The New House which was designed to take the place of the Chamber of Peers, was found to consist of only a little over forty members, although sixty-one had been summoned:—among them we find Richard and Henry Cromwell. No sooner was the lower House organized, than Scott and Haselrig—leading the opposition, refused to acknowledge the New House, as a House of Lords, and entered upon a furious debate respecting the name it should bear. Four days were spent in this manner, and on the fifth, Cromwell summoned both Houses to meet him at Whitehall, where he addressed them in a long and earnest speech, appealing to them by the sufferings and welfare of their common country, by their love of truth and religion, to cease their wranglings, and commence, at once, the settlement of the affairs of the nation. He spoke of the agitations on the continent, and the danger which

threatened Protestantism on every side, as strong motives for them to act as statesmen. He then turned to domestic matters, saying, "I beseech you, look to your own affairs at home, how they stand. I am persuaded you are all—I apprehend you are all honest, worthy and good men, and that there is not a man of you, but would desire to be found a good patriot. I know you would. We are apt to boast somewhat, that we are Englishmen; and truly it is no shame for us that we are Englishmen; but it is a motive to us to do like Englishmen, and seek the real good of the nation, and the interest of it. But, I beseech you, what is our case at home? I profess I do not well know where to begin on this head, or where to end—I do not. * * * We are full of calamities, and of divisions amongst us in respect of the spirits of men, though, through a wonderful, admirable, and never to be sufficiently admired providence of God, in peace. And the fighting we have had, and the success we have had—yea, we that are here, we are an astonishment to the world. And take us in that temper we are in, or rather *distemper*, it is the greatest miracle that ever befel the sons of men, that we are got again to peace. And whoever shall seek to break it, *God Almighty root that man out of the nation!* And he will do it, let the *pretences be what they may!*" And further, he said, with his soul all on fire—that those who would not stop in their course, to consider what became of the next generation, "must have the heart of a Cain, who was marked, and made an enemy to all men—all men enemies to him. For

the *wrath and justice of God will persecute such a man to the grave, if not to hell.*" He continued for a while in this energetic strain, carried away by the picture the distracted country presented to his imagination, and finally asked them what kind of government they expected to adopt, or what "model would satisfy the minds of men," if not the one they were called together upon? What else hindered the nation from being an *Aceldama*—a field of blood?" The soldiers, he said, were unpaid, and going barefoot in that January month, through the streets of the city, yet cheerful withal, and ready to suffer for the good of the Commonwealth; "and he who had no due sense of this, had a *heart as hard as the weather.*"

Having thus spoken of the danger from enemies without, and cavaliers at home—of the horrors of war and the blessings of peace, he added that if they still persisted in provoking "distraction and cruel war, it would be said, *It is all over with England.*" Still he trusted God would not leave them to such a course—"and," said he, "while I live, and am able, I shall be ready to stand and fall with you, in this seemingly promising union, which God hath wrought among you, which I hope neither the pride nor envy of man shall be able to make void. I have taken my oath to govern according to the laws that are now made, and I trust that I shall fully answer it. And know, I sought not this place. *I speak it before God, angels and men—I DID NOT. You sought me for it. You brought me to it,* and I took my oath to be faithful to the interests of these nations—to

be faithful to the government, * * * and I shall, I must, see it done according to the articles of government—that every just sentiment may be preserved—that a godly ministry may be upheld, and not offended by seducing and seduced spirits—that all men may be preserved in their just rights, whether civil or spiritual. Upon this account did I take oath, and swear to this government. And so having declared my heart and mind to you, on this, I have nothing more *but to pray God Almighty to bless you.*”

This was spoken extempore, in all the sincerity and earnestness of his overflowing heart. He saw the nation but just settled into quietness, again agitated by reckless enemies, and revengeful men, and he made a last and noble appeal to them to pause. By their children—by the liberties for which they had fought—by the glory of England, and the good of the church, he besought them to arrest the parricidal hand.

Noble, but vain effort! His enemies, too selfish to place their country before the gratification of their passions, let everything drive towards irremediable ruin. For ten days more, the same debate went on, while conspirators, taking advantage of the hostile position of parliament, rallied for a new effort. A pamphlet had been issued only a short time previous, entitled, “*Killing no Murder,*” in which the writer boldly asserted that it was no crime to slay Cromwell. The Duke of Ormond had entered London in disguise, and was concerting, with royalists and republicans a new insurrection. But Oliver, whose police-system nothing could

escape, was aware of his presence; yet, instead of hanging him on the gate-posts of the city, (as he would have been perfectly justifiable in doing,) he quietly told Lord Broghil to advise his old friend to depart. Scotland threatened a new invasion; and the enemies of the Commonwealth, elated at the conduct of parliament, were moving on every side—and every day was big with fears and perils. Cromwell stood in the midst of the gathering storm, sad and thoughtful—his noble heart wrung with bitter disappointment; yet, high and resolute as ever. He had once said, that he would be rolled into his grave, sooner than see the government of the Commonwealth overthrown; and to that determination he still inflexibly held. No one knows the wakeful nights and anxious days he passed, while everything trembled on the brink of ruin—reluctant again to use his power arbitrarily. But, at length, impelled by the momentarily increasing danger, he roused himself to the effort; and suddenly snatching up his hat, and waving his hand to a few of his guards—without waiting for his carriage—flung himself into a hack, and drove to the House of Lords. Assembling there the lower House, he addressed them both together, in that brief and impressive manner in which he always spoke when highly excited. Said he, “My lords, and gentlemen of the House of Commons, I had a very comfortable expectation, that God would make the meeting of this parliament a blessing; and the Lord be my witness, *I* desired the carrying on the affairs of the nation to these ends. The blessing which I mean, and

which we ever climbed at, was mercy, truth, righteousness, and peace—which I desired might be improved. That which brought me into the capacity I now stand in, was the “Petition and Advice,” given me by you; who, in reference to the present constitution, did draw me to accept the place of Protector. *There is not a man living could say I sought it—no, not a man or woman treading upon English ground.* But, contemplating the sad condition of these nations, relieved from an intestine war, into a six or seven years peace, I *did* think the nation happy therein. But, to be petitioned thereunto, and advised by you to undertake such a government—a burden too heavy for any creature, and this to be done by the House that then had the legislative capacity—certainly I did look that the same men who had made the power, should make it good unto me. *I can say, in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth, I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than undertaken such a government as this.”*

What a mixture of noble melancholy, and firm purpose, is exhibited in these sentences! Every word carries conviction of sincerity. He speaks as he feels; and bearing down everything by the simple majesty of truth, awakens all our sympathy, while he claims our unbounded admiration.

After thus relieving his heart, he went on to speak of the dangers that threatened the government:—an invasion, he said, was in preparation—a conspiracy, in that

very city, was all ripe for an outbreak; nay, he declared that honorable members were endeavoring to seduce the army from its allegiance; and wound up with the terrible accusation—"Some of you *have been listing of persons, by commission of Charles Stuart, to join with any insurrection that may be made. And, what is like to come of this, the enemy being ready to invade us, but ever present blood and confusion?* And, if this be so, I do assign it to this cause—your not assenting to what you did invite me to by your Petition and Advice, as that which might prove the settlement of the nation. *And if this be the end of your sitting, and this be your carriage, I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting. And I do dissolve this parliament. And God judge between me and you.*" "Amen!" fell from the lips of some of the most desperate; and this last Protectorate parliament disappeared. "It was high time;" for Samuel Hartlib, a friend of Milton, in writing to a friend, says, "If their session had continued but *two or three days longer, all had been in blood, both in city and country, upon Charles Stuart's account.*"

Here was another "act of despotism;" but one, if he had not committed, he would have broken his solemn oath, and showed that he cared more for his own reputation, than for the common weal. "LET GOD JUDGE BETWEEN YOU AND ME," he exclaimed; and, he might add, between me and my accusers to the end of time, and in the judgment of the Great Day.

No sooner was this parliament dissolved, than he commenced arresting the ringleaders of the conspiracy.

Summoning his followers about him, he explained how matters stood, and asked if they would permit the enemies of the Commonwealth to overthrow it? They answered, "We will stand and *fall with your Highness—we will live and die with you.*" A hundred and sixty brave fellows, selected from his different regiments of cavalry, divided into eight companies, became his body-guard; ten of whom were always on duty about his person. On these he could rely; and unflinching and bold must be the man, and quick the assassin's knife, that could reach him then. The plotters were one after another thrown into prison, and a High Court of Justice nominated to try offenders. The Protector had overlooked and pardoned long enough; and now he would show assassins what kind of a man they had to deal with: Sir Henry Slingsby and Dr. Hewet, were among the first arrested. The former, a prisoner in Hull, and an uncle of his son-in-law, Lord Fauconberg, had been seducing the officers into a betrayal of their trust—the latter, a doctor of divinity, had desecrated his office, by mingling in the plots of murderers.

Thus passed the early spring. On the 15th of May, the royalists had resolved to rise in London, with beat of drum, and burn and slay; but Cromwell, who had known all their proceedings from the beginning, ordered his troops to seize them just on the verge of the appointed hour. Ten days after, Slingsby and Hewet, with three others, were tried. The two former, in spite of the strenuous exertions made by their friends, were condemned, and perished on the scaffold. He

thus smote the monster insurrection, with blow after blow; and, by June, peace was restored. Royalism had sunk affrighted; and Levellers and Fifth Monarchy men, betook themselves to silence.

At this time, also, came the news of the taking of Dunkirk—of the glorious battle fought with the Spanish army, fifteen thousand strong, sent to relieve it—and of the resolute daring of the six thousand British troops that alone gained the victory. Great rejoicings followed; and England and France stood linked in closer brotherhood.

CROMWELL'S SICKNESS AND DEATH.

The summer which witnessed his triumph at home and abroad witnessed, also, the final wreck of the iron frame of Oliver Cromwell. Inured by a life of exposure and toil, his natural strength had been increased, and he bid fair to reach even beyond the allotted age of man. But his constant anxieties and uneasiness made deeper inroads than the most arduous campaign; and for some time he had been evidently failing. To add to his misery, and complete the ruin of his health, family afflictions came in rapid succession and bore him to the earth. A few days after the dissolution of parliament, his son-in-law, Mr. Rich, died, leaving his daughter Frances a widow. The Earl of Warwick, his grandfather, followed him next month; and while the country was ringing with the brave deeds of the army around Dunkirk, the Lady Claypole, his

favorite daughter, was taken sick with a fatal and most painful disease. The Protector was forgotten in the father; and hurrying to Hampton Court, he took his place by her bed-side, overwhelmed with sorrow. Her convulsions, and cries of distress, tore his heart-strings asunder, and shook that strong and affectionate nature to its foundations. His kingdom, his power, the Commonwealth, were all forgotten; and for fourteen days he bent over his beloved child, until, at length, his over-tasked frame gave way. On the 6th of August she died; and Cromwell, on his bed of sickness, was told the heart-breaking news. Beautiful, and beloved by all, she had just entered on life and its joys, when she was hurried away. Her noble father was soon to follow. He rallied a little at first, and was able, one day, to ride out to take the air; but he returned exhausted to his palace. It was the last time that form was ever seen amid his life-guards; and the "waft of death," which George Fox said he saw "go forth against him there," any one might have seen who had gazed on his pallid face. Disease and sorrow striking together, had reached the citadel of life.

On the 24th, he again took to his room, prostrated by what was then called a tertian ague. On hearing his physician pronounce his pulse intermittent, he started; and requesting to be placed in bed, called for pen and paper, and executed his last instructions. The next morning, he was better; and taking his wife by the hand, bade her not be alarmed, as he should yet recover. He believed and said, that the prayers of God's children

would prevail, and he would be spared. Being moved, for change of air, to Whitehall, he continued to grow worse; the fever became a double tertian, and the chills and fever frequent and prostrating. Delirium followed; but in the intervals of reason, he was calm and collected. On one of these occasions, he requested the chaplain to read from the Epistle of Paul to the Philippians, the passage beginning, "Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in whatever state I am, therewith to be content. I can do all things, through Christ which strengtheneth me. Notwithstanding, ye have well done that ye did communicate with my afflictions." Here, Cromwell interrupted him, murmuring in broken accents: "*This scripture did once save my life, when my eldest son died, which went like a dagger to my heart—indeed, it did.*" Where he died; in what battle he fell, no one knows; but here, on the verge of the eternal world, the long pent-up sorrow bursts forth; and the dying father mourns, in heart-broken grief, over his brave son, cut down in the morning of life by his side. He then asked if it was possible to fall from a state of grace. On being told that it was not, he was satisfied. Doubtless, the struggles, and anxieties, and constant occupation of his thoughts by public matters had driven him, of late, from those spiritual contemplations he formerly delighted in; and hence, he now referred to them with joy and hope.

Continuing to grow worse, he was asked to name his successor. He referred them to a sealed paper in Hampton Court, drawn up a year ago. It was imme-

diately sent for, but could not be found ; and not until the night before his death, was he heard to name Richard. In the intervals of his suffering, he spoke incessantly of the goodness of God ; and forgetting himself in his anxiety for the church, prayed : “ Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace. And I may—I will come to thee for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them good and Thee service : and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others would wish and would be glad of my death : Lord, however Thou dost dispose of me, continue to go on and do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love ; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation ; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments, to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people, too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer : even for Christ’s sake. And give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen.”

At length the last night drew on that was to usher in his *fortunate day*. The 3d of September, the anniversary of Dunbar, and of Marston, came amid wind and storm. In this solemn hour for England, strong hearts were everywhere beseeching heaven to spare the Protector : but the King of Kings had issued his decree ; and the spirit that had endured and toiled so long, was already gathering its pinions for eternity. “ It is a fearful thing

to fall into the hands of the living God," broke thence from his pallid lips, and then he fell, in solemn faith on the covenant of grace. His breath came difficult and thick; but amid the pauses of the storm, he was heard murmuring, "Truly God is good; indeed He is; He will not——" his tongue failed him; "but, says an eye-witness,* "I apprehend it was, '*He will not leave me.*'" Again and again there escaped from the ever-moving lips the half-articulate words "God is good—God is good." Once, with sudden energy, he exclaimed, "*I would be willing to live, to be further serviceable to God and his people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with his people.*" All night long, he murmured thus to himself of God; showing how perfect was his trust—how strong his faith. Once, as some drink was offered him, he said, "It is not my design to drink or to sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone."

While this scene was passing in that solemn chamber, all was wild and terrible without. Nature seemed to sympathize with the dying patriot and hero. The wind howled and roared around the palace; houses were unroofed; chimneys blown down; and trees, that had stood for half a century in the parks, were uprooted, and strewn over the earth. The sea, too, was vexed—the waves smote, in ungovernable fury, the shores of England; and vessels lay stranded along the coasts of the Mediterranean. It was a night when there are,

"As they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death.

* Underwood.

And prophesying, with accents terrible
 Of dire commotion, and confused events
 Now hatched to the woeful time. * *
 * * * * some say the earth
 Was feverous and did shake."

But all was calm and serene around the dying bed of Cromwell. On that more than kingly brow, peace, like a white winged dove, sate; and that voice which had turned the tide of so many battles, now murmured only prayers. Bonaparte, dying in the midst of just such a storm, shouted, "*Tete d'armèe*," as his glazing eye fell once more on the heads of his mighty columns disappearing in the smoke of battle; but Cromwell took a noble departure. The storm and uproar without, brought no din of arms to his dying ear—not in the delirium of battle did his soul burst away; but, with his eye fixed steadfastly on the "eternal kingdoms," and his strong heart sweetly stayed on the promise of a faithful God, he moved from the shore of time, and sank from sight for ever.

He died at three o'clock that day—on the very day, which, eight years before, saw his sword flashing over the tumultuous field of Dunbar—the same which, seven years previous, heard him shouting on the ramparts of Worcester. But this was the last and most terrible battle of all; yet he came off victorious; and triumphing over his last enemy, death, passed into that serene world, where the sound of battle never comes, and the hatred and violence of men never disturb.

Thus perished Cromwell in his fifty-ninth year; and

those who stood and gazed on the motionless features, and pallid lips, whose slightest motion so lately made nations tremble, exclaimed, "A great man is fallen in Israel!"—ah, the noblest ruler that ever filled an English throne. With him sunk for a time the Protestantism of England; and Popery and royalty breathed free again. But the principles he established remained immovable; and finally, thirty years after, drove the last Stuart out of the British empire. They burst into new life in this country, and are now scattered like good seed over Europe, where they have ever since been taking root; and will, eventually, bring forth the fruit of universal liberty.

His body, embalmed, and wrapt in a sheet of lead, lay concealed from public gaze, until the 26th of September, when it was removed to Somerset House, where it remained in state till the 23d of November. The most imposing ceremonies honored his burial; and he was carried in all "the pomp and circumstance of woe," to Westminster Abbey, where he lay in peace, till a Stuart dug up his bones, and hung them on a gallows—the lowest revenge of an ingoble soul.

Richard, too weak to rule, no sooner found the movement against him strong, than he resigned his Protectorate; and Charles II., "king by the grace of God," ascended the throne, and turned his court into a brothel, and sunk England in vice and corruption. Mistresses directed the affairs of State; and those who had struggled so nobly for the liberty of their country, were tried, imprisoned, and executed.

We have endeavored to exhibit the character of Cromwell in passing—let *events* illustrate him, rather than theories. That he was a man of great contradictions, no one can doubt. To-day, stern, cold, and inflexible—to-morrow, kind, tender, and almost melancholy—at one moment solemn, devout, given to prayer and exhortation—at another, boisterous, excited, and full of practical jokes—now frolicking with a coarse trooper, and now awing kings by his haughty frown—a cool commander, and fiery enthusiast; he moves, astonishes, and alarms us by turns. His boisterous laugh around the camp fire has hardly died away, before his earnest, thrilling prayer chains every ear and kindles every eye. He will storm like a madman through the breach of Drogheda, and shout his followers on in their work of slaughter; and yet bursts into an agony of tears over the sufferings of the children of God in the mountains of Piedmont.

There is a striking similarity between his career and that of Bonaparte. Both claimed gentle blood, yet both, in reality, belonged to the middle class. Both owed their elevation to their military prowess, and gradually fought their way up from a subordinate capacity, to commander-in-chief of the army. Cromwell, finding the government unequal to the wants of the nation, broke it up by his musketeers; Bonaparte, discovering the same thing in France, dispersed the Council of Five Hundred with his grenadiers. The former mounted to the place of Charles I. and the latter to that of Louis XVI. They were both regarded as plebeians by the monarchs of

Europe; yet no sovereign with the blood of a thousand kings in his veins, ever wielded a sceptre so powerful, or commanded such unbounded respect and fear, as they. But here the similarity ends. Bonaparte no sooner gained supreme power, than he endeavored to consolidate and perpetuate it, while Cromwell used *his* solely to give strength to the government; and yielded it up as fast as he could with safety. Napoleon felt that France was safest in his keeping, and seemed not to think of the future. But Oliver, more thoughtful and conscientious, contemplated the generations to come, and labored to settle, before he died, the principles of liberty, in the nation. He removed the major-generals, as soon as it could be done without danger—grew less and less severe towards other sects—equalized the representation in England, as it never before had been done—transferred his authority to parliament, without reserving to himself even the veto power, and became more and more liberal and tolerant the firmer he became fixed in his place.

His administration, is now generally conceded to have been one of the ablest with which England was ever blessed. He fostered institutions of learning—gave free scope to every branch of industry, and raised the legal profession higher than it had ever before stood.

In the revival of commerce—by his conquests in the West Indies, and the triumph of his fleets everywhere—he established the maritime ascendancy of England; and in the management of affairs at home and abroad,

exhibited a grasp of thought, and a practical power, combined with an earnestness and purity of purpose, which England may in vain look for in any other sovereign. Had he lived longer, so as to have consolidated the government, and seen most of his restless contemporaries safe under ground, or even left a son but half equal to himself, the destiny of England would have been different, and its after history, very possibly, that of a republic.

Of his religious character we have already spoken. No one can read his letters without believing in his sincerity. The purity of God's Church on earth, was ever uppermost in his mind; and he strove to give Christianity that prominence in the nation it ought to hold, and *must* hold, to secure continued prosperity. Protestantism never had an abler or nobler champion. True, there was a great deal of cant in the religion of those times—probably there never was such a mixture of hypocrisy and sincerity, fanaticism and true godliness, as under the Commonwealth of England. When all were more or less affected by the spirit that was abroad, and men talked in Bible language, and troopers preached and prayed with each other, and parliament itself was frequently turned into a prayer-meeting, it is not to be expected that Cromwell should be free from religious peculiarities. Probably one cause of the great influence he obtained over the soldiers, was the strong, religious excitement, that, at times, mastered him, and caused him to make those wild and stirring appeals which wrought them into such enthu-

siasm. Frequently, just before an engagement, his eye would kindle, and his countenance light up with prophetic fire, and the words of Isaiah or David roll in tremulous accents from his quivering lips, till every sword leaped from its scabbard.

In these respects, he was unlike all other military leaders of modern times. He sung psalms when he went into battle, and consulted the Bible in his campaigns as much as his maps, and quoted Scripture to parliament—all of which may seem very weak in our day; but they detracted nothing from the strength and majesty of Cromwell's character. A strong, sincere, and religious man—a Christian of Moses' time, if we may use the term, rather than of ours—who read the Old Testament much, and the Gospel little; pondered the dispensation of law, more than that of grace; understood the lofty language of David, better than the meek words of John; loved the commandments more than the beatitudes—a fierce fighter, a good ruler, and a stern patriot, was Oliver Cromwell. He is outliving his traducers; and will be honored by man long after thrones have been cast aside as useless things.

He had his faults and committed many errors; but, as Carlyle says, it must be remembered that the career he was forced into was anything but "dancing a minuet."

APPENDIX.

No. 1.

Petition of Right.—Humbly show unto our sovereign lord the king, the lords spiritual and temporal, and commons, in parliament assembled, That, whereas it is declared and enacted by a statute made in the time of the reign of king Edward I. commonly called *Statutum de tallagio non concedendo*, that no tallage or aid shall be levied by the king or his heirs in this realm, without the good-will and assent of the archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, knights, burgesses, and other the freemen of the commonalty of this realm; and, by authority of parliament, holden in the five and twentieth year of the reign of king Edward III. it is declared and enacted, That, from thenceforth, no person shall be compelled to make any loans to the king against his will, because such loans were against reason, and the franchise of the land: and, by other laws of this realm, it is provided, that none should be charged by any charge or imposition called a benevolence, or by such like charge: by which the statutes before-mentioned, and other the good laws and statutes of this realm, your subjects have inherited this freedom, that they should not be compelled to contribute to any tax, tallage, aid, or other like charge, not set by common consent in parliament.

II. Yet nevertheless, of late divers commissions directed to sundry commissioners in several counties, with instructions, have issued; by means whereof your people have been in divers places assembled, and required to lend certain sums of money unto your majesty, and many of them, upon their refusal so to do, have had an oath administered unto them not warrantable by the laws or statutes of this realm, and have been constrained to become bound to make appearance and give attendance before your privy council, and in other places: and others of them have been therefore imprisoned, confined, and sundry other ways molested and disquieted; and divers other charges have been laid and levied upon your people, in several counties, by lord-lieutenants, deputy-lieutenants,

commissioners for musters, justices of peace, and others, by command or direction from your majesty, or your privy-council, against the laws and free customs of this realm.

III. And whereas also, by the statute called *The great charter of the liberties of England*, it is declared and enacted, That no freeman may be taken or imprisoned, or be disseized of his freehold or liberties, or his free customs, or be outlawed or exiled, or in any manner destroyed, but by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land.

IV. And, in the eighth and twentieth year of the reign of king Edward III. it was declared and enacted, by authority of parliament, That no man, of what estate or condition that he be, should be put out of his land or tenements, nor taken, nor imprisoned, nor disinherited, nor put to death, without being brought to answer by due process of law.

V. Nevertheless, against the tenor of the said statutes, and other the good laws and statutes of your realm to that end provided, divers of your subjects have of late been imprisoned without any cause showed; and, when, for their deliverance, they were brought before justice, by your majesty's writs of *Habeas Corpus*, there to undergo, and receive as the court should order, and their keepers commanded to certify the causes of their detainer, no cause was certified, but that they were detained by your majesty's special command, signified by the lords of your privy-council, and yet were returned back to several prisons, without being charged with anything to which they might make answer according to the law.

VI. And whereas of late great companies of soldiers and mariners have been dispersed into divers counties of the realm, and the inhabitants, against their wills, have been compelled to receive them into their houses, and there to suffer them to sojourn, against the laws and customs of this realm, and to the great grievance and vexation of the people.

VII. And whereas also, by authority of parliament, in the five and twentieth year of the reign of king Edward III. it is declared and enacted, That no man shall be forejudged of life or limb against the form of the *Great Charter* and law of the land: and, by the said *Great Charter*, and other the laws and statutes of this your realm, no man ought to be judged to death but by the laws established in this your realm, either by the customs of the same realm, or by acts of parliament: and whereas no offender, of what kind soever, is exempted from the proceedings to be used, and punishments to be inflicted by the laws and statutes of this your realm: nevertheless, of late divers commissions, under your majesty's great seal, have issued forth, by which certain persons have been assigned and appointed commissioners, with power and authority to proceed within the land, according to the justice of

martial law, against such soldiers and mariners, or other dissolute persons joining with them, as should commit any murder, robbery, felony, mutiny, or other outrage or misdemeanor whatsoever, and by such summary course and order as is agreeable to martial law, and as is used in armies in time of war, to proceed to the trial and condemnation of such offenders, and them to cause to be executed and put to death according to the law martial.

VIII. By pretext whereof some of your majesty's subjects have been by some of the said commissioners put to death, when and where, if, by the laws and statutes of the land, they had deserved death, by the same laws and statutes also they might, and by no other ought, to have been judged and executed.

IX. And also sundry grievous offenders, by color thereof claiming an exemption, have escaped the punishments due to them by the laws and statutes of this your realm, by reason that divers of your officers and ministers of justice have unjustly refused or forborne to proceed against such offenders according to the same laws and statutes, upon pretence that the said offenders were punishable only by martial law, and by authority of such commissions as aforesaid: which commissions, and all other of like nature, are wholly and directly contrary to the said laws and statutes of this your realm.

X. They do therefore humbly pray your most excellent majesty, That no man hereafter be compelled to make or yield any gift, loan, benevolence, tax, or such like charge, without common consent, by act of parliament: and that none be called to make answer, or take such oath, or to give attendance, or be confined, or otherwise molested or disquieted, concerning the same, or for refusal thereof: and that no freeman, in any such manner as is before-mentioned, be imprisoned or detained: and that your majesty would be pleased to remove the said soldiers and mariners, and that people may not be so burthened in time to come; and that the aforesaid commissions, for proceeding by martial law, may be revoked and annulled: and that hereafter no commissions of like nature may issue forth, to any person or persons whatsoever, to be executed as aforesaid, lest, by color of them, any of your majesty's subjects be destroyed, or put to death, contrary to the laws and franchise of the land.

XI. All which they most humbly pray of your most excellent majesty, as their rights and liberties, according to the laws and statutes of this realm: and that your majesty would also vouchsafe to declare, That the awards, doings, and proceedings to the prejudice of your people, in any of the premises, shall not be drawn hereafter into consequence or example: and that your majesty would be also graciously pleased, for the further comfort and safety of your people, to declare your royal will and pleasure, that in the things aforesaid, all your officers and ministers shall

serve you according to the laws and statutes of this realm, as they tender the honor of your majesty, and the prosperity of this kingdom.—*Stat. 17 Car. cap. 14.*

No. 2.

It was in these words: "Whereas Charles Stuart, king of England, is and standeth convicted, attainted, and condemned of high treason and other high crimes; and sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced against him by this court, to be put to death by the severing of his head from his body, of which sentence execution yet remaineth to be done. These are, therefore, to will and require you to see the said sentence executed in the open street, before Whitehall, upon the morrow, being the 30th day of this instant month of January, between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon of the same day, with full effect. And for so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant. And these are to require all officers, soldiers, and others, the good people of this nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service.

No. 3.

"To Col. Francis Hacker, Col. Huncks, and Lieut. Col. Phray, and to every of them.

"Given under our hands and seals.

(Sealed and subscribed by)

"John Bradshaw, Thomas Grey, Oliver Cromwell, Edward Whaley, Michael Livesey, John Okey, John Danvers, John Bourcher, Henry Ireton, Thomas Maleverer, John Blackiston, John Hutchinson, William Goffe, Thomas Pride, Peter Temple, Thomas Harrison, John Huson, Henry Smith, Peregrine Pelham, Simon Meyn, Thomas Horton, John Jones, John More, Hardress Waller, Gilbert Millington, George Fleetwood, John Alured, Robert Lilburn, William Say, Anthony Stapely, Richard Deane, Robert Tichburne, Humphrey Edwards, Daniel Blagrove, Owen Roe, William Purefoy, Adrian Scroope, James Temple, Augustine Garland, Edmond Ludlow, Henry Marten, Vincent Potter, William Constable, Richard Ingoldsby, William Cawley, John Barstead, Isaac Ewers, John Dixwell, Valentine Walton, Gregory Norton, Thomas Chaloner, Thomas Wogan, John Ven, Gregory Clement, John Downs, Thomas Wayte, Thomas Scot, John Carew, Miles Corbet."—*Rush.*, vii., 1426.

No. 4.

The following is the letter, together with the Queries addressed to the Scotch :

For the Honorable the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh : These.
Edinburgh, 9th September, 1650.

SIR—The kindness offered to the Ministers with you was done with ingenuity; thinking it might have met with the like; but I am satisfied to tell those with you, That if their Master's service (as they call it) were chiefly in their eye, imagination of suffering would not have caused such a return; much less "would" the practice of our Party, as they are pleased to say, upon the Ministers of Christ in England, have been an argument of personal persecution.

The Ministers in England are supported, and have liberty to preach the Gospel; though not to rail, nor under pretence thereof to overtop the Civil Power, or debase it as they please. No man hath been troubled in England or Ireland for preaching the Gospel; nor has any Minister been molested in Scotland since the coming of the Army hither. The speaking truth becomes the Ministers of Christ.

When Ministers pretend to a glorious Reformation; and lay the foundation thereof in getting to themselves worldly power; and can make worldly mixtures to accomplish the same, such as their late Agreement with their King; and hope by him to carry on their design, "they" may know that the Sion promised will not be built of such untempered mortar.

As for the unjust Invasion they mention, time was when an Army of Scotland came into England, not called by the Supreme Authority. We have said, in our Papers, with what hearts, and upon what account, we came; and the Lord hath heard us, though you would not, upon as solemn an appeal as any experience can parallel.

And although they seem to comfort themselves with being sons of Jacob, from whom (they say) God hath hid His face for a time; yet it's no wonder when the Lord hath lifted up His hand so eminently against a Family as He hath done so often against this, and men will not see His hand—"it's no wonder" if the Lord hide His face from such; putting them to shame both for it and their hatred of His people; as it is this day. When they purely trust to the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, which is powerful to bring down strongholds and every imagination that exalts itself—which alone is able to square the stones for a new Jerusalem;—then, and not before, and by that means and no other, shall Jerusa-

lem, the City of the Lord, which is to be the praise of the whole Earth, be built: the Sion of the Holy One of Israel.

I have nothing to say to you but that I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

QUERIES.

1. Whether the Lord's controversy be not both against the Ministers in Scotland and in England, for their wresting and straining "of the Covenant," and employing the Covenant against the Godly and Saints in England (of the same faith with them in every fundamental) even to a bitter persecution; and so making that which, in the main intention, was Spiritual, to serve Politics and Carnal ends—even in that part especially which was Spiritual, and did look to the glory of God, and the comfort of His People?

2. Whether the Lord's controversy be not for your and the Ministers in England's sullenness at "God's great providences," and "your" darkening and not beholding the glory of God's wonderful dispensations in this series of His providences in England, Scotland and Ireland, both now and formerly—through envy at instruments, and because the things did not work forth your Platform, and the Great God did not come down to your minds and thoughts.

3. Whether your carrying on a Reformation, so much by you spoken of, have not probably been subject to some mistakes in your own judgments about some parts of the same—laying so much stress thereupon as hath been a temptation to you even to break the Law of Love, "the greatest of all laws," towards your brethren, and those "whom" Christ hath regenerated; even to the reviling and persecuting of them, and to stirring up of wicked men to do the same, for your Form's sake, or but "for" some parts of it.

4. Whether if your Reformation be so perfect and so spiritual, be indeed the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus, it will need such carnal policies, such fleshly mixtures, such unsincere actings as "some of these are?" To pretend to cry down all Malignants; and yet to receive and set up the Head of them "all," and to act for the Kingdom of Christ in his name, and upon advantage thereof? And to publish so false a Paper, so full of special pretences to piety, as the fruit and effect of his "repentance"—to deceive the minds of all the Godly in England, Ireland and Scotland; you, in your own consciences, knowing with what regret he did it, and with what importunities and threats he was brought to do it, and how much to this very day he is against it? And whether this be not a high provocation of the Lord, in so grossly dissembling with Him and His people?

No. 5.

We have extracted from the speech, the portion devoted to an explanation of his conduct.

I shall now begin a little to remind you of the passages that have been transacted since Worcester. Coming from whence, with the rest of my fellow Officers and Soldiers, we did expect, and had some reasonable confidence our expectations would not be frustrated, That, having such an history to look back unto, such a God, so eminently visible, even our enemies confessing that "God Himself was certainly engaged against them, else they should never have been disappointed in *every* engagement,"—and that may be used by the way, That if we had but miscarried in the least, all our former mercies were in danger to be lost:—I say, coming up then, we had some confidence That the mercies God had shown, and the expectations which were upon our hearts, and upon the hearts of all good men, would have prompted those who were in Authority to do those good things which might, by honest men, have been judged fit for such a God, and worthy of such mercies; and indeed been a discharge of duty from those to whom all these mercies had been shown, for the true interest of this Nation! If I should now labor to be particular in enumerating how businesses have been transacted from that time to the Dissolution of the late Parliament, indeed I should be upon a theme which would be troublesome to myself. For I think I may say for myself and my fellow Officers, That we have rather desired and studied Healing and Looking-forward than to rake into sores and to look backward,—to give things forth in those colors that would not be very pleasing to any good eye to look upon. Only this we shall say for our own vindication, as pointing out the ground for that unavoidable necessity, nay even that duty that was incumbent upon us, to make this last great Change—I think it will not be amiss to offer a word or two to that. As I said before, we are loath to rake into businesses, were there not a necessity so to do.

Indeed we may say that, ever since the coming-up of myself and those Gentlemen who have been engaged in the military part, it hath been full in our hearts and thoughts, to desire and use all the fair and lawful means we could to have the Nation reap the fruit of all the blood and treasure that had been spent in this Cause: and we have had many desires, and thirstings in our spirits, to find out ways and means wherein we might be anywise instrumental to help it forward. We were very tender, for a long time, so much as to petition. For some of the Officers being Members; and others having very good acquaintance with, and some relations to, divers Members of Parliament,—we did, from time to time, solicit such; thinking if there had been nobody to prompt them,

nor call upon them, these things might have been attended to, from ingenuity and integrity in those that had it in their power to answer such expectations.

Truly when we saw nothing would be done, we did, as we thought according to our duty, a little, to remind them by a Petition; which I suppose you have seen: it was delivered, as I remember in August last. What effect that had, is likewise very well known. The truth is, we had no return at all for our satisfaction,—a few words given us; the things presented by us, or the most of them, we were told, “were under consideration;” and those not presented by us had very little or no consideration at all. Finding the People dissatisfied in every corner of the Nation, and “all men” laying at our doors the non-performance of these things, which had been promised, and were of duty to be performed,—truly we did then think ourselves concerned, if we would (as becomes honest men) keep up the reputation of honest men in the world. And therefore we, divers times, endeavored to obtain meetings with divers Members of Parliament; and we did not begin those till about October last. And in these meetings we did, with all faithfulness and sincerity, beseech them that they would be mindful of their duty to God and men, in the discharge of the trust reposed in them. I believe (as there are many gentlemen here know), we had at least ten or twelve meetings; most humbly begging and beseeching of them, That by their own means they would bring forth those good things which had been promised and expected; that so it might appear they did not do them by any suggestion from the Army, but from their own ingenuity: so tender were we to preserve them in the reputation of the People. Having had very many of those meetings; and declaring plainly that the issue would be the displeasure and judgment of God, the dissatisfaction of the People, the putting of “all” things into a confusion: yet how little we prevailed we very well know, and we believe it’s not unknown to you.

At last, when indeed we saw that things would not be laid to heart, we had a very serious consideration among ourselves what other ways to have recourse unto; and when we grew to more closer considerations, then they “the Parliament men” began to take the Act for a Representative to heart, and seemed exceeding willing to put it on. And had it been done with integrity, there could nothing have happened more welcome to our judgment than that. But plainly the intention was, Not to give the People a right of choice; it would have been but a seeming right; that “semblance” of giving them a choice was only to recruit the House, the better to perpetuate *themselves*. And truly, having been, divers of us, spoken unto to give way hereunto, to which we made perpetual aversions, indeed abominating the thoughts of it—we declared our judgments against it, and our dissatisfaction with it.

And yet they that would not hear of a Representative formerly when it lay three years before them, without proceeding one line, or making any considerable progress,—I say, those that would not hear of this Bill formerly, did now, when they saw us falling into more closer considerations, make, instead of protracting their Bill, as much prosperous haste with it on the other side, and run into that “opposite” extremity.

Finding that this spirit was not according to God; and that the whole weight of this Cause—which must needs be very dear unto us who had so often adventured our lives for it, and we believe it was so to you—did hang upon the business now in hand; and seeing plainly that there was not here any consideration to assert this Cause, or provide security for *it*, but only to cross the troublesome people of the Army, who by this time were high enough in their displeasures: Truly, I say, when we saw all this, having power in our hands, “we could not resolve” to let such monstrous proceedings go on, and so to throw away all our liberties into the hands of those whom we had fought against: we came, first, to this conclusion among ourselves, That if we had been *fought* out of our liberties and rights, Necessity would have taught us patience; but that to deliver them “sluggishly” up would render us the basest persons in the world, and worthy to be accounted haters of God and of his People. When it pleased God to lay this close to our hearts; and indeed to show us that the interest of His People was grown cheap, “that *it* was” not at all laid to heart, but that if things came to real competition, His Cause, even among themselves, would also in every point go to the ground: indeed this did add more considerations to us, That there was a duty incumbent upon us, “even upon us.” And—I speak here, in the presence of some that were at the closure of our consultations, and as before the Lord—the thinking of an act of violence was to us worse than any battle that ever we were in, or that could be, to the utmost hazard of our lives: so willing were we, even very tender and desirous if possible that these men might quit their places with honor.

I am the longer upon this; because it hath been in our own hearts and consciences, justifying us, and hath never been yet thoroughly imparted to any; and we had rather begin with you than have done it before—and do think indeed that this Transaction is more proper for a verbal communication than to have it put into writing. I doubt he whose pen is most gentle in England would, in recording that, have been tempted, whether he would or no, to dip it deep in anger and wrath. But affairs being at this posture; we seeing plainly, even in some critical cases, that the Cause of the People of God was a despised thing;—truly we did believe then that the hands of other men “than these” must be the hands to be used for the work. And we thought then, it was very high time to look about us, and to be sensible of *our* duty.

If, I say, I should take up your time to tell you what instances we have to satisfy our judgments and consciences, That these are not vain imaginations, nor things fictitious, but which fell within the compass of our own certain knowledge, it would bring me, I say, to what I would avoid, to rake into these things too much. Only this. If anybody was in competition for any place of real and signal trust, "if any really public interest was at stake in that Parliament," how hard and difficult a matter was it to get anything carried without making parties—without practices indeed unworthy of a Parliament! When things must be carried so in a Supreme Authority, indeed I think it is not as it ought to be, to say no worse! Then when we came to other trials, as in that case of Wales, "of establishing a Preaching Ministry in Wales," which, I must confess for my own part, I set myself upon—if I should relate what discountenance that business of the poor People of God there had (who had men watching over them like so many wolves, ready to catch the lambs so soon as they were brought forth into the world); how signally that Business was trodden under foot "in Parliament," to the discountenancing of the Honest People, and the countenancing of the Malignant Party, of this Commonwealth—! I need but say it was so. For many of you know, and by sad experience have felt it to be so. And somebody I hope will, at leisure, better impart to you the state of that Business "of Wales;" which really to myself and Officers, was as plain a trial of their spirits, "the Parliament's spirits," as anything—it being known to many of us that God had kindled a seed there indeed hardly to be paralleled since the Primitive Time.

I would these had been all the instances we had! Finding, "however," which way the spirits of men went, finding that good was never intended to the People of God—I mean when I say the People of God, I mean the *large* comprehension of them, under the several forms of Godliness in this Nation;—finding, I say, that all tenderness was forgotten to the Good People (though it was by *their* hands and their means, under the blessing of God, that *those* sat where they did)—we thought this a very bad requital! I will not say, they were come to an utter inability of working Reformation—though I might say so in regard to one thing: the Reformation of the Law, so much groaned under in the posture it now is in. That was a thing we had many good words spoken for; but we know that many months together were not enough for the settling of one word, "Incumbrances—I say, finding that this was the spirit and complexion of men—although these were faults for which no man should lift up his hand against the Superior Magistrate; not simply for these faults and failings—yet when we saw that this "New Representative of theirs" was meant to perpetuate men of such spirits; nay, when we had it from their own mouths, That they could not endure to hear of the Dis-

solution of this Parliament: we thought this an high breach of trust. If they had been a Parliament never violence was upon, sitting as free and clear as any in former ages, it was thought, this, to be a breach of trust, such as a greater could not be.

And that we might not be in doubt about these matters: having had that Conference among ourselves which I gave you an account of, we did desire one more—and indeed it was the night before the Dissolution; it had been desired two or three nights before: we did desire that we might speak with some of the principal persons of the House. That we might with ingenuity open our hearts to them; that we might either be convinced of the certainty of their intentions; or else that they would be pleased to hear our expedients to prevent these inconveniences. And indeed we could not attain our desire till the night before the Dissolution. There is a touch of this in our Declaration. As I said before, at that time we had often desired it, and at that time we obtained it: where about Twenty of them were, none of the least in consideration for their interest and ability; with whom we desired some discourse upon these things and had it. And it pleased these Gentlemen, who are here, the Officers of the Army, to desire me to offer their sense for them, which I did, and it was shortly thus: We told them “the reason of our desire to wait upon them now was, that we might know from them, What security lay in their manner of proceeding, so hastened, for a New Representative; wherein they had made a few qualifications, such as they were: and How the whole business would, “in actual practice,” be executed: Of which we had as yet no account; and yet we had our interest, our lives, estates and families therein concerned: and, we thought likewise, the Honest People had interest in us: “How all this was to be?” That so, if it did seem they meant to appear in such honest and just ways as might be security to the Honest Interest, we might therein acquiesce: or else that they would hear what we had to offer.” Indeed, when this desire was made, the answer was, “That nothing would do good for this Nation but the continuance of this Parliament!” We wondered we should have such a return. We said little to that: but seeing they would not give us satisfaction that their ways were honorable and just, we craved their leave to make our objections. We then told them, That the way they were going in would be impracticable. “That” we could not tell how to send out an Act, with such qualifications as to be a rule for electing and for being elected, Until we first knew who the persons were that should be admitted to elect. And above all, Whether any of the qualifications reached “so far as to include” the Presbyterian Party. And we were bold to tell them, That none of that judgment who had deserted this Cause and Interest should have any power therein. We did think we should profess it, That we had as good deliver up our Cause into the

hands of any as into the hands of those who had deserted us, or who were as neuters! For it's one thing to love a brother, to bear with and love a person of different judgment in matters of religion; and another thing to have anybody so far set in the saddle on that account, as to have all the rest of his brethren at mercy.

Truly, Gentlemen, having this discourse concerning the impracticableness of the thing, the bringing-in of neuters, and such as had deserted this Cause, whom we very well knew; objecting likewise how dangerous it would be by drawing concourses of people in the several Counties (every person that was within the qualification or without); and how it did fall obvious to us that the power would come into the hands of men who had very little affection to this Cause: the answer again was made, and that by very eminent persons, "That nothing would save the Nation but the continuance of this Parliament." This being so, we humbly proposed—since neither our counsels, our objections to their way of proceeding, nor their answers to justify that, did give us satisfaction; nor did we think they ever intended to give us any, which indeed some of them have since declared "to be the fact"—we proposed to them, I say, *our* expedient; which was indeed this: That the Government of the Nation being in such a condition as we saw, and things "being" under so much ill sense abroad, and likely to end in confusion "if we so proceeded"—we desired they would devolve the trust over to some Well-affected Men, such as had an interest in the Nation, and were known to be of good affection to the Commonwealth. Which, we told them, was no new thing when this land was under the like hurleyburlyes. And we had been laboring to get precedents "out of History" to convince them of it; and it was confessed by them it had been no new thing. This expedient we offered out of the deep sense we had of the Cause of Christ; and were answered so as I told you, That nothing would save this Nation but the continuance of that Parliament. "The continuance:" they would not "be brought to" to say the *perpetuating* of it, at this time; yet we found their endeavors did directly tend that way; they gave us this answer, "That the thing we offered was of a very high nature and of tender consideration: How would money be raised?"—and made some other objections. We told them "how;" and that we here offered an expedient five times better than that "of theirs," for which no reason was given, nor we thought could be given: and desired them that they would lay things seriously to heart! They told us, They would take time for the considerations of these things till to-morrow; they would sleep upon them, and consult some friends: "some friends"—though, as I said, there were about Twenty-three "of them here," and not above Fifty-three in the House. And at parting, two or three of the chief of them, one of the chief, and two or three more, did tell us, That they

endeavor to suspend farther proceedings about their Bill for a New Representative until they had another conference with us. And upon this we had great satisfaction; and had hope, if our expedient could receive a loving debate, that the next day we should have some such issue thereof as would give satisfaction to all. And herewith they went away, "it" being late at night.

The next morning, we considering how to order what we had farther to offer to them in the evening, word was brought us that the House was proceeding with all speed upon the New Representative! We could not believe it, that such persons would be so unworthy; we remained there till a second and a third messenger came, with tidings, That the House was really upon that business, and had brought it near to the issue—and with that height as was never before exercised: leaving out all things relating to the due exercise of the qualifications (which had appeared all along "in it till now"); and "meaning," as we heard, to pass it only on paper, without engrossing, for the quicker despatch of it.—Thus, as we apprehend, would the Liberties of the Nation have been thrown away into the hands of those who had never fought for it. And upon this we thought it our duty not to suffer it. And upon this the House was dissolved, even when the Speaker was going to put the last question.

I have too much troubled you with this: but we have made this relation that you might know that what hath been done in the Dissolution of the Parliament was as necessary to be done as the preservation of this Cause. And the necessity which led us to do that, hath brought us to this "present" issue, Of exercising an extraordinary way and course to draw You together "here;" upon this account, that you are men who know the Lord, and have made observations of His marvellous Dispensations; and may be trusted, as far as men may be trusted, with this Cause.

It remains now for me to acquaint you "a little" farther with what relates to your taking upon you this great Business. "But indeed" that is contained in the Paper here in my hand, which will be offered presently to you to read. But having done that we have done upon such ground of necessity as we have "now" declared, which was not a feigned necessity but a real—"it did behoove us," to the end we might manifest to the world the singleness of our hearts and our integrity who did these things. Not to grasp at the power ourselves, or keep it in military hands, no not for a day; but, as far as God enabled us with strength and ability, to put it into the hands of Proper Persons that might be called from the several parts of the Nation. This necessity; and I hope we may say for ourselves, this integrity of concluding to divest the Sword of all power in the Civil Administration—hath been that that hath moved us to put You to this trouble "of coming hither"

and having done that, truly we think we cannot, with the discharge of our own consciences, but offer somewhat to you on the devolving of the burden on our shoulders. It hath been the practice of others who have, voluntarily and out of a sense of duty, divested themselves, and devolved the Government into new hands; I say, it hath been the practice of those that have done so, it hath been practiced, and is very consonant to reason, To lay "down," together with their Authority, some Charge "how to employ it" (as we hope we have done), and to press the duty "of employing it well:" concerning which we have a word or two to offer you.









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